

A RIDE TO THE FORTUNE-TELLER'S.

A SKETCH OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

BY PAULINE FORSYTH.

AGNES LANMAN was a very pretty girl, living on a plantation about a mile or two from Loudon. Her figure was tall, and gave promise, even at the early age of eighteen, of becoming, in time, quite stately and imposing. She had a fair round face, with round eyes, blue and soft; a nose which, though well enough in its way, was certainly neither well-defined nor chiselled; a rosebud of a mouth, with full pouting lips, almost always slightly parted, as if to show their pearly treasures; and a softly-rounded, dimpled chin. Her light-brown hair, arranged in smooth heavy bands on either side, served as an appropriate setting for her pretty face.

From this catalogue *raisonnée* of her features, no physiognomist would expect much mental force or strong feelings of any kind. She was merely a soft-hearted, affectionate girl, gifted with an untiring sweetness of temper and a great capability for dependence. To have been condemned to stand alone, to think and act for herself, would have been the sorest trial that could have been inflicted on her. But to make amends for that, she was docile and pliable as a child, and believed all that was told her, whether she understood it or not; and as she carried out into action as well as she could the different precepts she had picked up on her short journey through life, her conduct was often inexplicably inconsistent.

For instance, every one in Loudon knew that Agnes was in love with James Clinton, a young lawyer, a cultivated, agreeable, and intelligent man, every way worthy of her. And yet we knew—for where can such things be kept secret?—that she had twice refused him. I had watched, evening after evening, at our little festive gatherings, the warm flush that played changeably on her cheek as Mr. Clinton talked with her, the shy, bright glance of her eye, so calm and steady with every one else, and tried in vain to unravel the mystery of the two refusals.

She enlightened me herself (she was rather inclined to confidential communications) one evening. We had been discussing, perhaps, the cosmogony of the earth, beginning with the mossy bank on which we were sitting, or perhaps the courses of the planets, or the grand

rules that govern each star in the mighty heavens, as their twinkling light lit fitfully up the river beneath our feet. Some such high topic of converse perhaps had been occupying us; but whatever had been the theme on which we had commenced our conversation, the stream of talk gradually flowed into the broad channel of human love.

"Cousin Anne says," said Agnes, "that no gentleman should be accepted until he has offered himself at least three times. For she says that the first offer may come from a passing fancy, and a second is no proof of any great affection. But that if a man really loves you, he will not let even three or four refusals discourage him."

"I should think it was a very dangerous experiment," said I. "One refusal would be enough for me, I am sure."

"Not if you really loved, Pauline," said Agnes, with her color rising; "besides, Cousin Anne says, that to say yes at once shows that a lady forgets entirely what is due to herself and her own dignity."

This was a very strange doctrine to me. My ideas of such matters were gained almost entirely from novels, from James's novels especially, where the lady with the most obliging frankness says, "Yes, thank you," before the gentleman has had time to finish his ceremonious speech, having long before made up her mind, and laid aside all feminine doubts and trepidations, as utterly unworthy two such elevated characters as her lover and herself. This mode of proceeding, though demanding great coolness and composure, just at a time when long custom has sanctioned a little tremor and agitation, was yet a safe one; but the risk implied in "Cousin Anne's" suggestion was so great that I did not see how any one in their senses could follow it.

I opposed it warmly, and at every argument I brought forward Agnes's color rose higher, and at last large tears gathered in her eyes and glittered in the moonlight.

"Oh, Agnes!" I exclaimed, "that was the reason you refused Mr. Clinton."

"Indeed, you are very much mistaken, Pauline," said Agnes, as indignantly as if I had

accused her of some heinous crime ; " I could never endure that man ; you know I couldn't."

This assertion made but little impression on me, as it was the custom in Loudon to protest the utmost dislike and aversion to a favored suitor until the last moment. Indeed, I had known a lady persist in her declarations of scorn while trying on her wedding-dress. How they reconciled this with their conscience is hard to say. But Love seems to have a code of his own, and to tell the plain truth in these matters would have been regarded in Loudon as an outrage on maidenly modesty. Agnes's words said one thing, her looks and actions another, and the latter were, in this case, the more reliable.

" His love, too," I said, " does not seem to have stood your Cousin Anne's test. He has not been to see you since you refused him for the second time, I think ?"

" No," replied she, mournfully.

" How long is it since you have seen him ?"

" Five months, yesterday."

" You seem to have a very exact memory," said I, " especially considering how you dislike Mr. Clinton. Isn't there a report that he is addressing Miss Bettie Graham ?"

" Yes," said Agnes ; " I have heard it, but Cousin Anne says she does not believe that it is true."

Mr. Clinton had said once to me that nothing would induce him so far to forget himself as to propose for a third time after two decided refusals. So, although it was clear that they were each attached to the other, yet while they both made such a point of their own dignity, it was not easy to conceive how the matter would be made right.

Meantime, days and weeks wore on. Mr. Clinton resolutely avoided all opportunities of meeting Miss Lanman, and there were continual reports of his flirting, now with this person, now with that, which kept poor Agnes in a constant state of uneasy expectation. She became very quiet, cried a great deal in a weak, low-spirited kind of a way, and seemed to have lost all interest in her usual occupations and amusements.

There was but one plan which seemed to awaken any desire for exertion on her part. Some eight or ten miles off, in one of the most uncultivated and desolate portions of the state, lived an old woman, Betsey Hyslop, who had a great reputation as a fortune-teller, and a visit to her had long been one of Agnes's strongest wishes. We never met that she had not some new proof to give me of old Betsey's wonderful wisdom and prescience, and did not urge me to

consent to accompany her on an expedition to the sylvan seeress. This I readily promised to do, but there were several obstacles in the way.

Mr. Lanman thought that it was a wild and unsafe scheme for a number of young people to go by themselves into such a rude part of the country. Mrs. Lanman looked upon Betsey Hyslop as one in close league and fellowship with the father of evil, and would not listen with patience to her daughter's countenancing her in any way. But these and all minor obstacles were overcome at last by the patient pertinacity of Agnes. Mr. Lanman discovered that he had some business in that part of the county, and consented to allow Agnes to accompany him. As she wished her expedition to be kept a profound secret, there was no one to go with us but her brother Robert, a lad of sixteen. We took him as a protector, as Mr. Lanman's errand only led him within a mile of Mrs. Hyslop's.

" We must start very early in the morning," said Agnes to me, the evening before the appointed day, " for the roads are very bad."

" Suppose the carriage should break down, and we should have to stay at Mrs. Hyslop's all night."

" Carriage ! why we are going on horseback ! Didn't you know it ?"

" Horseback !" exclaimed I ; " I have never been on a horse in my life."

Poor Agnes ! she looked as though disappointment had marked her for its own.

" Don't, pray, Pauline, let pa and ma know that. We cannot possibly get there in a carriage, and we have one of the best old horses in the world ; a baby could manage him, I am sure. Don't you think you could ?"

" I have never tried, but I don't think I should have any difficulty," said I, with that glorious self-confidence which is the birthright of every New Englander.

" All you will have to do, Pauline," said Agnes, " is to be very careful and keep your seat, and hold the reins steadily, and, above all, don't let the horse know that you are afraid of him, or don't understand how to manage him, and you will get on very well."

" You mean that I am to act from the very first as though I were an experienced horsewoman, which will not be such an easy matter. I may be able to deceive your father, but I am sure old Gustavus will find me out."

My emotions when, on the next morning, for the first time in my life, I found myself on horseback, were various and contradictory. First came a feeling of pride in my dignity and pre-

rogatives as an intellectual and spiritual being. Here was I, little and weak, and yet I could turn at my pleasure this great, strong, swift creature; and I gave a pull at the reins, whereupon the great, strong, and swift creature sidled in a most singular way close up to a tall tree as if he intended to crush me upon it as I would have crushed a mosquito. Then came a feeling of terror as I pulled with all my strength in the other direction, and Gustavus performed the same manœuvre against a tree on the opposite side. Then, with a sensation of utter helplessness, I was just on the verge of betraying my weakness by bursting into tears, when the black man, who had brought up the horses, came to my aid and led Gustavus into the path.

"I reckon, Miss Pauline, you don't know much about hosses?"

"No," said I, meekly.

"Well, den, de bes' thing you can do is jes' to hole de reins easy, and ole Gustavus can take care of himself and you too."

I followed Jim's advice, and thus relieved of all responsibility, and in an entire spirit of self-abnegation, the ride to Betsey Hyslop's was safely performed. We had one gallop, just enough to let me see what capabilities for rapturous enjoyment there are in that mode of exercise. After Mr. Lanman left us, Robert proposed that we should run a race, and we dashed through the mud and over the stones up to the door of Mrs. Hyslop's cabin, as if we were bringing to her tidings of some great victory.

A little barefooted colored girl, ragged and laughing, received us and ushered us into the best room in the house. We had time to look about us and collect ourselves a little before the awful moment came when we should find ourselves face to face with the soothsayer. There were no windows to the cabin, but as it was a warm day, and the wooden shutters were flung wide open, we did not feel the deficiency. In one corner of the room stood a loom, with a piece of coarse cloth in it half finished; in another, was a bed covered with a blue checked cotton spread, evidently homemade; a few Windsor chairs and a pine table constituted the rest of the furniture. A fire was burning low on the hearth, which the coolness of the mornings and evenings in that damp, unhealthy part of the country demanded.

"There is no lack of fresh air here," said I, pointing to the chinks and crevices between the logs of which the cabin was built. "Mrs. Hyslop must suffer in winter with all these draughts around her, and that shutter wide open all day."

She is so used to it that she doesn't mind it," said Agnes. "Two or three years ago we had an unusually severe winter, and Uncle Charles, who does not live far from here, was so uneasy about this poor lone woman as he called her, that he had all these cracks stopped up and a window put in himself, but in two or three days Mrs. Hyslop took out the window and broke all the chinking out. She said she should certainly be found *sufficated* in her bed if she slept another night in such a shut-up room."

Agnes spoke in a low, tremulous voice, and her pale cheek and restlessly moving hands showed that she was much agitated.

"Why do you tremble so?" asked I. "Are you not well?"

"Yes, but I am frightened. They say that Betsey Hyslop is such a bad-tempered person that I am almost afraid to see her. My old nurse says that she believes she would as soon kill a person as look at them. She is a dreadful woman!" And Agnes shuddered with terror.

Just then a little door leading into a small room, hardly larger than a closet, was thrown wide open, and a short stout woman appeared. A dress of some homemade material was carelessly pinned around her. She wore no cap, and her gray hair was drawn off her face and gathered into a careless knot behind, fastened up by a goose-quill in place of a comb. Her face, naturally pale, was now livid with rage, and her fierce gray eyes flashed upon us with savage ire. I saw at a glance that she had overheard Agnes's last unfortunate remark to me, but the poor girl was too bewildered and confused to observe anything but the hand that beckoned her with an imperious gesture into the private apartment of the angry sibyl.

Agnes mechanically obeyed the summons, and Mrs. Hyslop was about to close the door, when Robert interfered, seeing his sister's alarm, and insisted that it should be left a little ajar. By this means we could hear distinctly the oracles that fell from the lips of the gifted woman.

"You are seventeen year old," said Betsey, after she had shuffled the cards for a few minutes.

"I was eighteen last fall," said Agnes, timidly.

"Well, I said eighteen, of course. When folks come to me, they must listen and not talk. I don't want to hear nothin' from them. The cards tell me all I need to know. You are engaged to be married this very spring."

"No," said Agnes, hesitatingly.

"You are; don't tell me you are not. My cards always speak true. But you won't marry him that you think you will."

Agnes grew still paler, and shuddered, whether from the prophecy or the vindictive and baleful glances which the old hag seemed to take a pleasure in bending upon her, in proportion as she cowered beneath them, I could not tell.

"You will be married three times."

All Agnes's timid, fluttered soul looked out from her eyes at these ominous words; she evidently gave full faith to them.

"Your first husband will be a good-sized, well-statured man, with"—

"Black hair?" asked Agnes, eagerly.

"No, red," said Mrs. Hyslop, with malicious promptness.

Agnes sighed.

"Your next will be a light-complected man, with"—she paused and turned over the cards, all the while casting sly glances at the excited girl from under her shaggy brows, evidently enjoying her fear and trepidation—"light-colored hair," said she, at last. "And your third husband will be a dark man with"—

"Black hair," said Agnes, almost involuntarily.

"No, he won't have no hair at all; he'll wear a wig."

Agnes fainted. She said afterwards that Mrs. Hyslop frightened her so that she did not know from the first what she said or did, and that at the last word she flung upon her such a glance of fiendish triumph, that she could not endure it.

In a little while, Agnes was so far recovered that she was able to ride to Mr. Stacy's place, where we expected to meet Mr. Lanman. Mrs. Hyslop wished to tell Robert and me our fortunes, and also to finish what she had left untold to Agnes. But hurriedly declining all proposals of the kind, we rode off in a somewhat more sobered mood than we had been an hour or two before.

"I don't wonder Aggie looks so downcast," said Robert; "just think of three husbands, and not one with black hair among them!"

Instead of laughing at Robert's little sally, Agnes began to cry, and we saw that no mention must be made of the disastrous fortune, unless we wished our poor companion to turn into a Niobe. Indeed, for the last few weeks, she had "dissolved in tears," as the novel writers say, on every occasion that furnished the slightest possible pretext.

"You have come just at the right moment, girls," said Helen Stacy, after the first greetings were over; "we are very gay out here in the woods just now. Mrs. Mason has three young ladies staying with her, and there are two or three gentlemen come home from college with William Jackson, and Mrs. Flagg has her house

full, as usual. We contrive to meet almost every pleasant evening, and enjoy ourselves very much."

"Helen has left out the most agreeable person of all," said Mary Stacy, with a mischievous glance. "Mr. Clinton is spending two or three weeks with his sister, and we see a great deal of him, or rather Helen does; she seems to be the attraction to him."

Helen of course felt bound to disclaim, and protest that it was all an absurd idea of Mary's; but a little conscious blush and smile showed that in her heart she looked upon the idea of Mr. Clinton as a lover to be neither absurd nor disagreeable.

"I am afraid Aggie will have to be contented with that red-headed man," said Robert to me, in a whisper.

"I am afraid she will," I replied.

But Agnes, not very penetrating at the best of times, and now too weak and confused from her late fright to pay much heed to what was going on around her, had only heard that Mr. Clinton was expected to be at Mr. Stacy's that evening with the other young people of the neighborhood, and sat lost in the pleasant but agitating thoughts produced by the prospect of meeting him once more. For Mr. Lanman had said that we must not think of returning before the next morning, and indeed had seemed desirous that we should accept Mrs. Stacy's urgent invitation, and spend a week with them. He thought a little gayety would be useful in reviving the spirits that his daughter had lost so entirely.

Agnes spent at least three hours in arranging her simple dress to the best advantage, and really looked exquisitely lovely when she joined the other guests in the drawing-room. But the evening wore on, and still Mr. Clinton did not appear. At last Helen Stacy came up to Agnes and myself, who were standing a little apart from the rest, and said, with some vexation in her tone—

"It is too bad of Mr. Clinton. He has just sent word that a headache, or some other nonsense of that kind, will prevent him from coming here this evening, and I know it is only an excuse, for he met him riding two or three hours ago, and told him that you were here, and he must be sure and come. It is so provoking! It is the first evening this week that he has not spent here, and we particularly wanted him to-night. He is such a general favorite and so lively, that he makes everything go off well."

"Oh, it is very pleasant here, I am sure," said I. "I don't think we need Mr. Clinton to enliven us."

It had been so many months since Mr. Clinton had paid Agnes any attention, that the reports about them had died away, and Helen did not notice the fading color in the young girl's cheek, or the gathering tears in her eye, as she went on talking about Mr. Clinton's unaccountable absence.

"I am very tired, and my head aches so that I can hardly hold it up," said Agnes, after a few moments, when we were again alone; "do you think, Pauline, if I should slip off to my own room, any one would notice it?"

"No; I will make your excuses to Mrs. Stacy and the girls, and all the others are enjoying themselves too much to think of anything else."

The next morning, Agnes came down to breakfast with pallid cheeks and eyes red and swollen. She declined decidedly all entreaties to stay until she had quite recovered from her fatigue; but, saying that she feared she was threatened with a severe headache which a ride might relieve, she insisted on returning home immediately.

The horses were accordingly brought to the door soon after breakfast, and Agnes, Robert, and I set forth, leaving Mr. Lanman to follow at his leisure. With a heart evidently burdened and preoccupied, Agnes rode listlessly along; the cool breeze of the early spring morning, the song of the birds, the blossoms that hung in fragrant tassels on the trees, or lifted up their cups of incense from the green turf at our horses' feet, moved her in vain to joy and gladness.

But not so with Robert and myself. We were impatient for a race. Finding it impossible to induce Agnes to join us, we at last consented to go by ourselves.

"We will just gallop up to the cross-roads. That cannot be far from here; and then we will come back to you."

Agnes made no objection, and we were soon dashing along, with a reckless disregard of obstacles, and in that high excitement and enjoyment which nothing but a swift gallop can produce.

When we reached our goal, we rode back more leisurely to join our companion. Robert was a little in advance of me, and, looking through the intervening trees, he called out—

"We need not go any further. Agnes is coming with father; I can see them distinctly now. Let's have another race."

I consented; and, as we rode at our utmost speed for two or three miles, I was not at all astonished to find that we so far outstripped our more moderate companions as to lose sight of them altogether.

But to return to Agnes, whom we left so un-

ceremoniously sauntering along the shaded road that led to Loudon. Soon after our departure, by the turning of the saddle, the young girl found herself landed on her feet in the middle of the highway. She was not hurt, but she was a little frightened, and quite unable to replace the saddle or to resume her seat. Accordingly, she fell to crying, her usual resource in any difficulty. The sound of horses' feet behind her roused her from her abandonment, and, hastily wiping her eyes, she turned just in time to see that Mr. Clinton was alighting to assist her. He too had been hurrying to Loudon to avoid meeting Miss Lanman, which a secret consciousness of his weakness told him would be a death-blow to his stern resolution of treating her with the utmost indifference; and here, as if Love and Fate were both combined against them, they met in this romantic position alone, with the trees, the flowers, and the blue sky for the only witnesses of their words and blushes. Mr. Clinton was but mortal, and he yielded to strong necessity.

Their first greetings were cold and embarrassed. Mr. Clinton readjusted the saddle, assisted Agnes to mount, and of course could do no less than ride by her side until we came back to join her. He tried to keep up a formal conversation, and suggested the weather and several other common topics as neutral ground, where they might safely meet; but his companion was too much embarrassed to assist him. They both had a sensation of relief when they saw Robert and I on our way towards them, and of disappointment when we turned abruptly round and galloped out of sight.

Perfectly at a loss what to do or say, Mr. Clinton and Agnes rode on in silence for some time; both were thinking upon the same subject, yet neither were willing by word or look to betray their thoughts.

"I shall never get through this ride of ten miles without speaking out," thought Mr. Clinton, "and it may as well come first as last."

He spoke accordingly, and as this was the orthodox third time, the answer was favorable.

I had been at home two hours, and was lying down to rest, meditating on the vast quantity of aches and pains that one long ride could compress into a very small compass, and giving an occasional glance to the sun riding high in the noontide heavens, whose ardent beams, spring though it was, were not to be lightly encountered, when Agnes entered with a flushed cheek and a buoyant step, which awoke at once my admiration and surprise.

"How heated you look, Agnes," said I, "and no wonder, the sun is so warm and you have

been riding so sharply. It must have been very tiresome, but I suppose your father is afraid to let you ride fast. Did he say anything about sending to the post-office soon? I have a letter to go."

"Father is not at home yet, I believe," replied Agnes.

"Why, who came with you?"

"Mr. Clinton."

"Oh! and you have been riding with him all this time?"

"Yes."

I was very curious to know the result of the

four hours' communion, and at last seeing that Agnes was not going to speak first, though evidently waiting to say something, I ventured on a general question.

"Agnes, which do you think took a right view of the future, Cousin Anne, Mrs. Hyslop, or I?"

"Cousin Anne;" and, saying this, Agnes disappeared.

Although my prescience had thus been so completely set at naught, it was some consolation to know that womanly rights had gained the victory over the dignity of man.

A TRAVELLER'S EXPERIENCE OF WOMAN.

I HAVE observed among all nations, that the women ornament themselves more than the men; that wherever found, they are the same kind, civil, obliging, humane, tender beings; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest. They do not hesitate, like men, to perform a hospitable or generous action; not haughty, nor arrogant, nor supercilious, but full of courtesy, and fond of society; industrious, economical, ingenious, more liable in general to err than man, but in general also more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship to a woman, whether civilized or savage, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man, it has often been otherwise. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, woman has ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy of the appellation of benevolence, these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that, if I was dry, I drank the sweet draught, and if hungry, I ate the coarse morsel with a double relish.—*Ledyard's Letters.*

ALICE WARD; OR, HE 'S COMING.

BY PAULINE FORSYTH.

(See Plate.)

At twenty-one, George Mowbray found himself not only "lord of himself," but of a handsome fortune, which, by the early death of his parents, had been accumulating for several years. Some business connected with his property called him to a small town in the south-west of England, and detained him there for two or three months. Finding but little congenial society in the place, and being fond of an outdoor life, he spent most of his time in rambling about the picturesque country around. There was one spot in particular to which he frequently turned his steps, attracted by its wild beauty and perfect solitude. By the side of a stream, overhung with willows and other trees, and from whose banks on either side the ground rose in abrupt and rugged, though not lofty, precipices, there was a large rock, in which a couch as comfortable as a bed of stone could be, had been scooped out by some fantastic freak of nature. The upper part of the rock projected, so that the occupant of the couch was not only protected from the rays of the sun, but effectually concealed from the curiosity of those on the bank above.

Here George Mowbray would come, with his fishing-rod and line, and with a volume of poetry in his pocket, and while away a long summer's day; reading aloud, when he was tired of his sport, and making the air vocal with thoughts or feelings, soft, lofty, or impassioned, as the fancy of the moment demanded. Sometimes a few sandwiches, that he brought with him, sufficed for his noonday meal; but oftener his appetite demanded the more substantial refreshment he could obtain at a country inn, some two miles off.

Occasionally, he would compose verses himself, for he was in the very heyday of life and feeling; and he loved to lie and chant them to the soft summer breezes, secure from all unsympathetic listeners. He had a peculiar turn for improvising, and would sometimes amuse himself for hours with his attempts at impromptu versification, turning into rhyme not only his own feelings and thoughts, but incidents and stories that had made any impression upon him. The burden of most of his songs

was love, and the object of them a certain Margaret, who figured in various ballads, sonnets, lyrical pieces, and even acrostics; for so low did Mr. Mowbray stoop, under a variety of names, from the stately Margaret through the simple Maggie and frolicsome Madge, down to the pet name of Daisy, which seemed to be his favorite.

By the confidential and touching revelations thus made to the regardless earth, air, and water around, it appeared that, true as Mr. Mowbray asserted his love to be, it had so far run very smoothly along its course. Margaret had smiled upon him, friends had been propitious, and, if no disaster intervened, which he implored fate in a most pathetic manner to avert, a few months would witness the fulfilment of his wishes. The thought struck him one day that a poem somewhat after the style of "The King's Quhair" might be made, describing his first meeting and subsequent love for his "elect-ed one." He was engaged upon this for several days, and was reading it for about the twentieth and last time, when he was interrupted by a stifled shriek. At the same time, something fell from the rock over his head into the swiftly flowing stream beneath him.

He involuntarily stretched out his hand to grasp the object, and succeeded in breaking it; fall somewhat. He pulled it quickly from the water, and a little girl, pale and trembling, with curls dripping and matted around her face, stood before him, gazing upon him with widely open blue eyes, from which all expression but that of terror had fled.

"Please don't tell," said she at last, in a tone of the most urgent entreaty.

"Are you hurt?" asked Mr. Mowbray, taking no notice of her request.

"No; but don't tell any one."

"Why, whom should I tell? What is your name?"

"Kitty Jones."

"Well, Kitty, how did you happen to fall into the water in such a surprising way?"

The child began to cry; but Mr. Mowbray had a gentle, encouraging manner, and he gradually soothed her and induced her to answer



T. F. Marshall.

Adapted from the original.

her questions. Her replies were given timidly and reluctantly; but from them he gathered that she had been in the habit for some time of watching for him, and, as soon as she heard his voice in reading or recitation, of creeping close to the edge of the overhanging rock, where, sheltered by the bushes and brakes around, she could hear him while herself perfectly concealed. She had been so much interested by the story he was telling about the pretty lady, she said, that she leaned far over the rock to watch him while he told it, and so lost her balance.

Mr. Mowbray felt a great many twinges on hearing that his wild flights of fancy had had such an unwearied auditor. He was glad that she was a simple, ignorant child, as yet incapable of ridicule or criticism; on the contrary, Kitty evidently looked upon him as a superior being. Her reiterated entreaties that he would not tell led to other inquiries, during which Mr. Mowbray learned that she lived in a lonely place about half a mile from there, with a man and woman whom she called uncle and aunt—a Mr. Davis and his wife. Mr. Mowbray had met Mr. Davis, or “old Andrew,” as he was generally called, in his fishing excursions, and had learned that he was a person of doubtful character, who had moved into the country within the last five years; and, as he was rarely known to work, and had no ostensible means of support, he was generally suspected of maintaining himself by unlawful means. Most of the petty robberies and thefts of the country around were ascribed to him, and he was a general object of terror to all the children about.

Mr. Mowbray did not wonder that the slender, delicate little girl who stood trembling before him should dread that old Andrew or his surly wife should know of her adventure, especially as she told him that they had forbidden her to go beyond certain limits, or to hold converse in any way with any person. If she were ever addressed, she was not to reply, but to hasten home under the penalty of a severe beating. And, by her shrinking terror as she told this, it was evident that a beating was not an unknown horror to her.

He promised her that he would not reveal her involuntary visit to him, but urged her to run home and change her wet frock. She turned away with meek acquiescence; and, unable to continue his poem just then, Mr. Mowbray took up his fishing-rod. Two hours after, on his way home, turning suddenly round a projection of the bank, Mr. Mowbray came again upon Kitty. She was sitting in the sun, trying evidently to remove all traces of her late adventure

from her clothes. His compassion was aroused by her uncomplaining patience and suffering.

He extorted from her the further confession that she was afraid to go home till night; that her aunt often beat her for nothing, and would certainly not allow a wet frock to go unpunished; that she had had no dinner; that she often had none. She ended by saying that she was not at all hungry, which was contradicted by the evident satisfaction with which she received the few sandwiches Mr. Mowbray had to give her.

“You say you like to hear me read, Kitty?” asked he.

“Very much. Better than anything in the world.”

“Then you can come every morning while I am here and listen to me. You look like a very quiet little girl,” said Mr. Mowbray, for his pity was of an active, not a passive kind.

Kitty’s eye brightened.

“But if Aunt Phebe should find it out!” said she, with a sudden misgiving.

“Oh, I’ll take care of your aunt Phebe. She shall not be angry with you. I have a charm in my pocket that will make her quite amiable. I have never known it fail with any aunt Phebe yet.”

Kitty evidently did not understand him.

“If I can come, I will,” said she; “but you will not tell?”

“Oh no, of course not.” And Mr. Mowbray went lightly on his way.

For the next three weeks, Mr. Mowbray went regularly to the same spot, where he was sure to find the child watching for him. There was something painfully touching in the sad, wistful little face, over which a smile seldom flitted. She had a staid, quiet, old-womanish way that amused Mr. Mowbray, and he was especially pleased by a certain supervision that, with all her shyness, she assumed over him, watching that he did not go too near the water, or wet his feet, or allow the sun to shine upon his uncovered head, or leave his books and papers behind him, and especially that he should take his full share of the substantial lunch he was careful to bring with him. On all these points she had a positive, decided way of expressing herself that admitted of no debate.

Often Mr. Mowbray would leave his little companion for a solitary ramble; but, on his return, he never failed to see her straining her blue eyes to catch the first glimpse of him. This went on for three weeks; then, suddenly, she disappeared, and Mr. Mowbray looked for her in vain. The idea occurred to him that she might be ill, and he resolved to make some in-

quiries after her, she had interested him exceedingly. He soon found Mrs. Davis's dwelling, a dilapidated cottage, and, when the woman herself came to the door in answer to his knock, he did not wonder that Kitty stood in such mortal dread of her, for he had seldom seen a person with a more repulsive countenance. Her manners, too, were very forbidding; and, when she discovered the object of his visit, she almost closed the door in his face, saying, as she walked abruptly away, that "the girl was very well, and that she needed no assistance in taking care of her." As Mr. Mowbray turned to depart, after this repulse, the woman thrust her head out of an open window to say that "the idle good-for-nothing was playing somewhere among the trees near."

That this was not true, Mr. Mowbray convinced himself by a close search. Besides, he was morally certain that, if Kitty had been at liberty, she would not have left him so unceremoniously. Before this, he had had some vague plans for making the child's position a pleasanter one, by proposing to send her, at his own expense, to the village school or something of that sort; but now, stimulated by this opposition, he determined not to leave the village in which he was until he had penetrated the mystery with regard to Kitty's movements.

Not having seen anything of her for a week, he again sought old Andrew's cottage. Receiving no answer to his knock for admission, he pushed open the door which stood a little ajar, and entered the kitchen; there was no person to be seen. He called loudly for Kitty, and at last distinguished a faint sound in replying. Guided by this, he found his way to the cellar, which was bolted on the outside. He opened the door, and the little pale face of Kitty was lifted up towards his out of the darkness.

Mr. Mowbray could not induce her to venture out of her dungeon. She was in too great terror of Aunt Phebe to take such a step. But he learned that their meetings had been discovered; that for ten days Kitty had been confined in that miserable place, from which she was not to be released until his departure. Many other things the little girl told him of the severity with which she was treated, begging him all the while to go away, for they had threatened to kill her if she spoke with him again.

At last he yielded to her request, and, drawing the bolt and closing the outer door, so that Mrs. Davis might not suspect his visit, he returned to the village. But it was only to consult the proper authorities about the legal means of rescuing the child from the hands of such

miscreants. He had great difficulty in doing this, for Andrew Davis and his wife resisted with the most unaccountable obstinacy the attempts that were made to relieve them from the charge of the little girl, to whom they acted so barbarously. First they claimed a right to her as their niece. But it was proved that Mrs. Davis had several times denied the relationship with the utmost bitterness. Then they brought forward an indenture by which Kitty Jones was legally bound to them until she was eighteen. It was decided that, by their cruelty, they had forfeited all claim upon her in that way; and at last Mr. Mowbray, having justice, mercy, and a heavy purse on his side, gained his point, and the little girl was given up to his charge, as, in order to hasten the course of justice, he had promised that he would be answerable that she should not come upon the parish.

He was not quite in such a dilemma at this stage of the proceedings as the man who won the elephant in a raffle; but he was very much perplexed to know what he should do with the child. His own wishes would have prompted him to have her brought up as a lady, for which sphere he could not help fancying she had a natural adaptation; but he recalled a sage maxim that he had heard often repeated by some whom he respected as older and wiser than himself, to the effect that "it was a very unwise thing to raise any one above the position to which they were by their birth entitled." He had often been accused of being enthusiastic and injudicious when his feelings were interested. He determined now to show himself very discreet, indeed. She had been evidently indentured as a servant; she should be trained for one. So Mr. Mowbray placed her under the care of a respectable but poor widow, who promised to be very kind to her, and bring her up carefully for her destined position; a small yearly allowance from Mr. Mowbray more than repaying her for her trouble.

Pleased with having settled matters so well, he took leave of Kitty, resisting with great difficulty her earnest pleading to be allowed to go with him. Apart from her love for him, which had become very strong, she had a constant dread of falling again into the hands of old Andrew and his wife, and no arguments could convince her of the folly of her fears. It was with the submission of despair that she at last unclasped her slender fingers from his arm and allowed him to depart.

Four months had passed away, and Mr. Mowbray's wedding-day was now but six weeks off. He was in the midst of preparations for that

event, and for the long tour that was to follow it, when he received the intelligence that Kitty had disappeared. As Mr. Davis and his wife had left the country at the same time, there was little doubt but that the child was again in their possession. For a few days, Mr. Mowbray contented himself with writing letters and offering a large reward for Kitty's recovery; but, these producing no effect, he resolved to carry on the search himself. For he was a man of a most persevering nature. He had seldom been known to give up or to fail in an undertaking.

Mr. Mowbray was then in London, where Margaret Ward, the lady to whom he was engaged, resided. After a consultation with her, in which she promised to find a home for Kitty, if he should recover her, he set out upon his search. On arriving at the village where he had left Kitty, he found the people generally interested in recovering the child, but quite at a loss as to the course he should pursue. Each one had a suggestion to make or a plan to propose, but none could give him the least clue that would be of any real assistance to him. He was obliged to rely entirely on his own sagacity, and the indications by which he was guided were so faint and doubtful, that he hardly knew himself whether they were not the creations of his wishes and imagination rather than the work of reality.

After wandering a day or two among the hills and valleys of Wales, he came upon the little girl suddenly, more by chance it seemed than by his own good judgment. He did not recognize her at first, for her curls had been cut off, her fair skin stained brown, and her dress changed. But her delight, almost painful in its silent intensity, and her large blue eyes, soon convinced him that she was the child for whom he was seeking. Within an hour they were on their way to London. As soon as they arrived there, before going to his own residence, Mr. Mowbray sought Miss Ward and placed Kitty in her charge. It was well he did this; for, rapidly as they had come to London, old Andrew was there before them, and Mr. Mowbray, as he alighted at his own door, saw the old man loitering near, trying to conceal himself from observation as he watched eagerly, evidently expecting to see another person follow Mr. Mowbray.

Feeling sure that such conduct could only be prompted by some reason as strong as it was mysterious, Mr. Mowbray resolved to proceed with the utmost caution. His prudent resolve to bring Kitty up for service was laid aside; he decided, and Margaret agreed with him, that she was too gentle and delicate for such a life.

There was something exquisitely winning and confiding in her manner, a singular degree of natural refinement about her that interested every one, while the sad dejection that was evident in her countenance awoke pity. Miss Ward adopted her at once as a sister, changed her name to Alice Ward, and was at great pains to find a boarding-school where she would be safe and happy and well-trained.

One comprising all these advantages was at last discovered. It was in the country, at some distance from London; and there Alice was sent, under the charge of a lawyer, a relation of Margaret's, as Mr. Mowbray, perceiving that he was closely watched, thought it better not to appear in the matter. It would have been hard even for old Andrew to recognize in the well-dressed little girl, who called Mr. Ward uncle, and whom he called Alice, the ragged and half-starved Kitty Jones.

Immediately after his marriage, Mr. Mowbray left for Italy, intending to spend the winter there on account of his wife's health, which had long been delicate. He remained there for eight years, all his intercourse with his *protégée* being carried on by letters, which were regularly exchanged four times a year. During the second year of his residence in Italy, his wife died. His grief for her loss was very great. He could not resolve to leave a spot endeared to him by so many associations. Besides, a real and strong love for art rendered Italy full of interest to him. Although his wealth precluded all necessity for exertion, he had a studio where he worked as earnestly as though his livelihood depended upon it. This occupation, which he had first taken up as one means of preventing his mind from dwelling with morbid intensity upon his loss, became at last a source of great intellectual enjoyment to him, and he was thought to display no mean genius in the art he had chosen.

At the end of eight years, he was recalled to England by the loss of nearly all his fortune. The same mail that brought the intelligence of that disaster also brought to him a letter from Alice. She reminded him that she was now nearly nineteen, and, thanking him for all that he had done for her, said that she needed no longer to be a burden upon him, and only waited his permission to accept the proposal that had been made to her of becoming a teacher in the school in which she had passed so long a time. She did not allude to his pecuniary misfortune, though she was evidently aware of it. Mr. Mowbray was pleased by her letter, but delayed answering it until he saw her in person.

His first visit, after an interview with his lawyer immediately on his arrival in London, was to the secluded village in which Alice had been placed. He could hardly realize that the pretty graceful girl, with manners at once simple yet agreeable, was the poor child who had formerly awakened his compassion. The tie that united them was a strong and peculiar one. He was the only living being on whom Alice could feel that she had the slightest claim, and consequently her affection for him had in it a kind of devotion and of intensity that made it akin to love. On his side he was almost equally alone. He had no near relatives, and the interest of his more distant connections had been cooled by his long absence. He found his friends scattered, and all his social ties loosed or broken. It was refreshing to have one to turn to whose trust in him almost amounted to reverence, and who gave him the sympathy and affection which are so necessary to the happiness of most persons.

The result was what might have been anticipated, when an unfettered gentleman of twenty-nine and a lady some ten years younger are thus brought together. Six months after his arrival in England, Mr. Mowbray and Alice Ward were married. One of the few things that still remained from his former large fortune was a cottage, with a few acres of ground around it, in a town in the north of England. There he carried his wife and established himself, intending to add to their very small income by the practice of the only profession for which his previous life fitted him, that of an artist.

He succeeded in this beyond his expectations, owing, in a great measure, to his unremitting industry. After painting all the morning, he would spend the afternoon in rambling over the adjoining country, sketching whatever struck his eye or his fancy. On his return from these excursions, he was always sure to find his wife awaiting him, either at the window or in the porch, or, when the weather would permit, by the cottage door or gate, her sweet, thoughtful face lighted up by the smile of welcome as she perceived him in the distance. After a while, an infant came to cheer the lonely hours of her husband's absence; and Alice, as she watched its daily growth in strength and beauty, wondered if in all England a woman could be found happier than herself.

There was an old mansion, somewhat dilapidated, but still grand and picturesque, about five miles from Mr. Mowbray's home, towards which he often directed his steps. The peculiar beauty of the building and of the grounds surrounding

it, in which neither woods, hills, streams, nor waterfalls were wanting, afforded an infinite and always pleasing variety of landscape. He learned that the property had long been held by a family of the name of Lenthal, but that, by the marriage of the heiress, it had passed into the possession of a Colonel Fairchild, who, on being left a widower, went to London, where for many years he was known as one of the most fashionable and dissipated men about town. Mr. Mowbray remembered distinctly having met him during his own short stay in London, and being struck with his great personal beauty, and fascinated by his peculiar charm of manner. About five years after that meeting, a severe and incurable illness had put a sudden stop to Colonel Fairchild's gayety, and he had retreated to the country, where, weakened in body and mind, he was said to be under the entire control of his housekeeper, a Mrs. Daniels. She had dismissed all the other servants but one, and often, for weeks together, would allow no one but herself or her son, not even the physician, to approach the sick man.

Mr. Mowbray had been informed that, in the picture-gallery of the old mansion, there were some fine paintings, undoubted originals from the best masters, and he had a great desire to see them. By all that he had heard, he knew that it was in vain to apply to Mrs. Daniels for permission to examine them; but he was certain, from the slight acquaintance he had had with Colonel Fairchild, that his great courtesy would induce him to grant so slight a request, if it could be conveyed to him. After waiting for some months for an opportunity to prefer his petition in the absence of the female Cerberus, Mr. Mowbray had the satisfaction of catching a glimpse of Mrs. Daniels seated in a chaise driven by her son in the direction of the village. He was at that time sketching a waterfall near the road, but hidden from it by a grove of trees. He lost no time in approaching the house.

A stupid country girl answered his summons, who at first refused positively to allow him to enter, but softened somewhat when a crown was slipped into her hand, and at last consented to take his card up to her master. The bit of paper could do no harm, she said, but she jealously shut the door in his face when she left him. She soon returned and asked him to follow her, saying—
“The master be in a terrible way;” and before Mr. Mowbray had time to question her as to her meaning, she ushered him into the presence of the invalid.

Mr. Mowbray saw before him a pale, emaciated, shrunken man, with no trace about him of the

unconsciously handsome Colonel Fairchild, but two brilliant eyes, which flashed and rolled with something of the uncertain glare of insanity.

"Be seated, sir," said he abruptly, yet with a little of his old grace, while his fingers played nervously with the card that had just been sent up. "Excuse me, but I have no time for ceremony. I have long been desiring a personal interview with you; but your letters have never given me a hope of seeing you here. If I were not the miserable, helpless wretch you see, I should have sought you myself long ago."

"I beg your pardon, but I have received no letters from you."

"Your name is George Mowbray?"

"Yes."

"You are the gentleman who once passed a summer in the south of England, and obtained possession of a little girl named Kitty Jones, are you not?"

"Yes."

"You have since resided principally in Rome?" Mr. Mowbray bowed.

"Within the last four years, I have written no less than twenty letters to you there," continued Colonel Fairchild, "to most of which I have received answers. Here they are;" and he drew from a writing-desk near him a bundle of letters, which he handed to Mr. Mowbray.

"These were not written by me," said Mr. Mowbray, examining them. "Some of them, I see, are dated, within the last two years, from Rome, but since that time I have been living in this country."

"I suspected as much," said Colonel Fairchild.

"Will you tell me if Kitty Jones is still living? These letters assert and offer to prove her death."

"That is as untrue as their signature. Kitty Jones is now my wife, Alice Mowbray;" and Mr. Mowbray related to his agitated listener the history of the child, from the time he had recovered possession of her, until then. During the narration, Colonel Fairchild gradually recovered his composure. When it was finished, he drew from the desk a number of papers carefully arranged and tied together. These he gave to Mr. Mowbray.

"I have been guilty of a great crime," said he; "for the last four years I have been trying in vain to expiate it. I thank God that I am enabled to succeed in doing justice at last. Those papers will explain everything to you. I am glad you have come to relieve me of them, for I have dreaded every day that Mrs. Daniels would find them and destroy them. But yet she seemed so kind and devoted that I felt as though I were doing wrong to suspect her," continued he,

mournfully. "She is the one whom you know as Mrs. Davis."

"Is there anything to be done about these papers?" asked Mr. Mowbray, seeing that Colonel Fairchild was sunk in a gloomy reverie.

"Yes," said he, arousing himself; "read them to-night; you will then understand matters, and come here to-morrow at this time, with a lawyer and any friend of yours as a witness. Insist on being shown to my room, and the rest I can attend to myself."

Mr. Mowbray found his wife sitting in the bright moonlight, with her child asleep on her lap, looking anxiously for him. He was later than usual, and she had begun to feel a little anxiety at his delay.

"I have been hearing something that interested me very much, about a little Kitty Jones that I knew a long time ago," said Mr. Mowbray in answer to her questionings, and he related the incident of the afternoon.

When tea was over, they turned with eager curiosity to the examination of the papers. The first one they opened was written by Colonel Fairchild, and dated a few months before. It gave an account of his marriage with Mrs. Graham, the heiress of the Lenthal property, who was then a widow with one child, a girl of two years old named Catharine; of Mrs. Fairchild's death a few months afterwards, leaving, by a will made just before her second marriage, a large annuity to her husband, but the bulk of her property to her child. In case of Catharine's death, it was all to revert to Colonel Fairchild. There was a later will found, but as it was incomplete, it was thrown aside. By this she had reversed the decisions of the former, giving the estate to her husband and the annuity to her child.

Colonel Fairchild persuaded himself that, as this was his wife's real wish, he could not be acting very wrong if he carried it out. Mrs. Graham's wealth had been her chief attraction in his eyes, and to have it taken from him when it was almost in his grasp, was a bitter disappointment. He was ambitious in his own way, fond of pleasure and distinction. To have the means of gratifying himself in these aims withheld from him by a little child incapable of appreciating them, was more than he could patiently endure. After contending with these unlawful hopes and wishes for two years, he at last yielded to the temptation when it came, accompanied by a favorable opportunity.

A little girl, daughter of Andrew and Phebe Daniels, was a favorite playmate of Catharine's. One day, when they were both together near the

river, Annie Daniels fell in and was drowned. Colonel Fairchild came by as Mr. Daniels and his wife were trying in vain to recover their child. He knew them both well, and, as soon as they would listen to him, he promised them a sum which seemed immense to them, if they would only testify to the death of Catharine at the same time. He knew that they were people to whom money was all powerful as a motive, and he did not judge them hardly. They consented. Catharine was hurried off to their cottage, and kept concealed until they could leave the country. Colonel Fairchild detailed minutely all the steps he took to avert suspicion, and said that he succeeded beyond his expectations. The yearly allowance he made to Andrew and his wife was ample to enable them to bring up Catharine in comfort; but he feared, from some circumstances that had lately come to his knowledge, that his wishes in that respect had been disregarded. He told about his efforts to recover the child after Mr. Mowbray had taken possession of her, and said that for four years Mr. and Mrs. Daniels never lost sight for a week at a time of that gentleman, but in vain.

Then this sudden and prostrating illness had fallen upon him. He retired to the country, where he was soon followed by Mrs. Daniels, who, being left a widow, installed herself as his housekeeper and nurse. At the time she did this, Colonel Fairchild wrote that he was too much weakened in mind and body to make any opposition, and she soon gained great control over him, so much so that, having assured him that Catharine was dead, and letters from Mr. Mowbray having confirmed this fact, he had several times been on the point of making a will in favor of Mrs. Daniels and her son. Within the last six months, his mind had recovered somewhat of its former vigor. He recalled various circumstances that made him think that he was about to be made the dupe and victim of the same base love of gold through which he had been led into a similar crime. He wrote this paper, he said, in hopes that if he died without having been able to verify Catharine's death, or to do justice to her if she were still alive, some other person might undertake the office.

"I always knew I should turn out a fortune to you at last," said Alice joyously, when they had finished reading Colonel Fairchild's revelations. "I had dim reminiscences of my early life, so very dim that I did not like to speak of them; but I see now that they were real."

Mrs. Daniels's impotent anger and dismay when she found her plans foiled would be difficult to describe. But Colonel Fairchild's conscience,

though late in its awakening, was too thorough in its work to leave her any hope of being able to accomplish her desires. The next day he made, in the presence of Mr. Mowbray and the friend and lawyer who accompanied him, not only a full confession, but an entire restitution of all the property to its legal mistress.

At Alice's earnest request, the real facts in the case were kept secret as far as possible from the world. Colonel Fairchild was left in possession of the Lenthal mansion until his death, which occurred within the year; Mr. Mowbray and Alice meanwhile showing him the kindness and attention of attached children. Mrs. Daniels disappeared with her son from the country, taking with her a large sum of money which she had gradually amassed in her long and wicked service. It was discovered before her departure that she had early recognized Mr. Mowbray as the one whom she had met under such peculiar circumstances long before, and in his wife her former victim, and therefore had jealously avoided being seen by them. Even after so many years, and under such different circumstances, Alice could not meet her without a shudder, and was greatly relieved at her departure. And though Mrs. Mowbray's subsequent life was a highly prosperous and quiet one, she always said her happiest years were the two she spent in the little cottage as the wife of an artist, as yet unknown to fame.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A PHYSICIAN.

BY A SON OF HAHNEMANN.

"Ah, pleasures are like poppies shed—
You touch the flower, the bloom has fled :
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point its place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm;
Or like the snow-flake in the river,
One moment seen, then gone forever."—BURNS.

LOVE at first sight was once a marvel to our unsusceptible forefathers; but we, their successors in this spiritual age, love even before that period—we *love upon first hearing*. But, as I am neither metaphysician nor theologian, I do not propose to entertain the reader with a discourse upon the nature of this phenomenon, but simply, like Othello, to "run through my adventures."

Of Kate —— I had heard a long time before my eyes rested upon the beautiful girl, or *angel*, as she then appeared to me. The description of her personal appearance, manners, and character interested me exceedingly; and for a reason I was unable to assign, the most minute trifle I had heard concerning her never left my memory. Yet this escaped my observation at the time, and might have done so forever, had not an event then taken place which overwhelmed me with sorrow. She whom I had hoped soon

to claim at the marriage altar sickened, and finally passed to the bridal of death. I *knew* that she would die, and yet, paradoxical as it may seem, I believed it not until the moment of her dissolution. When her eyes closed for the last time, I felt that the light of my life was extinguished. From the morning bright with hope my soul passed to the rayless gloom of midnight. A sorrow such as few can ever know pervaded my whole being, and my soul seemed left without oar or canvas upon the dark river which divides the spheres of existence. I was powerless to move towards the eternal shore from which the beacon shone, or to return to this land of lights and shadows; and in this darkness for hours, weeks, and days my barge of life drifted.

As I now look back upon the days and nights that succeeded the burial of my heart's idol, the chaos and darkness which envelop them make their memory indistinct. So oppressive was my deep and overpowering grief that, though I lived and moved, I felt myself no part of the joyous creation around me. Men looked at me and wondered at the sorrow which they could not understand; for mine was not a nature like their own. A warmer sun had shone upon my

infancy, and the fiery blood of the south fevered in my veins, and rushed to my brain like molten lava.

"The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name;
But mine was like the lava flood
In Etna's boiling breast of flame."

I could not stay where all reminded me so bitterly of the dead—of the hopes that were buried forever. With characteristic impetuosity, I resolved that distance and change of scene should be my auxiliaries in banishing the grief which so wildly distracted me. I bade adieu to the young and beautiful city I had called *home*, when Hope and Love were the angels of my footsteps. The iron horse bore me rapidly from its shady environs, and I looked not back to see what death had made a desolation. I embarked for the Crescent city upon the bosom of the great "Father of Waters," and wended my way to the "sunny South." Sometimes, for an instant, I became insensible of the gloomy, bitter current of my thoughts, as I looked upon the placid volume of that magnificent river, and again inhaled the fragrance of the orange groves and breathed the tropical air I had so loved in my boyhood.

Arrived at length in the Lone Star State, I found myself the same sad, restless, and desolate being who had left the shore of the Wabash. But the darkest night has a dawn, and the star of promise arose in my horizon. It was the memory of her to whom I at first alluded. Gradually, she became the guardian angel of my hopes, and I felt the tempest of my soul abate. I grew calm. I could now think of the present, past, and future rationally. The spirit of the dead seemed to be blended with her in some unaccountable manner; perhaps because the one had gone to the unknown land, and the other was unknown and distant from me. Every detail I had ever heard of her came distinctly before me, and I dwelt upon her memory with inexpressible pleasure. As she every day occupied more and more of my thoughts, the desire to see her became irresistible, and I left Austin within ten days after my arrival there, and returned to Indiana. I located in the village where my unknown inamorata resided, and within one hundred miles of the place I had so recently left, as I thought, to return no more. Here, with a contentment that I feared had fled me forever, I resumed the duties of my profession. For some time, I saw nothing of Kate; but it was very pleasant to know that I was near her, that both breathed the same atmosphere, and to think we should meet in due

time, and she would become my temporal bride, as she was already my spiritual bride.

One evening, while passing her father's residence, I beheld her seated at the window. She raised her large blue eyes, and for an instant they met my own. None told me it was her, but I *knew* it by the unmistakable thrill which passed through every nerve in my system. I hesitated, stepped a little back, and the word "wife" trembled upon my lips as I proceeded with my companion; but the vision of the beautiful girl at the window was the beginning and end of my meditations for many, many subsequent days. After this period, I had the pleasure of meeting the fair girl occasionally in her promenades and at church; *fair*, I say, for she was fairer even than my fancy had pictured. She was not above the medium height, wore her soft brown hair put back smoothly from her broad pure forehead, and the contour of her face and figure was beautifully rounded by health and happiness. Her features were regular and classical; she had one of those mouths whose varying expression was true to every thought which arose to her lips for utterance. Her eyes "Golconda's purest gems outshone;" but I can no more describe them than I could the spirit which looked forth from their depths.

In the mean time, I had formed an acquaintance with several members of her father's family, and secured, as I trusted, their confidence and esteem. I was called to attend a married sister during her last and fatal illness, which extended my acquaintance with the family, and increased also the respect and interest with which I had hitherto regarded them. How deeply I sympathized with my beautiful Kate in this bereavement! although I had never yet spoken to her, nor had any tokens of recognition been exchanged. That sorrow should overshadow one so sacredly enshrined in the sanctuary of my heart, wounded me deeply, and I would gladly have suffered in her stead. But a spectacle so afflictive in itself would have saddened a more indifferent and unsympathizing beholder. Death everywhere is fearful; but when the messenger takes the fond mother from the little cherub band that God has given her, and from the wedded lover, it is—*oh, it is bitter!* I had stood beside scores when the spirit left the form inanimate, but seldom had I been so moved. The weeping group of loved ones had encircled the couch, watching for the fatal moment when those eyes should be closed and the lips sealed, to open on earth no more. The farewells had been spoken; but a little girl, whose life numbered only a few

bright summers, clung with convulsive sobs to the dying, with the touching inquiry upon her lips: "Oh, mamma! mamma! who will take care of the baby if you die?" The faith of the young mother was unfaltering, and never shall I forget the look and tone, or the lesson of trust she taught as she answered: "*God will take care of the babe, and of you all.*" That faith was her passport to Heaven. No cloud passed over the face of the saint as her breath became less and less perceptible, and she passed to the unknown world.

In due time, the solemnities of the funeral were over, and the days of mourning grew less afflictive, being alleviated by Time, the great soother of all sorrows. My introduction, nominally, to the heroine of my little sketch, transpired at the residence of a mutual friend. How great was my desire to hear the tones of that voice whose *memory yet thrills my heart!* It is related of Orpheus that his voice had the power of arresting rivers in their courses, and that wild beasts gathered around him in silent admiration, attracted by his wonderful minstrelsy. Though none of those unusual tributes were tendered to the melodious tones of my fair one, yet no syllable escaped those beautiful lips which found not an echo in my own heart; ah! and was treasured there as remembered music.

But to the meeting. Never shall I forget the embarrassment with which I first entered her presence. I cannot recall the ceremony of introduction distinctly, but the daguerreotype of her as she looked in her mourning dress was before me for weeks, *sleeping or waking*. As she was seated there, it seemed to me that I must call her by the endearing names by which I had known *her* who had gone to the spirit land; and, though I looked and looked again, I could not convince myself that the spirit of my loved and lost one had not come back to me in another guise. When she departed, I escorted her to her father's residence, and we parted at the door of the mansion. Such, reader, was our first meeting and our first parting. Truly, thought I, as I turned homeward, the morning star has arisen to presage the day of which I have so long dreamed. It was a fine balmy evening in early spring, and the full moon flooded the village with her silvery light. How beautiful the landscape looked as I now recall it! The still bosom of the river reflected the trees upon its opposite bank, and the moon and stars were mirrored upon its tide. A soft, fairy light was in my own heart, and the brilliant stars of hope gemmed the sky of my future. My whole being was in unison with the scene

around me. *I was happy.* The sun has a meridian altitude; the moon climbs to the zenith and wanes; every light but the one that shines from the eternal shore culminates and disappears. *Yes, every one.*

From this period I saw my paragon much more frequently, as I called at her residence sometimes socially, and sometimes professionally. Not a few of my long, cold, muddy rides in the country were cheered by the prospect of meeting her on my return, in my attendance upon the family. At that time, I thought that the practice of medicine had a thousand charming little episodes, after all. One day, whether inspired by my good or evil genius, I know not, I conceived the project of inviting my fair one to accept a seat in my carriage for an excursion to the country. The first birds of spring were already singing in the branches, and the breezes that swayed the willows were no longer chilly, but genial and refreshing. I had taken the precaution to send an invitation to one of her lady friends to accompany us, which was accepted; but with what anxiety did I await an answer to my message addressed to her. At last it came; the very affirmation I had so much desired. I was in attendance at the earliest moment I had named; for the ride, and that ride only, was in my thoughts all the morning. Our road lay through a fine section of country, the ladies were in good spirits, and the weather favorable, and all betokened a pleasant adventure.

At first, the conversation seemed embarrassed, and the pauses were long; but this state of things was transient, for Kate—my Kate—soon commenced an animated discourse, full of nonsense and "small talk," of flirtations, lovers, &c. &c., assuming, at the same time, that nonchalant air which said so plainly that she placed me on a par with her "dear five hundred friends" and cousins. Occasionally, she was reinforced by the other lady, who seemed intensely interested in these subjects; and, during the whole time we were together, they scarcely ceased. Reader, were you ever listening to a serenade and absorbed in the soft melody borne upon the night wind, when the barking of dogs and cackling of hens suddenly saluted your ears? If so, you can have some conception at least of my feelings on that occasion. I attempted a few compliments, but met a repulse. "Love is blind," truly, truly.

I felt that the spell was weakening; but I *could not, would not* endure the thought. I felt that *she was—that she must be mine*, and that I must hear it confirmed from her own lips. How insupportable was the thought that "a change

must come o'er the spirit of my dream?" Yet distrust had already left her breath upon the mirror where my hopes had so long been reflected without a cloud. My heart was like an April day, an alternation of clouds and sunshine. Towards evening, my steps turned unconsciously towards the white cottage which inclosed the subject of my thoughts. I entered, determined to dispel at least a part of the uncertainty that had become so painful. Kate entered the parlor with a smile peculiarly her own. It was a sweet, sunny smile, like that with which angels welcome us to a brighter clime. Never had I seen her look so lovely as at that moment. Her elegant mourning dress contrasted finely with her pure white complexion and the changing rose upon her cheek. I was embarrassed by the consciousness that she could never condescend to regard with respect and affection one whose excessive love for her had deprived him of self-possession and dignity, and I almost despised myself that I was unable to appear as well in her presence as in that of those whose pleasure or displeasure was the same to me. We entered into conversation, however, and the time passed "in social converse sweet." She remarked that she had a previous engagement to attend a lecture that evening; and, before I had withdrawn, the favored gallant entered. In him I recognized not an old and hated rival; not the young lawyer over the way, whose first speech was the wonder of the village; not a cadet from West Point; not even a village beau; but—shall I tell?—*a young man from the country, whom I had seen ejected from my hotel for his drunkenness and boisterous conduct!*

Was I jealous? No, indeed! I would have disdained, *scorned* such a rival. I was thunder-struck! I spoke of the inclemency of the weather—for it was raining slightly—and even requested her not to go by a note, doubting whether she *could have made* such an engagement in her right frame of mind. She decided to go, however, and I bade her a hurried good-night. She followed me into the hall, apologized somewhat, and smiled one of her own sweet smiles, and—and *the bandage went down over Love's eyes again*, and she was my paragon of perfection, as before. Yes, I certainly was *insane*, for any *rational* man would have bade her adieu forever. The tumult of my feelings, which succeeded this event, may better be imagined than described.

That day had passed painfully, and the night I cannot describe; "it wore away somehow." No sleep visited my pillow, but fear nerved up

my system; and it was at an early hour on the following morning that I called at her residence. The suspense that threatened so painful a termination had aroused me to desperation, and I determined to risk *all* upon a single die. I would hear my fate from her own lips. The timidity with which I had hitherto approached her vanished, and I freely unbosomed the love that had been so long pent up in the inner temple of my heart. I offered her *a wealth of affection she will never comprehend*, my hand, my name, and fortune. And what think you, gentle reader, was the *denouement* of all this little romance? What? Why, she hesitated a little, and was slightly embarrassed; but told me I had been quite too hasty in the matter—my haste had disgusted her. She might perhaps change, if I would treat her more distantly, and then she should have no hesitancy in apprising me of the fact.

They tell us the setting of the sun is like the setting of a great hope; but mine had no twilight, and I felt bewildered by the darkness that surrounded me, as one who passes from the brilliantly lighted hall to the starless midnight. I need not tell of the days and nights that followed, or say that I suffered. I had thought, when my heart's idol was buried, that the bitterest dreg in life's cup had been drained; but I had yet to learn how much the human heart can bear—yet to learn that my cup was not filled. But of this I will not speak, as none will understand me whom experience has not taught, and these will scarcely like a review so bitter.

Time passed; an unusual round of duties among the sick and dying served, in some measure, to divert me from thought or reflection. Once more I grew calm, and once more felt my blood flow tranquilly through my veins. The dream is passed. But, dear reader, one item yet remains. It is mysterious, unaccountably mysterious; but she has summoned me to her side again; again she smiles upon me as in the days of which I have told you. But does not wisdom counsel me to steel my heart with the memory of the past, and say with the poet—

"Who that feels what love is here,
All its falsehood, all its pain,
Would, for e'en Elysian's sphere,
Risk the fatal dream again?"

"Who that, 'mid the desert's heat,
Sees the waters fade away,
Would not rather die than meet
Streams again as false as they?"

AUNT TABITHA'S FIRESIDE. 8

No. X.—CLOCK-WORK; OR, MORE NICE THAN WISE

BY EDITH WOODLEY.

"WELL, Lizzy, I've got back alive, and I'm thankful for it."

"Why, aunt, what makes you say so? Have you been unwell during your absence?"

"I've been well enough as to my health, but have been dreadful tired in my mind. I came terrible near losin' my temper a number of times—had hard work to keep from speakin' right out, and givin' Miss Tasker a piece of my mind; and, if I hadn't hild my lips together as hard as I could, I r'al'y b'l'ev'e I should."

"Have you been to Mrs. Tasker's? I thought you were going to see Mrs. Bandon."

"Well, that was what I calc'lated on. I went there in the first place, and should have had a grand good time, if I'd on'y stayed; but, you know, I'm naterally 'of an obleegin' turn, so I went to Miss Tasker's. But I'll begin at the beginnin', and tell you jest how it was. Miss Bandon had got her housework all done up arter dinner, and sot down to her sewin'; and we were havin' a right down good sociable time, when who should knock to the door but Miss Tasker. Miss Bandon invited her in; and, arter she'd sot a spell, says she to me—

"'I seed you pass by, and went out to the door to see where you went."

"'Much obleeged to you,' says I. 'I didn't know I was worth lookin' arter."

"Come to find out what made her so mighty airtay to see me was, she wanted me to go and stay at her house while she and her husband went to make their darter a visit. She's married, you know, and lives over to the furdur eend of the town. I felt purty offish about goin', for I knew how awful partic'lar she was. I told her I was afeared I shouldn't suit her, she was so nice; but she said she didn't want me to do anything—on'y oversee things, and keep 'em straight. Sally, the gal she took to bring up, would do all the cookin' and everything about house. So I was fool enough to be over-persuaded, and went right home with her, 'cause they were goin' to start airly in the mornin'. I wish you could 'ave seen her fuss round, and tease and worry about packin' her trunk. A body would 'ave s'posed she was goin' to take a v'y'ge to Grinland, instead of goin' to spend a

few days with her darter. She wouldn't let Mr. Tasker wear his best clothes—was afeared he'd sile 'em—said he could put 'em on arter he got there. And sich a time as she had brushin' 'em I never seed afore, nor never desire to see ag'in. She was so afeared that there would be a speck of lint on 'em, that 'twas a wonder to me that she hadn't brushed every mite of the nap off. She'd brush away a minute with all fury, jest as if she was possessed of an evil spirit, when she was brushin' Mr. Tasker's coat; then she'd hold it up to the light, and eye it all over as sharp as if she was lookin' for a needle in a haymow; and, if she seed a speck of anything on it, if it wa'n't larger than a midge's eye, she dart her thumb and finger at it the spitefullest you ever seed anything. Arter worryin' and frettin' over it a long time, she came and hild it up to me—

"'Do look,' says she, 'and see if I've got it so that people won't think I keep Mr. Tasker's best coat done up in a feather-bed."

"'Well,' says I, arter lookin' all over it mighty curful, 'it looks tol'able clean, considerin'."

"Now, there wa'n't a particle of dust on it more'n there is right in your eyes this minute; but I spoke so jest to teaze her, she was so tormented nice.

"'Well,' says she, 'tol'able clean won't do for me. It must be *clean*; there must be no tol'able about it."

"So she fell to brushin' ag'in, and kept at it till I thought the critter was detarmined to brush it into inch pieces. At any rate, she took a year's wear out of it, I've no manner of doubt. I thought I'd tell you about the coat, 'cause the way she amplified and fussed with that is a fair specimen of the way she managed with the rest of the things she had to pack. I offered to help her, she went on so slow; but the very first thing I undertook to fold she snatched out of my hand, as if she expected I should spile it.

"'La,' says she, 'don't rumple it up in that way, for massy's sake!'"

"I never opened my lips, but sot down and went to knittin', as meek as Moses. I took

good care, though, not to offer my services ag'in, I can tell you. She had a great notion of makin' Mr. Tasker wear his old hat, and carry his best one in a hatbox; but he had sperits enóugh not to submit to that, or to have a handkercher tied over the one he wore, so as to keep the dust off. Well, I was r'al'y glad next mornin' when they got started. Never had my patience tried so afore in my life. How Mr. Tasker gets along I don't know. When she heerd him comin' in from out doors, she'd run with a wing or the broom in her hand and make him, arter he'd scraped the soles of his boots on the scraper, stand on the door-step till she'd brushed the tops of 'em. He'd got to be so used to it, that he'd stand as patient as Job till she'd satisfied herself that there wa'n't a grain of dust on 'em, and then he'd come in and walk along as meek as old Tray used to when he'd been in mischief. Arter they'd been gone a spell, I says to Sally—

“What are you goin' to get for dinner?”

“Miss Tasker told me to bile some pork and corn beef, and pertaters, and cabbage, and other kinds of garding-sass,” says she.

“Well,” says I, ‘tis high time 'twas on 'bilin', then. 'Twill take a good clever piece of corn beef full three hours to bile tender, and it's hard on to ten o'clock now. 'Twill be impossible to get it done till an hour arter noon, if you do your best.’

“Miss Tasker said I must put the kettle on jest as the clock began to strike ten,” says Sally. ‘She al'ays cooks everything a sartain time by the clock—never varies the eighth of a minute.’

“Well,” says I, ‘I'd rather go by reason than rule, any time; but, if Miss Tasker give orders how long to bile the beef, you'd better foller 'em. I s'pose she told you how long to bile the pork, too, and the sass, didn't she?’

“Yes, um; I'm to bile the pork and the bates an hour, and the cabbage and pertaters half an hour; and she said she'd give me a new calico apron if I did jest as she told me.’

“By the time the clock had done strikin' twelve, the dinner was on the table. Sally and I sot down; but, set aside the pertaters, there wa'n't an individual thing that was more 'n two-thirds done. I slivered off a leetle thin piece of beef, thinkin' the outside might be done, and tried to eat it, but had to give it up for a bad bargain. That was Wednesday, and Sally said that Miss Tasker told her she needn't cook anything new for dinner till Saturday, and that then she was to bake some beans, and an Indian puddin'. I didn't consarn myself with the bakin', for I s'posed it was to be all clock-work,

the same as the b'ilin' was. Howsomer, I kept an eye on the proceedin's, and found, when Sally took the shovel to clear the coals out of the oven, that it wa'n't more 'n half hot enough. I would speak then, I thought; so says I—

“Don't you see, Sally, that the black isn't off of the oven yet? There won't be half heat enough in it to bake the puddin' and beans.’

“Well, ma'am,” says she, ‘I've burnt all the wood Miss Tasker told me to, and she said I must put the things into the oven the minute the clock struck ten.’

“I said no more; and, when the clock struck twelve, the puddin' and beans were on the table. Jest at that minute, a horse and shay drove up to the door, and a well-dressed man jumped out, and then helped a woman to 'light.

“Who, on airth, are they, Sally?” says I.

“I guess,” says she, ‘tis Squire Wilson and his wife; but I don't know sartain. What shall we do? They'll stay to dinner, and the beans ain't done sca'ce a mite. They're jest as hard as shot. The puddin', though, looks purty nice.’

“It proved to be Squire Wilson and his wife, sure enough. They'd come the matter of twenty mile on purpose to make Mr. Tasker and his wife a visit. Well, I helped Miss Wilson take off her things, and got her seated in a rockin'-cheer afore a good fire, and then I went to work. I put some pertaters on to bile, and then I fried some bacon and eggs, and warmed a mince-pie and an apple-pie; for I mistrusted that the puddin' wa'n't an eatable any more 'n the beans. I never once looked at the clock, but went on and did as fast as I could; but Sally told me, when everything was ready, that it was jest half an hour to a minute. Sally put great dependence on her puddin', said there was no need of warmin' any pies; and, arter Squire Wilson and his wife had done eatin' the bacon and eggs, she said to me, in a mighty perlite, mincing way—

“Won't you be so obleegin' as to help the gentlefolks to some puddin'?”

“It proved 'xact as I thought it would. 'Twas scared over on the top, and looked mighty nice; but underneath 'twas as raw as 't ever was.

“Well, I can't help it,” says Sally. ‘I heat the oven as long as Miss Tasker told me to, and baked the puddin' as long.’

“Cousin Jane's cookin' is all clock-work, the same as it used to be, I guess,” says Miss Wilson. ‘Now, I calc'late to have my meals ready at the proper season, and sildom fail in my calc'lation; but there must be some judgment exercised about the matter. Now, when I

"I al'ays, in the first place, make myself sure that the oven is hot enough. If it ain't, even if it has been heatin' as long as common, I heat it a while longer. I do wish that Jane would be governed by reason instead of the clock."

"'You speak my mind 'xactly,' says I. 'I like to have things go on orderly as well as Miss Tasker or any other pairson; but to be so sot and so partie'lar, as not to bile a tough piece of meat any longer than a tender piece, and to cook garding-sass jest so long and no longer, whether it's done or not, seems to me to be nothin' more nor less than right down nonsense."

"Well, arter dinner, they concluded they'd go over to Miss Barcom's and stay an hour or two. The minute they'd gone, Sally says to me—

"'I must wash the settin'-room floor up, sartain. Miss Tasker never misses havin' it washed every Saturday; and she wouldn't sleep a wink all night long if 'twa'n't done."

"'Why, there ain't a speck of dirt on it,' says I.

"'No matter for that; she al'ays will have it washed, dirty or clean,' says Sally.

"'Well,' says I, 'you go along and wash up the dishes, and put things to rights in the kitchen, and I'll wash up the floor."

"'Twas a white floor, and, as I said to Sally, there wa'n't a speck of dirt on it; but, thinks I to myself, 'twill be so much the easier to wash it. There was a whole kettleful of hot water hanging over the kitchen fire, and I soon had it done. I kept a good fire burnin', and, by the time the Squire and his wife got back, the floor was as dry as a bone. Mr. Tasker and his wife didn't expect to get home afore eight o'clock in the evenin', so we had our tea, and then we sot down by the fire and had a good, sociable time. Miss Wilson was what might be called a great talker; but, for all that, she was as purty a sort of a woman as one will see in a thousand; and, as for the Squire, he was as pleasant as wine. I don't know when I 've enjoyed myself better than I did talkin' and chattin' with 'em about things that happened when we were young, and they apparently enjoyed 'emselfs as well as I did.

"'It was gettin' along purty well towards eight o'clock, and I could see that Sally had hard work to keep her eyes open; so I told her she'd better not set up any longer, and, when Mr. Tasker and his wife got home, I would do all the waitin' on 'em that was necessary. In about a quarter of an hour they came. It was a

darkish evenin', so, when I heard the shay stop, I went to the door with a light.

"'Do bring the wing, or the broom, or some-thin',' says Miss Tasker; 'for I warrant that Mr. Tasker's boots are all over mud and mire."

"'So I run and got the broom, and then hild the light. Mr. Tasker stood on the door-step like a statur, while she flourished the broom over his boots till I was r'a'ly afearcd she'd trip him up. Mr. Tasker was tickled to death to see Squire Wilson and his wife—the Squire was an own cousin to him—and Miss Tasker seemed kind o' glad at first; but, arter a while, I could see there was something laid dreadful heavy on her mind. I said nothing. I thought she might divulge it or not, jest as she was a mind to. Well, we sot and talked—all but Miss Tasker—till the clock struck nine. She hadn't said a word for a long time. Whatever was on her mind seemed to grow harder and harder to bear every minute, and, when the clock struck, she jumped up all of a sudden and went out into the kitchen. In the course of ten or fifteen minutes, she came back with a mop and a small tub of water. She had her sleeves rolled up above her elbows, and a checked apron on, so large as to kiver her all up a'most.

"'I hope you'll excuse me,' says she; 'but it's one of my rules to have this 'ere floor washed up every Saturday. I forgot to tell Sally to do it afore I went away, and she is such an idle, good-for-nothin' shirk that, if she wasn't obleeged to do it, she'd let it go till it was so dirty that we should all die of the corollary and yaller fever. I'll wash this side of the room first, and then you can all move over, and I can wash t'other."

"'I'm sure, I wouldn't take the trouble to wash it,' says Miss Wilson; 'for there ain't a speck of dirt on it that I can see. I was ob-sarvin' to Mr. Wilson, jest afore dark, how white it was."

"'Don't say a word ag'inst her doin' it,' says Mr. Tasker; 'for she happened to forget it once—didn't think of it till she'd been abed two hours. 'Twas a bitter cold night, the latter end of January; but up she got, heat water, and washed it, for she said she couldn't sleep with sich a dirty floor bearin' down on her mind, more'n if she'd been raked up in a bed of red-hot embers."

"'You see, I was so stomachful I wouldn't tell her I'd washed it. I thought if she was so awful shaller that she couldn't tell when a thing was clean by the looks on 't, 'twas no matter how much trouble she went to."

"'I can tell you what will be much better

than for us to all huddle together like a parcel of sheep in a pen,' says Squire Willson. 'We'll go into the kitchen and set till you get through with washin' the floor. 'Twill give me and Mr. Tasker a good chance to talk over old affairs.'

" 'Well, I should be dreadful glad if you would,' says she, in so faint a voice that Miss Wilson winked to me, and said, in a low whisper, that she didn't know but Cousin Jane felt the symptoms of the yaller fever and the corollary comin' on a'ready, from bein' obleeged to set half an hour where there was such an on-common dirty floor.

" 'Well, we sot there in the good warm kitchen, gay as so many larks, while Miss Tasker was scrubbin' away at the floor. A body would 'ave thought that the floor had been on Mr. Tasker's mind, as well as his wife's, by his appearance, for he seemed as light as a feather, like an entire new pairson, as soon as he was out of her sight. Arter a while, Miss Tasker made her appearance.

" 'Well,' says I, 'does your floor look a good deal nicer than it did afore you washed it?'

" 'If it don't look nicer,' says she, 'it smells sweeter. We sha'n't stan' a chance now to be poisoned with the foul air.'

" 'I hope not,' says I, 'it bein' on'y the se-

cond time it has been washed to-day sence noon.'

" 'The second time!' says she. 'Why didn't you tell me Sally had washed it?'

" 'Cause she didn't wash it. I washed it myself; and I thought if I didn't do it well enough for you to find it out by the looks of it, I wouldn't say anything about it.'

" 'I didn't think you'd treat me so mean as that,' says she, 'when I engaged you to come and keep house for me. No one, in our days, knows a friend from a foe.'

" 'The land!' says I. 'I didn't want you to risk havin' the yaller fever and the corollary; for, if you'd happened to, 'twould 'ave been laid to me for not washin' the floor clean, and there's no knowin' but you'd 'ave had one or t'other of 'em; for, accordin' to the old sayin', consait in a pitchfork will kill a pairson.'

" 'Never mind, Cousin Jane,' said Squire Wilson. 'You've had the pleasure of washin' the floor, and now we'll all stay where we are, and leave it to dry, while you tell Miss Wilson and me how your darter's gettin' along.'

" 'With that, she brightened up a little, took off her checked apron and sot down. Now the floor was off her mind, she grew quite humorous, and was tol'erable good company."

BIDDY'S BLUNDERS.

BY VIRGINIA DE FOREST.

"Oh, dear!" said my dear friend, Lizzie Erans, bursting into my room one morning, with a most despairing look on her pretty face. "Oh, dear! I am tired of playing teacher and mistress to a raw Irish girl, who does not know the difference between a bean and a pumpkin; and I have come to you to have a long chat, and try to drive off the blues. Oh, Annie, darling!" she continued, with a ludicrously solemn air, "never go to housekeeping, or, if you do, don't hire an Irish girl 'who has to larn.'"

"Why, Lizzie," said I, "what is the matter? Is the girl stupid?"

"I'll tell you what she did to-day, and leave you to judge of her talents. Last evening, I made up a quantity of breakfast cake for this morning. They were the kind mother taught me to make, and she told me they required a long baking; so, I said to Biddy: 'Be sure you put this on the first thing in the morning.' 'Oh, yes, marm; it's understanding you, I am; the first thing.' Happy in the delusion that for once she understood me, I left the cakes in her care. This morning, when we came to breakfast, Frank said: 'Lizzie, who could have made these cakes?' 'I did,' said I; 'aint they good?' 'They are perfectly raw,' said he, holding one up; and so they were. So, I rang for Biddy, and asked her why she had not baked the cakes. 'Sure, marm,' said my bright pupil, 'I did jest as yourself tould me. Faith, I put the cakes in the oven jest as soon as I got in the kitchen, but I was afther taking them off as soon as the fire began to be burning, for fear they'd be afther scorching.'"

"A bright pupil indeed," said I, laughing. "You'll have to teach her everything."

"Everything! That puts me in mind of another blunder. When she came, it was understood that I was to instruct her in all the service I should need of her. The morning after she came, I left her safe in the kitchen, and went into the parlor to practise. A noise behind me attracted my attention, and turning, I saw Biddy sitting on the sofa, apparently perfectly at home. 'Why, Biddy,' said I, 'what are you doing up here?' 'Faith, I was listening to you, marm.' 'Go back into the kitchen,' said I, 'and never come into the parlor again unless I send for

you.' 'Oh, you'll be afther sending word when ye want me?' 'Certainly,' said I; and Biddy went out. About an hour afterwards, I heard the piano, and going down, found Biddy seated on the piano-stool, thumping (no other word expresses the energy with which she struck the keys), while a look of great satisfaction was visible on her face. 'Why, Biddy,' said I, 'I told you not to come into the parlor again.' 'Sure, ye promised to be sending for me, and troth, ye clean forgot it; so, I thought I'd jest thry the thing till ye'd come to tache me.' 'Teach you?' said I. 'Troth, and ain't I to be afther larning everything; and ain't it playing the tunes I'll be in a wake?'"

"For so young a bride and housekeeper, you certainly have had some experience," said I, laughing.

"Are you ever coming to see me," said Lizzie, after we had spent some time chatting. "You have never seen my 'Green Erin,' as Frank calls her."

"Be sure, I shall pay Biddy a visit," said I, as we parted.

About a week after, I met Lizzie in the street, and she told me that one of the "entry thieves," as they are called, had come to the house while she was out, and under pretence of waiting till her return, had taken away all the small parlor ornaments while Biddy was in the kitchen. "It is so provoking to lose things so," said Lizzie; "and many of these things I valued because they were bridal gifts. However, I impressed it upon Biddy's verdant mind, that the next time people of that kind called when I was out, she was to tell them to come again, and never leave them alone in the parlor. She represents this thief as quite a respectable looking woman."

A morning or two after this conversation, I started to spend the day with Lizzie, according to our agreement. I went quite early in the forenoon. A girl, whom I knew must be the "Green Erin" of Lizzie's stories, opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Evans in?" said I.

"No; it's at market she is. You'll have to be coming again."

"Oh, no!" said I. "I'll wait till she returns."

"No, indade, you won't!" cried Biddy, obstructing my entrance by placing her stout person in the doorway.

"Why, what do you mean?" said I, very much astonished.

"I mane ye'll have to clare out, and come back again, if you're wanting to say Mrs. Ivans. Oh, ye needn't flare up! I'll not budge an inch; troth, I'm knowing my business."

After much arguing, and some insolence on Biddy's part, I managed to effect an entrance. Biddy followed me into the parlor, and seated herself directly opposite me. Concluding that she would leave the room as soon as she had satisfied her curiosity, for I thought she wanted to find out who I was, I took up a book to read till Lizzie came in.

"Oh, I thought so!" cried Biddy, snatching the book from me. "Jest be afther kaping your hands to yourself. I know what you're up to."

"Give me that book instantly!" said I, angrily, but with a feeling of terror, for I had arrived at the conclusion that the girl was crazy.

"No, I'll not," said she; "and if you're

afther Mrs. Ivans, I wish ye'd jest come into the kitchen and wait, for I've got scrubbing to do; and it's not sitting here the whole day I'd be, a looking afther you."

"Go into the kitchen," said I. "I don't require you here."

"Oh, ye'd be mighty plased to get rid of me! Now wouldn't ye? but I'm waiting here till the mistress comes as well as you."

At that moment, Lizzie came in. "Dear Annie, this is really kind, to come so early," said she; "but what is the matter? You look angry, and Biddy insolent. What is the matter?"

"I'm going, mum," said Biddy. "I've been afther watching that she didn't walk out the door with the books, jest as t'other woman did with t'other things. But since you're here yer-self, and she sames to be knowing ye, I'll go to my scrubbing."

The whole truth flashed on me as Biddy spoke, and as my eye met Lizzie's, we both burst into a hearty laugh. Biddy had taken me for an "entry thief."

CHARADES IN ACTION.

Answer to Charade in last number—BLACKGUARD.

ACT I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD LORD. ARCHERS. MUSICIANS
 SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE—*Splendid Turkey carpet lawn, surrounded by magnificently veneered woods. In the distance is seen (the music) Canterbury. At one end of scene the window curtains pitched as tent. Chairs for Visitors.*

ENTER OLD LORD surrounded by SERVANTS, who cheer him. On his breast he wears the star of the oyster scallop.



Enter MUSICIANS, who forthwith commence tuning their bellows, and ascending the chromatic scale on their pokers-à-piston. (*Soft music.*)

Enter LADIES and GENTLEMEN, as merry

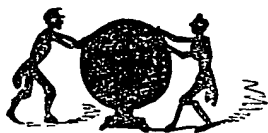


foresters—the Ladies with pea-jackets over their dresses, and large bulgy umbrellas slung



at back for quivers; the Gentlemen with their collars turned down, and their what-do-you-call-'ems tucked up above their Wellingtons; in their hands they carry their unstrung whips for bows. The Visitors are graciously received by the Old Lord, who exhibits to them the splendid bright poker they are to contend for. (*Soft music.*)

Enter Servants, who arrange the loo-table as the target.*



The archery commences in a most spirited manner, the barbed walking-stick darting from the twanging whip as fast and as far as it is possible to throw it. Not one can hit the bull's-eye of the loo-table. At last the Old Lord takes his whip. All look on with anxiety. He shoots, and the sound of broken glass tells that the arrow has smashed the conservatory. All laugh, and call upon the only remaining Young Lady to show her skill. She advances, rebuking them for their want of talent. As she draws her walking-stick from its umbrella, betting begins. She takes her aim and fires, and immediately a piercing scream is heard from Old Lord, who has been looking on, and who rushes about holding up to his face the Young Lady's arrow, which, by some mistake, has hit his eye instead of the bull's. (*Soft music.*)



* Many ladies may object to have their loo-tables made targets of; but they should remember that the ~~who~~ point of this Act lies in nobody hitting the mark.

ACT II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD FATHER. HIS DAUGHTER.

THE BRIGAND CHIEF.

BRIGANDS. POSTBOY. BRIGANDS' WIVES.

SCENE—*Imaginary cave, a little to the south of Rome. The fearful roar of a neighboring waterfall is supposed to be heard.*

ENTER BRIGANDS, who place their loaded brooms against the wall, and casting themselves on the floor, forthwith commence gambling with flour-dredging dice-box



Enter WIVES in Italian costume, with flat napkins on their heads. Some begin working with their distaffs of umbrellas, whilst others hand round wine.

Enter CHIEF splendidly dressed, with con-



tails turned up, and wearing a hat made, peaked,



GRAND TABLEAU.

ACT III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

A MEDICAL STUDENT. HIS FRIEND.

THE DOCTOR. POLICEMEN. CITIZENS, &c.

SCENE—*The outside of the Doctor's house, with lighted candle placed as lamp over door. On one of the posts is a placard, on which is written "Night-Bell." Camphene lamps are lowered.*

ENTER MEDICAL STUDENT and HIS FRIEND on tiptoe. They commence laughing and laying their forefingers on one side of their noses, to prove what a bit of fun they are going to have. By pointing at the Doctor's door, they show that he is to be their victim. After hu-sh-shing a little, they advance cautiously, and, having

with a copy of the *Times*; a spacious green baize table-cloth is thrown over his shoulders, and in his girdle are numerous double-barrelled hoop-sticks. He smokes.

Suddenly a shrill whistle is heard. The Brigands seize their brooms, and, following their Chief, hasten to attack the passage.

Re-enter Brigands, dragging in OLD FATHER, HIS DAUGHTER (both in travelling costume),



Postboy, and several portmanteaus, bags, and boxes, which the Wives proceed to rifle of their contents.* The Postboy is bound to the piano, whilst the Chief orders Old Father's boots to be taken off, and draws from them a purse heavily filled with card-counters. He distributes the counters among his men, and then, by laying his hand on his heart, and turning his eyes up to ceiling, intimates his extreme love for Young Lady. All the Brigands do the same, and a scuffle to possess her takes place. Suddenly the Chief rushes in with two full-cocked hoop-sticks, and, by shooting two of his men, restores peace and harmony. Then taking the Young Lady's hand, he kneels with her before Old Father, who blesses them. The Brigands cheer, and throw their hats in the air.

wrenched from the door the flat-iron knocker, commence pulling the night-bell, which is made



to ring violently by rattling a knife in a tumbler in the passage outside.

Enter DOCTOR, with sheet thrown round him as night-gown, and holding rushlight shade in

* The fun here may be greatly increased by the production of several articles which form part of the mysteries of the toilet. A false front or a bustle is sure to produce a good three minutes' laughter. Grimaldi was the first to discover this.

his hand. Medical Student pretends he is very bad in his interior from having swallowed some-



thing deadly; and whilst Doctor is feeling his pulse, he, by an act of legerdemain, brings the flat-iron knocker out by his nose. His Friend then closes the door, and locks out the Doctor, who expresses his great alarm lest any one should come.

A scuffle ensues, when enter the NEIGHBORS in haste, with sheets thrown over them. They, in pantomime, intimate their great indignation

at having been disturbed, and then gather round Doctor, who forthwith recommences his scuffle



with the Medical Student's Friend. During fight Medical Student creeps round, and after much blowing out of cheeks, stamping on floor, and holding of sides to express fun, proceeds to pin all the Spectators together. Doctor is knocked down, and all the neighbors hasten to pick him up, but are held back by their being fastened to each other. Medical Student and his Friend decamp. Great confusion.



CHARADES IN ACTION.

INTRODUCTION.

THE French have made themselves singularly famous by their "*petits jeux*," as they call them. Their inability to sit still for more than half an hour has forced them to invent a long list of amusing excuses for locomotion. They have their "*Pigeon Vole*," and "*Main Chaude*" or "*Berlingue*" and "*Chiquette*," and a thousand other receipts for making a long evening short.

But the most celebrated of all these *petits jeux* are their "*Charades en Action*." *Pigeon Vole*, and all the rest, have given way to these Acting Charades. No birthday is allowed to pass without playing at them. The young and the old both delight in the game, and invariably choose it. The old people lay aside their dignity with a look of jovial martyrdom, and laugh more than any one else; whilst, as if to apologize for their apparently unbecoming levity, they tell you "they do like to see young people enjoying themselves."

Some persons have even acquired a kind of reputation as charade actors, and are in such request that invitations shower down from all quarters; and, if they can only be engaged, it is looked upon as a kind of certificate that the party is sure to be a good one.

Lately, the game has been introduced into the drawing-rooms in this country, and has become very popular. Its success has been tremendous. Cards have been discarded, and blind-man's buff forfeits, and hunting the ring been utterly abandoned. On Christmas day, it has been looked forward to and entered into with as much energy as the sainted plum-pudding itself. We have seen it played among literary circles with unbounded mirth. We have seen philosophers and poets either acting their parts with all the enthusiasm of school-boys, or puzzling their brains to find out how they could dress as Henry VIII., with only a great-coat and a "gibus."

This game is, as its name expresses it, a charade, acted instead of spoken. The two most celebrated performers of the party choose "their

sides," and, whilst the one group enacts the charade, the other plays the part of audience. A word is then fixed upon by the *corps dramatique*; and "my first, my second, and my whole" is gone through as puzzlingly as possible in dumb show, each division making a separate and entire act. At the conclusion of the drama, the guessing begins on the part of the audience. If they are successful, they in turn perform; if not, they still remain as audience.

The great rule to be observed in Acting Charades is—silence. Nothing more than an exclamation is allowed. All the rest must be done in the purest pantomime.

If, in the working out of the plot, there should be some sentence that it is impossible to express in dumb-show, and yet must be made clear to the audience, then placards may be used. As Hamlet says, they must "speak by the card."

This license may also be taken advantage of in the scenic department. For instance, it would be utterly impossible for the audience to know that the drawing-room wall before them is meant to represent a "magnificent view on the Rhine," or "the wood of Ardennes by moonlight," unless some slight hint to that effect is dropped beforehand. In this case, it is better to follow the plan so much in vogue about Queen Elizabeth's time, and which, for simplicity and cheapness, has never been surpassed. At the commencement of each act, hang against the wall a placard stating the scene that ought to be represented.

The audiences nowadays are no doubt quite as accommodating as in the sixteenth century. Then, the same curtain that had served for "Ye pavelyon of Kinge Richarde," could, in the waving of a placard, be changed into "Ye seildes of Bosworthe;" and there is no doubt but that, in these days, a fashionable drawing-room assembly would believe anything you could tell them.

By this simple method, the most expensive scenery can be commanded at any time. The palaces can be golden without any additional

cost, and lakes can be fairy-like at a moment's notice. There is also this advantage: as each spectator will be his own scene-painter, the views are sure of giving general satisfaction.

Another very important point with Acting Charades is the proper delivery of the gestures in the pantomimic readings of the parts. Every actor ought to study the different expressions and suitable actions of the passions. So much depends upon this that, under these circumstances, perhaps it would be better to draw up a kind of code of expressions, or laws for the better regulation of frowns, smiles, and gestures.

LOVE, one would think, is too well known to require many directions. The pressing of the left side of the waistcoat or the book-muslin, the tender look at the ceiling, and the gentle and elegant swinging of the body have, since the days of Vestris, always accompanied the declaration of a true devotion in the upright and dumb individual. The flame may perhaps be made a little more devouring by the kissing of a miniature, or the embracing of a well-oiled ringlet or figure-of-six curl.

RAGE, like a mean husband, can only be managed by fits and starts. It may be pictured to an almost maddening amount by the frequent stamping of the foot and the shaking of the fist. Frowning and grinding of teeth should be accompanied by opening the eyes to their greatest possible size; and, if a great effect is desired to be produced, the room may be paced, provided the legs of the performer are of a sufficient length to enable him to take the entire length of the apartment in three or four strides.

In DESPAIR, the action is slightly altered; there, the limbs must almost seem to have lost their power. The actor must sink into a chair, pass his hand through his hair, with his five fingers spread open, like a bunch of carrots; or else, letting his arms fall down by his side, remain perfectly still, like a little boy on a frosty day, either gazing at his boots or the ceiling. Despair is made more tragic by a slight laugh; but this must only be attempted by the very best tragedians, on the principle that laughter, like the measles, is very catching.

HOPE, like a sovereign sent by post, is seldom properly delivered. Here there must be no violent gestures—everything must be soft and pleasant. The finger must be occasionally raised to the ear, and the performer's countenance wear a bright smile and a look of deep intensity, as if listening to the soft still voice within. The ceiling may be looked at frequently, and the bosom pressed; but, if great care is not taken, and the hands are not fre-

quently clasped at arm's length, the audience will be imagining you are in love—and in a state of love, of course, one is quite hopeless.

DISDAIN is perhaps the easiest passion to be expressed. The dignified waving of the hand, and the scornful look, gradually descending from top to toe, are well known to all who have been mistaken for waiters at evening parties. The eyes should be partly closed, the nose, if possible, turned up, the lips curved, and the countenance gently raised to the ceiling.

If any embracing should be required in the course of the piece, it is, under the present arbitrary laws of society and mothers, better to leave this interesting process to husbands and wives.

The effect, from the sheer novelty of the situation, will be startling. If they should refuse, the old theatrical plan should be resorted to—press heads over each other's shoulders, and look down each other's backs.

Many pieces conclude with a blessing. This is simply done by raising both the hands over the heads of the kneeling couple; look steadily at the ceiling till the eyes begin to water, and move the lips slowly, as if muttering. At the conclusion, the tear can be dashed away, and always has a very pretty effect. Weeping is generally performed by burying the face in the handkerchief, bending the head to the breast, and nodding it violently.

The great difficulty to be overcome in Acting Charades is the absence of a theatrical wardrobe.

Very often it is necessary to dress as a Roman, a Persian, or a Turk. Sometimes an ancient knight is wanted in full armor. We have known Louis XIV. called for in a full court dress, and only five minutes allowed for the toilet. In all these trials, the mind must be exerted with high-pressure ingenuity. The most prominent characteristic of the costume must be seized and represented. In the Roman, a sheet will do for a toga; in the knight, the coal-scuttle for helmet, and the dish-cover for breast-plate, make capital armor; and in Louis XIV., the ermine victorine wig for well-powdered peruke, and the dressing-gown for embroidered coat, would express pretty well the desired costume.

Great-coats, veils, whips, walking-sticks, aprons, caps, and gowns must be seized upon and used in the dressing up of the characters. No expense should be spared, and every sacrifice be made, even though the incidents of the piece should include the upsetting of a tray of tea-things, or the blacking of all the young ladies' faces.

CHARADES IN ACTION.

We omit the subject of this Charade, and will do so in future, leaving our subscribers a month to guess and make out what it is. The name will be given in our next number.

ACT I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ELDERLY BACHELOR. YOUNG WAGS.

SCENE 1—*Second floor back of elderly Bachelor.*

ENTER ELDERLY BACHELOR, who seats himself in arm-chair, and commences reading *Sunday Times*. He turns to the advertisements, and reads intently. Suddenly he jumps up, and kisses the second column of the advertisements.



then presses it to his heart, and, in impassioned dumb-show, informs the audience that he must hasten to meet some one in the passage, and, by holding his clasped hands towards the ceiling, intimates that he will force her to accept his love. He snatches up a pen, and writes a letter. Having folded it up, he seizes his hat and umbrella, and rushes forth.

SCENE 2—*Waterloo Bridge by night.*

Enter YOUNG WAGS with the letter written by Elderly Bachelor. Whilst one of them pretends to read it, the others lean one ear forward



ACT II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HORSE-GUARD.	HIS CHARGER.
YOUNG LADIES AND OLD LADIES.	

SCENE—*The exterior of the Horse-Guards, with stall under window-pole for Guard and his Charger on duty. The clock seen on the mantle-piece in the distance.*

to show they are listening attentively; and, by holding their sides, intimate that they enjoy the contents marvellously.

Suddenly they point to the door to tell that the Bachelor is coming, and one of them runs out, whilst the others all retire behind the window curtains.

Re-enter Young Wag with friend dressed in a lady's gown, and a thick veil thrown over her head. The Young Wag also retires behind curtains, leaving Young Lady alone.

Enter Elderly Bachelor. He sees the Lady, presses his heart, and points towards her. She



lets fall her pocket-handkerchief as a signal. Then elderly Bachelor rushes towards her, and, falling on his knees, declares his passion. Giggling heard behind window curtains. He leads her to ottoman, and prevails upon her to be seated. He offers her his hand and well-filled purse. She consents. He then begs of her to show him her face. She refuses; but he pleads so earnestly that at last she is persuaded. On lifting the veil, he falls back in horror at finding she is—black. Wars rush out

A TRUMPET is heard, when—

Enter GUARD, mounted on the back of his gallant CHARGER, which he guides to the sentry stall under the window. On his head is his



helmet,* and on his shoulders are hair-brush epaulettes; on his breast he wears bright dish-cover cuirass, and his moustache is of the finest burnt cork, or bird's-eye tobacco.

No sooner has he taken his post, than—

Enter several LADIES, who gather round Guard. Some of them express their admiration of his beautiful eyes; others, in their love for him, stand for minutes with clasped hands, and intimate by their gestures that they are suffering from acute sideache. Every moment the crowd round stall increases, and the last arrivals dart angry glances at the early comers. The Guard smiles graciously at all, but in particular to an

OLD LADY with a well-filled purse hanging from her arm.

Trumpet heard in distant passage, and exit Guard on his Charger.

Re-enter Guard. The Ladies crowd round him. Some present him with screws of full-



flavored tobacco. He is gracious to those who give him anything; but, above all, his admira-



tion is riveted on Old Lady with heavy purse. The others perceiving that, despite their presents, he slights their love, grow jealous of Old Lady, each moment becoming more and more violent, and gathering menacingly round Guard.

At last enter small battalion of Guards, who try to disperse the small mob; but in vain. An imaginary Magistrate makes his appearance. He pretends to read the riot act from a piece of music, but without effect; the Ladies still cling to the Life-Guardsman. At length the Magistrate, by well-expressed gesticulations, directs the soldiers to present walking-sticks. They do so. At the sight of this the Ladies scream, and run off in all directions.

ACT III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR. His RIVAL.

OLD LADY AND FAMILY.

MOB. POLICEMAN.

SCENE—*Charing Cross. To the right are seen two of the opposition Conveyance Association sofas, waiting, on their way to Bank, for passengers.*

Enter OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR and HIS RIVAL in great-coats, and comforters round necks. On their breasts they wear their saucepan lid badges. They each mount their sofas, and, holding up their forefingers, lean forward à la



Taglioni, hailing the distant passers-by. Every now and then they turn round and shake their fists at each other, putting themselves into the much-admired attitudes of street disputants.

Enter OLD LADY and FAMILY of four sweet children in great hurry, and all holding up their fingers to stop omnibus. The Conductor and his Rival descend, when a violent struggle to possess the fares takes place. Two of the children are carried kicking to one sofa, and two

are thrust into the other, whilst Old Lady wrings her hands, and by her action intimates she is



calling Police. The Conductor and his Rival return to Old Lady. Each seizes an arm, and endeavors to drag her to his omnibus. Old Lady resists, expressing the strongest indignation. All the time the men are abusing one

* The very best imitation helmet that can be made is the coal-scuttle. Some people object to it, and prefer the water-can; but it's nothing to the coal-scuttle.



another, and each insisting in violent gesticulation that the Lady called him first. At last one drags away her shawl, and the other her bag.

Mon gathers round, and insist on Conductor and his Rival "letting the Lady alone."

Enter POLICEMAN, who immediately releases Old Lady, liberates kicking family, and takes the numbers of Conductor and his Rival.

The Lady expresses great gratitude to Police-

man, and takes an ivory card-counter from her



purse to give to him. Policeman turns his head away.

COURTSHIP.—A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

COURT—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. COUNSEL.

PRISONER (*a Sailor*).

EIGHT LADIES (*his Wives*).

JURYMEN, POLICEMEN, SPECTATORS, &c.

TIME—*Before supper-time.*

SCENE—*A Court of Justice. At back of Drawing-room the Lord Chief Justice's easy-chair,*

and ottoman for Counsel. To the right, sofa for Jurymen. To the left, fire-screen for Prisoner's dock.

FLOURISH of splendidly imitated trumpets. Enter procession in following order: The USHER, holding the carpet-broom of office; His HONOR, robed in gorgeous dressing-gown, and wearing a magnificent wig of ermine victorine; the COUNSEL, carrying carpet-bags, holding briefs of music, and properly wigged with night-caps; the wretched SAILOR, who stands charged with the dreadful crime of polygamy, in the



close custody of the JAILOR, bearing the street-door key of office, and endeavoring to restrain his prisoner from dancing the hornpipe.*

As soon as Prisoner is safely secured behind

fire-screen, he again breaks out in a hornpipe, when

Enter the eight PLAINTIFFS (ladies whom the inconstant Prisoner has respectively mar-



ried in the several ports he has visited). They are natives of various countries, and dressed in their different national costumes.

At sight of the vile Sailor they are deeply moved, and intimate a strong desire to get at him.

Enter JURYMEN, who are immediately packed into the sofa.



Counsel for prosecution, in the most electri-

* Unfortunately for the pantomimic art, the hornpipe is the only means left for proving that a gentleman in black continuations is a sailor.

fying dumb-show, proves, by pointing and frowning at Prisoner, who is still dancing, what a villain the man is. He shows the validity of each marriage by putting an imaginary ring on his third finger; and having referred to the case of "LACHI DAREM—in RE DON GIOVANNI," *Italian Duets*, Vol. II., demands, by a thump on the ottoman, that the scoundrel should be punished with the utmost rigor of the law.

Judge, putting on the black hat, proceeds to pass sentence of death on the wretched Prisoner, who evinces the utmost callousness by doing the split in the hornpipe.



The wives no sooner hear their joint husband's doom than an affectionate rush is made towards him, which the wretched man perceiving, he seeks safety in flight.



TABLEAU.

ACT II.

—SHIP.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CAPTAIN, SAILORS, PASSENGERS, &c.

SCENE—*The deck of that fast-sailing craft, the Front Drawing-room.*

ENTER CAPTAIN, with noble cocked-hat, made out of yesterday's *Times*, and hair-brushes



for epaulettes. He shouts through a set of quadrilles, when

Enter several tight lads, who proceed to the music-stool to heave at the capstan and weigh



the imaginary anchor; whilst others pulley at the larboard bell-rope to let out gallant main-



top ceiling. Two more brave boys take the wheel, and, by means of the arm-chair, steer the room beautifully.



PASSENGERS on after-ottoman now begin, by wild gesticulations—the turning up of eyes, and the sudden application of handkerchiefs—to intimate that they have passed the Nore Light; whilst others, leaning over the backs of their chairs, implore their neighbors, in the most affecting pantomime, to throw them overboard.

Enter STEWARD with basins, at which the



passengers make a simultaneous rush. He also enables several poor creatures, who are walking about in the most extraordinary manner, and rolling from side to side of drawing-room, to reach their berths.



Presently a fearful storm is supposed to arise. The Passengers, binding life-preservers of comforters round their waists, jump hurriedly from their berths, and, springing over the sides of the ship, strike out for the door, where *exeunt omnes*.

ACT III.

COURTSHIP.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD FATHER. HIS DAUGHTER. HER LOVER.

RETAINERS, LAWYER, &c. &c.

SCENE—*Apartment in mansion of Old Father.*

ENTER DAUGHTER, who shows, by pressing her side and swinging about, that she is deeply in love. She commences laying a table for two, and, having set down a lovely round of cold



bandbox, she again expresses her fondest devotion for one of the knives and forks.

Sweet plaintive sounds of a splendidly-executed whistle are heard without. She claps her hands, and

Enter LOVER in full uniform of the, new police, richly silvered with chalk. He glances



anxiously at the cold round of bandbox, and then gives vent to the wildest movements of joy. They advance to table, and feast commences. Just as he has helped himself to the

lid, a loud and continued knocking is heard without. They become agitated; and Lover,



endeavoring to avoid an angry parent's just wrath, seizes some bread and plunges beneath the table.



Enter OLD FATHER, suffering acutely from an attack of suppositious gout, and forced to use brooms whilst walking. He expresses his surprise at banquet, but is pleased when he learns it was intended for him. Lover, growing tired of bread, endeavors to snatch some meat off his angel's plate. Old Father, alarmed on seeing the mysterious hand, and jumping from his seat, drags Lover from under the table. Grand exposure. He is about to curse the villain, when

Enter LAWYER with placard, announcing that the scoundrel has just come into a coronetcy and £2,000,000. He crowns him with a ducal meat-cover. Old Father relents, and blesses his children. Retainers and maid of all work rush in, and arrange themselves into the subjoined—



GRAND TABLEAU.

CHARADES IN ACTION.

(For Introductory Remarks, see December number.)

FIREWORKS.—A CHARADE IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

FIRE—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A LADY. PARISH BEADLE. TURN-COCK.
 LITTLE BOYS.

SCENE—*Outside of Lady's house.*

ENTER LITTLE BOYS, with paper frills round necks and long pinafores on. They begin dancing about, and pointing to ceiling in the direction of Lady's house, to intimate that the kitchen chimney's on fire.

ENTER LADY in great state of alarm at the cries of "Fire." She looks up, and then exit Lady rapidly.

ENTER PARISH BEADLE in his full uniform, wearing a lady's colored travelling-cloak for coat, and the footman's gold-lace band on his hat. In his hand he carries the man-servant's tall walking-stick.

ENTER troop of LITTLE BOYS and GIRLS, in

pinafores and frills, dragging by a comforter the music Canterbury for the parish engine.

ENTER TURN-COCK, who turns on the water, at an imaginary plug, with the kitchen poker.



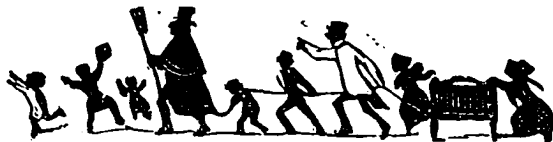
Beadle and Turn-cock then advance to the door of Lady's house, and keep giving single knocks, but nobody will answer. Little Boys and Girls keep jumping about all the time, and putting their hands up to the sides of their mouths, as if they were shouting fire.

ENTER Lady's head through half-opened door. Turn-cock demands his fee, and Beadle requests that he may be paid the expenses of bringing out the parish engine. Lady refuses to pay them. Turn-cock points to the palm of his



hand several times in an energetic manner, but the Lady will not listen to him, and keeps shaking her head. Beadle attempts to enter, when Lady closes the door violently.

They, with much ceremony, take the number of the house, and exit Beadle and Turn-cock, followed by parish engine and Little Boys and Girls dancing.



ACT II.

—WORKS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TAILORS. BOOTMAKERS. CARPENTERS.
 MILLINERS. DRESSMAKERS. LADIES AND
 GENTLEMEN.

SCENE—*A large work-room.*

ENTER TAILORS, who seat themselves cross-

legged upon the ottoman, and begin working at coats and waistcoats, cutting out patterns with



the tongs for shears, and ironing their work with a flat-iron for goose.

Enter **BOOTMAKERS**, who begin repairing boots, putting the ends through *à la mode des*



cobblers, whilst others hammer away at the soles, and some cut out shapes on the paste-board with a table-knife.

Enter **MILLINERS**, who arrange bonnets on



umbrella-stand in supposed window, whilst the



terns, and minutely examines a panorama of London that is held up before him. He fixes upon one, and desires to be measured. Next he patronizes the Bootmaker, and is shown some Wellingtons, which he forthwith purchases.

The Carpenter also disposes of his chair, and a bargain is struck for the boudoir.

Exit Ladies and Gentleman, followed by Tailors, Bootmakers, Milliners, and Carpenters, who bow them out into the passage.

ACT III.

FIREWORKS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. WAITERS, &c.



Suddenly, a bell is heard to ring violently in the passage, by means of the tongs and the poker, and the Ladies and Gentlemen, with



DRESSMAKERS gather round, and all of them begin working at the same robe.

Enter **CARPENTERS**, who commence repairing



a chair, whilst others are French-polishing the boudoir.

Enter **LADIES** and **GENTLEMAN**. The Ladies advance to the Milliners, and hold up their hands in admiration of the bonnets in the hat-stand. They try them on before the glass. Others hand to the Dressmakers brown parcels of silks they have brought with them, and describe by their actions the exact style in which they wish them to be made up. The Gentleman requests the Tailor to show him his pat-

SCENE—Fauxhall Gardens on a gala night. At the end, window curtains arranged as seat with table. The countless lamps, statues, fountains, and grottoes can only be imagined and not described.

ENTER **LADIES** and **GENTLEMEN**, who walk



about the gardens with umbrellas up, whilst others seat themselves under window curtains.

Enter **WAITERS** with dishes and glasses, which they place on table bower of window curtains.

their umbrellas still up, form themselves in a ring round the door.

Then the well-imitated ascent of a rocket is

heard ush-h-h-ee-ing without, and the crowd, looking towards the ceiling, cry, Oh ! oh ! oh ! which is followed by a loud bang ! This is repeated several times, until at last the quick suc-

cession of ohs ! and bangs ! tell that the grand display of rockets has gone off, and the Ladies and Gentlemen make for the door as quickly as possible.

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HILL FARM; OR, A WEEK'S ANGLING.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

(Continued from page 144.)

THE brook was found, murmuring along in lazy eddies, washing the fallen branches of birch and maple that stretched across it, and circling about the great gray stones as if it was not the least in a hurry such a bright summer afternoon. Whether the trout were there or not, Mr. Austin did not discover, nor did he investigate the matter closely. He passed an hour very pleasantly lying at full length on the short meadow grass, in the flickering shadow of a tree, flinging pebbles into the shallow stream or twisting tufts of grass into fantastic shapes. It was quite as profitable an employment as sunning his boots at the St. Nicholas, and he stared as complacently at the sky and the brook by turns as he would have done into the faces of Broadway promenaders. He was at least breathing a purer atmosphere, as he was at present situated, both mentally and physically.

Not having a watch by way of prompter, and judging from his own impatience to see the pretty Lucy, who "dwelt in *such* untrodden ways," rather than the sun, which would have told him a different story, Mr. Austin came to the conclusion that taking his way in an opposite direction to a little cross-road in the distance, it would bring him to the house again about the time the gentlemen of the party began to assemble.

The cross-road led not to the cottage, but straight into the barnyard of another homestead, which he reached before, in his abstraction, he became conscious that this lane, short as it was, had no turning. A tidy-looking old lady, in a clean chintz apron and silver-rimmed spectacles, surveyed him curiously from her door-step as he sauntered along; and he became conscious of this and his intrusion on private property at the same time.

Nothing would have been easier than to tell the facts of the case plainly, and apologize by stating his mistake. But preoccupied people never think of what is most obvious to those who have their wits about them, and Mr. John Austin began casting about for an excuse for his conduct, forgetful that it needed none to any but himself; for what if he did find a trout stream seven miles from Edgewater, when he

was going back to New York the next day but one?

"Oh, I'll ask her if she ever takes boarders—summer boarders; they do almost everywhere within fifty miles of New York; so it's a safe question." And he proceeded, accordingly, to open the little gate and walk directly up to the "knitter in the sun," as if his sole object in the neighborhood had been to pay the old dame a call.

Mrs. Panderson—"the widow Panderson," as she was generally called—received his visit and his inquiry in the best possible spirit.

"She wasn't obliged to take boarders, and didn't foller it as a general thing; but once in a while she was druv into it by people that took a fancy to the old place, and wouldn't take 'No' for an answer. Wouldn't the gentleman walk in?"

Mr. Austin stepped over the threshold, and found himself in much such a room as he had expected to see at Hill Farm. It was long and low, the great beams overhead painted a bright yellow, evidently from the same brush that had given the floor its neat and cool-looking coating. Rush-bottomed chairs were ranged primly against the wall; a table was placed between the windows. Everything was as tidy as hands could make it, and the old-fashioned brass andirons shone like gold through the hemlock and cedar boughs that filled the fireplace.

The widow Panderson bustled about, setting out a chair from its accustomed perpendicular, and rolling up a stiff paper window curtain. "The light *did* let in the flies so," she said, by way of apology to the very grateful shade of the room. "Most people liked plenty of light; she did, to sew by. She always took her work to the front door in warm weather, to git all the light she could; but she couldn't stand *flies*, no way."

Mr. Austin agreed with her as to the disagreeable intruders; but he was not housekeeper enough to comprehend the full force of the argument.

"May-be the gentleman would like to look at her spare bedroom? She hadn't much use for one now, since her *dau'ters* were married

gone out West, and didn't get home often. People with families of young children couldn't get round much; *she* never did, when *she* had young children, and, for her part, *she* thought it was the best plan; children made so much dirt and confusion, *she* always told their folks."

Mr. Austin thought such plain speaking as this was a very sufficient reason why the good woman's daughters did not visit her more frequently, as he followed her into an adjoining chamber, with a painted floor and stiff curtain to match the sitting-room. The feather-bed—no emaciated mattress could have assumed that round, even aspect—was nicely made up, with homespun linen and a most elaborate patchwork quilt. Mr. Austin had slept in much less agreeable quarters in the course of his travels.

His hostess looked about with considerable self-complacency.

"Nobody hain't sleep here since in June one of your sort chaps came along, and nothing would do but he must stay round the neighborhood a spell and board with me. 'Miss Panderson,' he used to say, 'there ain't no short-cake like your'n in the country.' Only he used to put the straw-bed a top, nights, and sleep on it. I always made it up respectable every day, for I hated to see a decent man sleeping so like a heathen; but it never was no use. When mornin' come, there was the straw tick again, right on top! He painted our old saw-mill as natural as life; you could almost hear it again. What kind of pictures do you do, portraits or landskips?"

She had evidently taken her visitor for an artist studying from nature, in his summer vacation. The broad-brimmed straw hat, to which the brethren of the easel are especially addicted, had formed the illusion.

"I like dogerotypes, for my part," resumed the widow Panderson, as they returned to the sitting-room. "They 're cheap, and don't take up much room; besides, you don't waste much time sittin' for 'em. I've got my *dau'ters* and their husbands sot up here on the mantel; and here's Sarah Ann's five children in a row. May-be you'd like to look at 'em? They had 'em took for me when they moved out West."

Mr. Austin could not well decline this polite invitation to inspect the Panderson portrait gallery; but, as he opened one case after another, the same face seemed to look out of all, the blue eyes and white brow of Lucy Williams, instead of the upright figures of the three respectable married women in their best silk gowns, ornamented with all the jewelry they owned or could borrow, while he heard scarcely

a word of the continuous family histories that was poured into his ears. He had almost forgotten his ostensible errand, when he managed at last to make a breach in the discourse, and commence his adieus.

"Well, I suppose, if you conclude to come, you'll let me hear from you?" said the widow, in parting.

To which Mr. Austin responded, "Certainly, oh, certainly." Nothing at that moment being further from his thoughts.

As he approached the lawn of Hill Farm, he found, to his chagrin, that twilight was not so near as he had thought, and the whole inclosure was enlivened by ladies strolling about in every direction. "Married women," like the daughters Panderson, walked cautiously in the gravel paths, their handkerchiefs tied over their heads, in anticipation of "the dew," and talked of children or housekeeping matters, while younger and more giddy members of the party had seated themselves, in spite of careful warning, beneath the sugar-maples and elms, discoursing the thousand and one topics in which young ladies find intense interest. His attempted retreat was intercepted by the unscrupulous Miss Kate, who had formed a sudden intimacy with some of her afternoon acquaintances, who were not so under-bred and so far behind the times as she expected to find them.

"Why, there he is now!" she exclaimed, betraying the subject of *their* conversation, as she espied Mr. Austin through the shrubbery, and, darting up to him, secured her prisoner by both hands. "Why, how early you are! Where's Mr. Hamilton? I didn't hear the carriage; did you, girls? Mrs. Hamilton! Mrs. Hamilton! they've come!"

Mr. Austin felt very much like boxing the hoyden's ears, at this sudden exposure of his vagrancy, particularly as Mrs. Hamilton came out into the veranda and beckoned him towards her. There was no help for it; of course, he would have to explain how he came there without her husband, and Miss Williams appeared in the midst of his not very coherent tale.

"I hear you have not dined," she said, politely, but as quietly as she moved, or looked, or stood. "It is too late now to think of dinner; but we are just through tea, and our substantial country meal may answer the purpose."

"Yes, come in, do, Mr. Austin," said Mrs. Hamilton, with special urgency; and then, in a lower tone, "I have been wishing for you all tea-time; everything was so nice, and such a change from our make-believe teas!"

There was no resisting this doubly-urged

invitation. One end of the long tea-table, but partially cleared since the company had risen, was rearranged by Lucy Williams herself, while Mrs. Hamilton sat by to entertain him.

"Isn't she charming?" asked his friend's wife, as their lovely handmaiden passed into the adjoining kitchen for an instant. "So natural, and pretty, and ladylike! I wonder where she learned her self-possession? Don't you think it's very remarkable? So different from the forwardness of a boarding-school girl."

Mr. Austin thought of Miss Kate's recent attack, "or the *mauvais honte* of some of her companions. You will see to-night."

Miss Williams reappeared, followed by a nice-looking farm servant, evidently the only domestic, with a tray of biscuit fresh from the oven, and a reinforcement of butter and cream. Cold light-bread, a basket of delicious-looking sponge-cake, a heaped up dish of ripe dewberries, curds, dried-beef, and all the other well-known etceteras of a generous country tea, were already arranged before him. Mr. Austin glanced down the long table. The cloth was of spotless homespun linen, the china of the plainest description, evidently two sets united, for a part of the cups and plates had the narrow gold band so fashionable a dozen years since. A silver fork was laid beside his own plate, but he saw that steel had been used by the principal part of the guests. Miss Williams filled his cup from a time-worn Britannia tea-set, polished into the semblance of silver by long usage. There was evidently no romance of "better days" attending her, for she made no apology for the plainness of the appointments, and pressed the abundance of the viands as heartily as her grandmother had probably done, upon the attention of the Hill Farm guests, when Lucy was in her cradle.

Of the two, Mr. Austin was much the more embarrassed. He felt himself in a measure unbidden, making additional trouble for the fair hands that served him. It did not seem right to be waited on by Miss Lucy; for she did not confine herself to the strict etiquette of the tea-tray, but *fluttered* about—that was what he called her light movements to himself—heaping a saucer with the ripe delicious berries, and deluging it with yellow cream; handing a relay of biscuits, or taking his empty cup; until he felt himself a very idle, pampered person, and extremely ungallant into the bargain.

As the twilight deepened, the scattered group began to reassemble from the lawn, and the young girls especially to come in shyly with linked hands, or arms about each other's waists.

Very few of them wore any other ornament than the flowers they had been gathering, disposed in their hair or in graceful breast-knots; and the simplicity of their white dresses prevented the stiff and labored effect of most rustic toilets at other seasons of the year.

Mrs. Hamilton felt herself obliged to mingle with them, and leave Mr. Austin to his own devices, as he finished his last saucer of berries, the more particularly that Mrs. Lawson, indignant at not having made the sensation she expected, pouted in one corner of the parlor, and almost snapped her Spanish fan to pieces in endeavoring to express the immeasurable distance between herself and the assembly in general. There were several other ladies of their own circle in the party, but they, like Mrs. Hamilton, devoted themselves to the general good, and talked village news, pickles, preserves, and the fashions, to old and young, with great apparent zest.

Mr. Austin, declining to make his appearance in this feminine congregation—the only night-ingle to twenty roses—awaited the arrival of the gentlemen upon the veranda, catching a glimpse occasionally of the Lady Lucy, as she flitted through hall and kitchen, intent on making all the evening arrangements, that she might give herself up to its enjoyment without restraint. Once or twice she stopped to say a passing word, with a blush and smile, and then back to her guests and her household cares, seemingly unconscious that his eyes followed her.

The beaux of the evening were unmistakably more rustic than their wives and sisters; they were too conscious of their best coats, polished boots, and scrupulous neck-ties to be quite at ease. But Mr. Austin did not trouble himself about them, or, indeed, about anything masculine, until Mr. Hamilton's hearty slap upon the shoulder roused him from an undefined reverie.

"Regularly bored, poor fellow! What on earth induced Virginia to tent you out so early in the day? Where is she and Cleopatra Lawson? Well done, Kate! she's up for the first set. Look here, Austin, streamers and all. I say, this isn't a bad establishment, after all, is it?"

Mr. Austin had not bethought him to look in upon the dancers before, although the old-fashioned airs from the solitary bow of the old village musician had been sounding out upon the night for some time, and the increased stir and hum in the parlor betokened the entrance of most of the gentlemen.

There were candles in the old-fashioned

silver-plated candlesticks upon the mantel, and a large astral lamp gleamed from a centre-table pushed aside to make room for a cotillon. It was quite enough light for the season, and displayed the young ladies to very good advantage. The room was long and low, but an arch in the centre, although undraped, and the large casement windows, relieved the usual stiffness of a country parlor, used only on grand occasions. There was a piano, too, small and rather old-fashioned; but then every house has its piano nowadays, you may count on it, with the unerring certainty of a dining-table. Large vases of wild flowers, and the musk-cluster roses from the porch without, perfumed the air.

"Not so bad!" said Mr. Hamilton, again, standing back to give his friend a view of the interior. "Though there's Cleopatra trying to elevate her little nose at everything. Pity she spoils herself with airs. Which is Miss Williams? That tall young woman standing in the door, strung over with jewelry? She seems to be master of ceremonies."

Mr. Austin's negative had more warmth than the occasion seemed to require, while he pointed out Miss Williams talking to the shyest and most conscious young countryman in the room; but just then Mrs. Hamilton spied them both, and seized on them accordingly. Mr. Austin found himself standing up for a plain quadrille with the tall young woman of the doorway, opposite to his host, who made wry faces over the broad shoulders of a very short and very stout partner, also provided by his wife. Miss Williams was in the same set, aiding the inexperienced steps of the bashful swain, who made up for a lack of grace and knowledge by an amount of energy that displayed itself in shoulders, arms, and knees, not to speak of the foot-fall that rose jarringly above the violin's sharp and repeated announcement that "the Campbells were coming."

In the merry jig, nothing less than "St. Patrick's Day," which Mr. Austin had not heard since his grandmother's nursery performances for himself and sister, he found himself for the first time in contact with the hand Miss Williams's partner had made nothing of squeezing as energetically as he "took his steps." She held it up to the light laughingly, to show how the compression had reddened it, as she balanced to Mr. Austin. There was not a trace of vanity in the movement, although it displayed the shapely contour that marked her whole figure, not small, but evenly, plump, and gracefully tapered.

"It doesn't look much like farm-work, or

such tea-table accomplishments as I saw this afternoon," thought the benighted hunter of Newport and Saratoga; for, in common with the popular prejudice on the subject, country life at the North and coarseness were associated in his mind. Another indistinct memory of nursery times came into his mind. Something about "kissing the place to make it well;" advice he was very much tempted to follow, as in the turn of the dance it was frankly extended, ungloved as it was, to meet his own.

Everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves but Mrs. Lawson, whose flounces had no chance for display, as she "never danced quadrilles."

"I wonder if Kate won't play a schottish for her benefit? There's a piano," said Mr. Hamilton, in the pause of the country-dances. "I'd sacrifice myself for ten minutes."

The beauty's smiles came fluttering back at the invitation, and, seeing that no one joined them, Mr. Austin felt that he ought to ask Mrs. Hamilton; but he did not care to leave Miss Williams, who stood by his side to watch them.

"I suppose you don't do the schottish? I wish you did."

"And what if I do?" she asked, gayly.

"Oh, do you? Will you join them? But all the rest of the young ladies decline, and I thought"——

"My cousin taught me," she said, as if in explanation.

Another minute, and they were following the undulations of Mr. Hamilton as his partner. John Austin was on the point of acknowledging to himself that he was fairly captivated when the dance was ended, and he made his way to Mrs. Hamilton, being reluctantly compelled to resign Miss Lucy.

"Quite a wonder, isn't she?" that lady said, good-naturedly. "I have discovered that she is the adopted child of the old couple in the corner; a niece."

Mr. Austin glanced to the pleased and expressive faces of the Darby and Joan of Hill Farm. He felt himself disappointed. There was a lack of refinement he had not expected from the surroundings. He had persuaded himself that nothing pertaining to the charming wild flower, Lucy, could have such an unmistakable stamp of homeliness. There they sat, neatly dressed, angular, practical farm people; hearty neighbors of the widow Panderson, nothing more.

"She is very much devoted to them, they say, and it is her natural good taste that has made Hill Farm what it is. They seem to let her have her own way in everything. I fancy

she must have been sent away to school. She dances remarkably well, and I have just been looking over her music; it is simple, but in good taste. I should like to hear her sing."

"So should I," said Mr. Austin; but, in contemplating the nearest relatives of the lady in question, he was conscious of a rapid fall of the barometer.

"Now this is a real sensible gathering," said the once exclusive Mr. Hamilton, from his seat on the coach-box, to the tired occupants of the interior. "I don't know when I have enjoyed myself so much."

"A pretty compliment to your wife, for you haven't spoken to her more than twice the whole evening," returned Mr. Austin, conscious at the same time that his own inward sentiments agreed exactly with his host's experience.

"You astonished the whole country in that schottish, Cleopatra," called out Mr. Hamilton, directly. "Only think what mischief you may have done to susceptible youth. And Virginia flirted tremendously with old 'Cut for Deal' there, neighbor Johnson, and all those old chaps. Blushed for you, 'pon honor."

"You'd best keep your blushes for your own misdemeanors," retorted his wife, good-naturedly. "Didn't I hear two of the girls say you were the *sweetest*, *funniest* man they ever did see?"

"Well, you agree with them, don't you? Kate does, I know. Eh, Kate, ain't I delightful? As for Austin, he's fairly done for, poor fellow!"

"I—how—what?" For Mr. Austin, being conscious of his own ruminations, forgot, for the second time that day, other people were *not*.

"Why, that tall Miss Bumpstead, in green furbelows. That's the name, isn't it, Kitty Clover? She thinks you 'do your steps beautifully.'"

"Pshaw!" growled Mr. Austin, relapsing into his corner on the back seat.

"I asked Miss Williams to visit us. I'm delighted with her," said Mrs. Hamilton, warmly.

"Well, patronize her to your heart's content; she's presentable."

Mr. Austin broke off wondering if he could not get his invitation renewed, after the fashion of a promissory note; to think he should like "to send Hamilton over his horses' heads, for that last speech;" and so, in the course of time, Edgewater was reached in safety.

"Off to bed, if you expect me to drive you in town to-morrow morning," said Mr. Hamilton, almost as much in a hurry to see that the

nursery department was "all right" as his wife, already disappearing up the stairs. "Or will you try another week with us?"

"Yes—no, thank you. I believe I ought to be on the look-out for Clara and her party;" for, now that he was seven miles from Hill Farm, he could not make out a sufficient reason for deranging his first plans.

So the carpet-bag was repacked, and his next day's dinner was eaten at the *table d'hôte* of the St. Nicholas, after a gay leave-taking of Edgewater, for the mother's sake, even kissing "the boy." It is needless to say that this last act of grace confirmed the doting papa in the opinion he had expressed to Virginia, as they superintended the juveniles both together, "that John Austin was wonderfully improved, and would make a man, after all."

(Conclusion next month.)

JUST DOWN THE ROAD

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

AUNT MARY and I lived all alone in our little cottage. It was the quaintest old house, with green blinds and gray gables, the wild vine toiling up its sides, with the scarlet berries flashing like red stars among the dark green leaves.

Then there were two chestnut-trees that stood all summer before the front door, like tall friars with green stoles folded over their bosoms; and on either side of the gravel-walks, harebells and daffodils made a rustling of gold and purple down to the little wicket.

Oh, it was a happy home to me! I sit here and close my eyes, and, looking down into the far land of my memory, I see the quaint gables, the great trees, and the golden rustling, shining clear through the light and the darkness of the years that lie between it and the present.

Just down the road—I could see it from my chamber-window—was a red frame-house, with the moss of half a century growing thick on its sloping roof. The building was considerably dilapidated; still, it had a *cosy*, old-fashioned look of a summer's morning, when the sunshine used to gild the eaves, and plate with gold the great weather-stained front door.

Mrs. Willard and Harry lived in the red house; he was her only son, and she was a widow. They were very poor—all the village knew this; but Mrs. Willard managed to obtain a somewhat precarious livelihood for herself and child by taking in plain sewing; and as she sometimes fitted Aunt Mary's dresses and mine, and Harry always came for and returned these, I became acquainted with him.

Henry Willard was a strange boy. He did not laugh and play as other boys of his age do; he was only two years older than I; and there was an air of mingled pride and timidity in his manner, a shadow on his young face, and a look of melancholy earnestness in his large dark eyes, which arrested my attention, and awakened my sympathy the first time that I saw him.

We were both naturally shy, and so Harry came and went many times with the little bundles; and I sat in a chair by Aunt Mary's side, getting surreptitious glances of the pale mournful face, and wondering greatly why it was not like that of other boys, before the least overtures for acquaintance were made on either side.

But Aunt Mary, whose heart seemed always overflowing with kindness and sympathy for every human being, had taken a great fancy to Harry Willard; and one day, just as he was leaving, after having discharged the commission on which his mother had sent him, she suddenly said to me: "Alice, you had better go out with Harry, and make a bouquet for Mrs. Willard. Don't you like flowers, Harry?"

"Yes, ma'am, very much; thank you," replied the boy; and then his eyes were full of a strange beautiful light as he placed them full on Aunt Mary's.

So, we went into the garden together; and there we talked for the first time, while I gathered mignonette and roses; and Harry held the flowers when I tied the blue ribbon round the stems.

After this, our reserve wore gradually away; and Harry became a frequent, always a welcome, visitor at our house. We would sit for hours under the great restless shadows of the chestnut-trees, while he would talk to me in his strange dreamy way of the stars, that seemed to him like golden stairs on which the angels came down to earth; of the strange music his heart could hear in the wind, music that rose in the spring-time into a mighty jubilee; and it flowed over the fields, and they grew green; and the violets opened their eyes, and made purple seams in the grass. In the summer, Harry said this music grew into a glorious psalm, filling the forest and the woods; and when the autumn came, it swelled into a grand stream, that went rolling up the hills, and along the valleys; and there was nothing like it but the moan of the great organ, floating through the aisles of the village church when the choir sang the doxology.

And Harry's brown eyes would grow so large, and kindle with such a strange light as he talked of these things! and then he would stop suddenly, and the old shadow and sadness would come into them, and he would tell me how he loved to read books; and how there was a strange hungry feeling at his heart for knowledge; and how the hunger sometimes grew into a fire there, which he could not describe; and he would say, in a tone of such touching, mournful pathos, that it always brought the tears into my eyes to hear him: "But, Alice, you see, we are very

poor, and I cannot go to school; and nobody knows how I feel; and nobody cares for me but mamma." And then I would draw up close to Harry, and say: "Don't talk so, please, Harry, for it makes me feel bad; besides, it isn't true, for Aunt Mary loves you, and so do I; and I know you'll grow up to be a great man, and have as many books as you want, and study everything, too!"

Then Harry would lift his face to mine, and there would be such a glow all over it! And his lip would quiver when he said: "Ally, your words always make me feel happy. God bless you!" and my heart always beat lighter when he said those words.

But one day, when Aunt Mary was "picking over" some gooseberries for supper, and I sat by her side, hemming an apron for my new doll, I told her all that Harry had said to me. I noticed she seemed very thoughtful after this; and, at last, I looked up, and saw she was running her fingers in an absent manner through the pan of gooseberries, and I said: "Aunt Mary, you're thinking about something."

She smiled; her own sweet, loving smile; and bending down, kissed my upturned forehead, and said: "You have guessed rightly, Ally. I was trying to devise some method by which I could send Harry Willard to school, but this is not so easy a matter as I see, by the sparkling of those blue eyes, that you think it is. Harry Willard's mother was not always poor, as she is now; and she is very proud, too, and, unless I could represent his going in the light of a favor done to me, I do not think I could obtain her consent to this matter."

"But you can think of some way; I know you can, Aunt Mary. Harry so longs to go!" I eagerly answered, for I placed the most unbounded faith in Aunt Mary's diplomatic resources.

"Well, Ally, I had just thought of a plan when you spoke to me, which, upon reflection, appears the best calculated of any to succeed. I have felt for some time that my darling ought to commence some higher studies than those she is learning of me; but it is a long way to the village school, and—"

"And you are going to have Harry go, too, to take care of me! Oh, I'm so glad, Aunt Mary!" I interrupted, springing up and clapping my hands; an involuntary ebullition of my excited feelings.

Aunt Mary's smile verified my remarks; and at sunset on that very day, she went down to the red house, and had a long talk with Mrs. Willard.

The star was just coming over the great hill

at the side of our home, a single golden drop in that sea of blue, when Aunt Mary returned, and informed me that her mission had been a successful one, and that Harry and I were to enter the village school on the ensuing week. Oh, that Monday morning's sunlight shone not on two happier hearts than Harry's and mine, when we shut the white wicket of our cottage-home, and, hand in hand, took the road leading to the village school, pausing every few rods to send a smile or a kiss to Aunt Mary, who stood in the front door, watching us with her loving eyes until we were out of sight.

Very happy were we, too, for the next six months; very tender and watchful was Harry's care for me; and very wonderful was Harry's progress in his studies, distancing all his classmates, and greatly surprising the teacher, while the light beamed more brightly, and the shadow went more and more from his face, which he would turn to me sometimes, and say, in his sudden, abrupt manner: "Oh, Ally, I'm very happy now!"

But, at the expiration of six months, there came the darkness of the shadow of death over all their brightness.

It was evening. Aunt Mary sat in her old seat by the window, and I stood by her side, watching the round moon as she came slowly up the blue bridge, on either side of which lay the silver-looped and gray-fringed clouds, when Harry Willard burst into the room; and every muscle of his white face seemed working with terrible suffering, as he sprang to Aunt Mary's side, saying wildly: "Oh, please, go to her; please go to her quick, for my mother is dying."

With a half-suppressed exclamation, Aunt Mary seized a shawl, and hurried after Harry, who had rushed out of the house.

I was all alone, with the white moon looking in at the window, and plating with silver the backs of the chairs; and in the half darkness, a great fear came over me. I could not endure the stillness and the ghostly moonlight, so, I seized my bonnet, and followed Aunt Mary as rapidly as my trembling limbs would permit.

I shall never cease to remember the scene which presented itself as I entered the red house. Mrs. Willard was sitting in a chair in one corner of the long old-fashioned parlor, her head resting on Aunt Mary's bosom, who was striving to wipe away the current of blood which issued from her white lips. Harry's words were but too true! His mother was dying of sudden hemorrhage at the lungs.

But once the dim eyes unclosed, and the cold fingers moved convulsively. "Harry," gasped

the dying woman, as the boy buried his head, with a heart-breaking sob, in her lap, "I am going home. Oh, God, forget not thy covenant with the fatherless!" Again, the cold fingers moved convulsively amid his brown curls; there was a faint sigh; the head leaned more heavily on Aunt Mary. Harry Willard was motherless!

Two days later, they buried Mrs. Willard. It was a pleasant autumn day, and the winds sighed through the tangled grass of the churchyard, and the sunbeams glinted brightly along the marble, where Harry's mother was laid down to that slumber which no sunlight could ever waken. Poor Harry! He did not weep then; but he stood there, his whole frame quivering like a wind-broken bough, when the clods rattled on the coffin.

There was a corner in that same churchyard to which Aunt Mary and I glanced often through our tears; for there, under those drooping willows, with their white hands folded calmly over their hearts, my father and mother were sleeping that sleep which knows no earthly waking.

We could not dissuade Harry from sleeping at the house "just down the road," but he passed most of the week subsequent to his mother's death at our cottage. He grew calmer every day; but none who looked in the boy's sad eye could doubt of the great "heartache" beneath them.

One morning, he came over as usual, and told my aunt that he had resolved to leave the village, now that he had no relatives (how his voice trembled) to keep him there.

It was all useless trying to dissuade him from this, for the boy's heart was set on going; and he said he had lain awake, in the loneliness and darkness of the red house, thinking how he would carve out his own fortune; so, at last, Aunt Mary ceased her verbal opposition, and set herself about preparing the boy's wardrobe for his journey; and disposed to the best advantage of his mother's simple furniture.

It was an October morning. The great fruit-laden branches were dipping downward, almost within our reach, when Harry Willard and I stood under them for the last time.

"You will not quite forget me, Harry," I said, swallowing down the sob that was in my throat, "when you are so far away; and you will think sometimes of the village school, and the garden, and the old trees where you used to sit; won't you?"

"Forget you, Ally!" and his arm was drawn around my waist, and the brown eyes looked earnestly, almost reproachfully, into mine; "you, whom I love better than anybody in the

world, now mamma is gone! Oh, Ally, I shall be lying under the grass, as deep and as still as she is, this pleasant morning, before I can forget you, and Aunt Mary, and all your kindness to me, a poor little fatherless, friendless boy! Ally, I have passed the happiest hours of my life with you; and now, won't you give me one of those long curls that has lain for years against your cheek? And I will place it on my heart; and it will keep it always warm for you. Don't cry, Ally, dear!" for the tears were dripping down my cheeks, as I took Aunt Mary's garden scissors, which she had inadvertently left on a rustic bench under the tree, and severed the tress.

"I'll come back to you when I've grown to be somebody you'll be proud of;" and his form dilated. "But hark! There comes the stage, and Aunt Mary is calling;" and the tears trickled on his heavy lashes, as he ran toward the house.

"Good-bye, Ally."

"Good-bye, Harry."

We stood under the small vine-wrapped portico; and he kissed me twice, and then ran hastily toward the gate, for the driver was late and cross. I heard the rumbling of wheels, and saw through my tears the floating of a handkerchief; and Harry Willard was gone, and the red house "down the road" was desolate.

Eight years had passed since that morning, when Harry Willard and I murmured our tearful farewells under the vine-wrapped portico. They had not been all bright years to me; there was a great shadow trailing through the later ones, until this was lost, swallowed up in darkness, the darkness of death!

Our home, our darling cottage home went first. Henry, the former owner of the place, was a hard man, and the bill of sale was lost, so it fell into his hands.

Aunt Mary struggled very hardly to bear up under this blow; but it was a very heavy one leaving the home of her fathers; and after it, she always smiled a sad, patient, heart-broken smile, that brought the tears into my eyes, and said: "God's will be done!"

Her health, which had been failing her for a long time, gave way at last. There came another autumn day; and the wind sighed through the tangled grass of the churchyard; and the sunlight glinted along the white marble, just as it had done in a day far down in my memory, when they laid Aunt Mary under the willows to sleep.

After this, I, too, was ill for a long time with a fever; and some kind neighbors took me to their homes, and watched over me during that

long illness almost as tenderly as Aunt Mary would have done.

My father had a widowed sister, who resided at the capital, and of whom I seldom heard; but I knew that Aunt Mary had written her a few days before she left me, although she did not reveal to me the nature of her communication.

But when I was able to sit up, they placed a letter, in a strange handwriting, before me. It contained an invitation (I tried to think it was a cordial one) from this aunt to make her residence my future home.

The kind family with whom I had resided since my aunt's death were not wealthy; and so, after many prophetic misgivings, I resolved to accept the home which had been offered me. I came to the city, reader, a lonely orphan girl, without a friend outside the little village, which it almost broke my heart to leave.

But the proud mansion, whose tall stone front looked down coldly and sternly upon me when I ascended the broad steps, and glanced up at it for the first time, was no home to me. I soon perceived that my aunt and her two fair haughty daughters regarded me as an unwelcome dependent upon their bounty, whom it would in no wise avail their interest to recognize; and sometimes I wished that I was lying under the willows, close—oh, so very close!—to Aunt Mary. May God forgive me! for I was very wretched.

* * * * *

"Then, Julia, you are sure we may depend upon his honoring our *soirée* with his presence?"

"Perfectly so, Annie. Mr. Lee, who is, you know, his most intimate friend, says we may rely upon him for next Tuesday, though he had to refuse several other invitations in order to accept ours. How he is *fêted* and worshipped everywhere! I'm sure I shall be grateful to Mr. Lee forever. And, Annie, I'm resolved that our *soirée* shall be the most brilliant of the season. So distinguished a guest certainly demands an extra effort on our part. Dear me, Alice, I had quite forgotten you;" and the tone and the glance which accompanied this remark were ample evidence that the reminder was anything but agreeable to my cousin. "Of course, you won't think of entering the parlors next Tuesday evening. The society there will be so very unlike anything to which you have been accustomed in that little out-of-the-world village, that you would find yourself sadly out of place. Then there is a young and very distinguished orator to be present, about whom the fashionable world is just now in perfect ecstasies; and you couldn't, of course, expect us to present you to him. But you can make yourself useful in

some way, I dare say. The servants will be very busy; and after the company have all arrived, you can go into the dressing-room, and arrange the cloaks and hats, so that the owners need not have so much difficulty in identifying them as they did at our last party. I always look forward with dread to that finale of confusion."

I bowed my head, and left the room, for the tears were coming; and I would not that they should see them.

"Oh, Aunt Mary! Aunt Mary! if you could see your little Alice now!" I groaned in the agony of my heart, as I laid my throbbing head on the arms I wrapped together on the table.

And then I resolved I would return again to my village home, though all the light had gone out of it. Now my health, which I had not gained when I came to my aunt's, was restored, I thought I could establish an infant school in my old home, and for Aunt Mary's sake the inhabitants would aid me in this matter.

It was evening. All alone in my little chamber at one corner of the mansion, I could hear the hurrying to and fro of many feet, and the rumbling of the carriage-wheels, as they drew up before the door. Below me, I knew, the chandeliers were pouring their tides of silvery light through the magnificent drawing-rooms, and flowing over fair young brows, and winding through the ringlets that drooped around them. I thought of the light-hearted girls there of my own age; and I envied them not their happiness, not their riches, but the love that was denied to me; and sometimes, when a swell of rich eager laughter would come rippling up the winding stairs to my chamber, I would bury my face in my hands, and weep. And sometimes, I thought of him for whom all this beauty and chivalry were assembled; and then I would wonder if, amid all that homage and adulation, his heart would not grow mournful a moment, were he to know that, under that very same roof, a broken-hearted orphan girl was sitting, with no companions but her memories and her tears!

At last, I grew very uneasy, and sitting there with my head leaning on my hands, I fell asleep, and dreamed I was sitting with Aunt Mary by our old cottage-window once more.

It must have been very late when I awoke, for I could hear the tide of company slowly setting up from the dining-hall into the parlors, and, remembering the task which my cousin had assigned me, I seized a light and hurried down the back stairs into the dressing-room.

It presented to me a scene of almost hopeless confusion; but I had at last succeeded in ar-

ranging the garments so they would readily be recognized by the owners, when I heard footsteps hastily approaching the door, and vainly looked round to find some mode of egress.

"You did well, Lee, to smuggle me out of the room as you did; but necessity knows not the law of conventionalisms, and I must hurry off without taking leave of my hostess and her daughters. Here are our hats; lucky we've found them."

I stood in one corner with the light in my hand, so the gentlemen did not observe me; and I was internally congratulating myself on this, when the younger of the men, who had previously spoken, turned again, saying—

"Wait a moment; I put my cane in this corner, and had well nigh forgotten it. Madam!" He paused suddenly, for he had discovered me.

I lifted my eyes, and the light fell full on his features, and we stood there face to face. One glance—yet another, intense, breathless, into those brown, deep eyes that were fastened eagerly, wonderingly on mine—and then I knew him. Time had moulded the contour of the pale boy-face into that of early manhood, and softened and deepened the light of those wondrous eyes; but I knew they were Harry Willard's.

"Alice!"

"Harry!"

The words came involuntarily to the lips of both; and then, with that voice, the memories of other days rushed darkly over my heart, and the tears I *could* not restrain brimmed over my eyes.

He made a sign to Mr. Lee, who stood staring from one to another, to leave us, saying, "I will join you soon." And then he came close to me, and putting away the curls from my forehead just as he had done in the olden time, he said—

"Alice, my sweet child-angel, what has brought you here? And what has taken the smile out of those blue eyes, and brought this sadness over the face, the dear face, that has always haunted my dreams? Look up, darling, and tell me."

But I did not look up, and could not have seen him if I had, for my blinding tears; but I laid my head on his arm, while he drew the other around me, and I said—

"Harry, our old home is gone, and Aunt Mary is dead, and I am here all alone, friendless, and very wretched."

"But friendless no longer, Alice," he answered, in his deep, thrilling tones. "Did you think I could forget you—you, whose memory

has dwelt as constant in my heart as the dark brown curl you gave me has risen and fallen with its every pulsation since? Hark! they have discovered my absence, and I must leave you. Alice, say nothing to any one of this meeting; I will come to you again. When shall you be alone?"

"To-morrow evening," I said, recollecting that my aunt and cousins were engaged at that time. "After eight I shall be alone."

"Farewell till then." He bent down his lips to my forehead, and the next moment I was alone—alone, but no longer wretched.

It was evening again; there was a deep hush in the stately parlors, and a single lamp poured its soft, dim light over the massive furniture and among the gorgeous flowers of the carpet, as I stole softly into them, and awaited, with heart throbs that almost alarmed me, the coming of Harry Willard.

I did not keep a long watch that night. In a little while, we were seated together in one of the dim alcoves of the great room; my hand was lying in his, and I was telling him the story of the years since we parted.

It was a mournful history, and the tears often choked it, and sobs closed many a paragraph. At last I concluded it with the relation of the previous night's sufferings, of the unkind words my cousin had spoken, and of my wondering if even the great orator, whose name I did not know, would not have felt a momentary pang for my sorrows. There was a long silence after I had said this, but at last Harry broke it.

"Alice," he said, and there was a look in the eyes he bent on me that brought the lids over mine, "while the world has been dealing thus hardly with you, it has been very kind to me, after a year or two of hard struggling, which it matters not now to talk of. Alice, have you forgotten the words that I said to you under the old pear-tree, the morning that we parted? 'I love you better than any other in the world.' And the heart of the man echoes to-night the words of the boy. Alice, my beautiful, loved with a true, changeless love—my first, and my last—during all the long years of our separation, will you take this love—will you be *my wife*?"

I could not make him answer for my tears; but I laid both my hands in his, and he was satisfied.

"They have sent for you to come down to the parlor, Miss, in a great hurry," said a servant, putting her head into my room the next morning, while I sat there dreaming of Harry.

Wondering greatly what my aunt and cousins

could want, I descended to the parlor ; but I heard my aunt say, as I entered—

“ I am confident, Mr. Willard, you will not find this person the one of whom you are in quest, and the mistake in your information will probably be owing to their similarity of names.”

My aunt and her daughters, Mr. Lee and Harry, were all there. As soon as the latter saw me, he rose, took my hand, and, leading me up to these, said—

“ Permit me, madam, and young ladies, to present to you Alice Mernin, my affianced bride !”

Never shall I forget the look of mingled surprise and consternation which settled over my aunt's and cousins' features, as they heard this declaration.

“ Why didn't you tell us, Alice ? Why didn't you tell us ?” they simultaneously ejaculated ; and then a light began gradually to dawn on my mind. I looked at Harry, and the mischievous light that filled his eyes corroborated my sus-

picious. He was the “ distinguished orator” in whose honor my cousins' *soirée* had been given. Oh, I shed proud and happy tears before them all when I knew it !

My haughty relatives never recovered from the mortification which Harry's revelation gave them ; but the prestige of my relationship was discovered too late, though I was overladen with attention and caressed for the remaining few days of my sojourn with them. Harry and I were married the next week at his friend's, Mr. Lee.

Where his old home once stood, a fine Grecian villa now rises ; the columbine wraps its balconies, and the honeysuckle its portico, and at nightfall Harry and I wander through the long garden aisles, and the stars look down upon us with the same smile that they wore in our childhood, and Harry's eyes are filled with their old light as I lean on his arm, and we talk about the old days, and the old red house “ just down the road.”

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL.

BY CORTEZ.

CADIZ.

It was night when we passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, and we could only see that there was land on both sides of us, without being able to distinguish any objects. At daylight next morning, we came in sight of

"Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea;"

and a fairer object never greeted the traveller's eye. It is certainly one of the beautiful spots in Europe, as seen from the water. The whiteness of the houses (all are white) gives a light and airy appearance to the city; and the countless Moorish turrets rising from the roofs gives it a very picturesque character. The long line of green presented by the trees of the *Alameda*, contrasting with the white, and the continuous line of wall around the city, and the domes and steeples of the many churches, are all striking features in the picture.

Cadiz is built upon what appears to be a rocky peninsula, which is an extremity of the island of Leon. Its level is from ten to fifty feet above the sea. Its antiquity is very great, the ancient *Gaddir* of the Phœnicians having been founded 347 years before Rome, and 1100 before Christ. Under the Romans it was known as *Gades*, and was a place of some celebrity.

It is a very clean city; the streets are more cleanly than those of any European city out of Holland. It is well paved, and has side-walks, which are rather narrow, to be sure, but as the streets are narrow also, that could not be avoided. It is well lighted also.

The best view of the city is obtained from the top of the signal tower, which rises in the centre of the city. The appearance of the place from there is highly picturesque. The flat roofs (*azoteas*) are so regularly built, so even, and so clean, as to excite astonishment in the mind of one accustomed to the dirt of most Spanish towns (especially those in South America), where that part of the house is usually the receptacle for all the dirt and rubbish of the establishment. The hotels are all bad, as is generally the case in Spain. The floors are of *tile*, and are not kept clean; the furniture is

scanty, and of very ordinary character; and the bugs and fleas are numerous, and very active. Most of the chamber doors are without locks or bolts, and it is fortunate that the people are, generally, honest. I believe, indeed, that in the good quality of honesty the lower orders of Spaniards are superior to most other people of their class, and certainly to the Anglo-Saxons.

The women of Cadiz have long been celebrated for their beauty; but to see the fair *Gaditanas* in all their glory, one must go to the *Alameda* at sunset, when the whole female population seems to be there congregated. It is a very beautiful *Alameda*, and very extensive; but fashion (as arbitrary here as elsewhere) has decided that only one part of it can be used for the *paseo*, and thus a great crowd is collected, which, if dispersed throughout the entire *Alameda*, would have much greater comfort. The women have, however, lost much of their beauty in these latter times. If they ever were so beautiful as described by older writers, they have certainly changed since Byron's days. One sees many large and beautiful black eyes (used with great effect, too), and glossy and very thick and beautiful black hair, but seldom a face of extraordinary pretensions. The features are striking and full of expression, but not beautiful. The ladies' feet are much larger than they used to be. Why this should be, I know not; but a lady of the place assured me that such was the fact, and rejoiced that long dresses had taken the place of the short ones, which formerly displayed the small feet and well-turned ankles. I imagine that a good deal of their old reputation may be attributed to their former costume (the *basquina*), which must have been very becoming, and both picturesque and attractive. One of their old habits is still retained—the everlasting use of the fan. Without this plaything, the Spanish woman seems quite lost. At church, opera, *Alameda*, or at home, the fan is always in her hand, and always in motion; and between the initiated it is a perfect telegraph. The Spanish ladies say that the art of properly managing the fan cannot be acquired by foreigners.

The cathedral is one of the finest in Europe; of Gothic architecture, with large columns, and

very beautiful. Its great charm is its simplicity. It is stern and sublime. There is little tinsel, and fewer images than are usually found in these churches.

In the Sacristy is a painting of a Magdalen, which is one of the finest I saw in Europe; the Sacristan said it was by Murillo; but this is denied, and the painter's name is unknown. It is a work to which Murillo might have been well content to give his name, and is decidedly a finer picture than his "St. Catherine," in the church of the Capuchins, in painting which, he fell from the scaffolding and received serious injuries, from the effect of which he died soon after, in Seville.

There is also a "St. Francis," by Murillo, in the church of the Capuchins; but it is so dark, and is hung in so bad a light, that its admiration becomes very much a matter of faith. There is no subject about which there is more *cant* than painting, and about none more than Murillo's. His paintings are, many of them, *chefs-d'œuvre*—magnificent efforts of genius; but it is certain that many of his paintings (or those shown as his) are very indifferent, and bear evident signs of very careless execution. However, *all are equally admired*; whether good or bad is not the question, but whether they are by Murillo. It is very amusing to see a party of travellers admiring the paintings pointed out by their guide *as to be admired*. The enthusiasm they get up when he shows them a Raphael or a Guido, and the evident want of knowledge or appreciation on their part, afford a fine subject for mirth; for it is very plain to one at all acquainted with the art (and equally so to the simple traveller who uses only his common sense) that any daub under the prestige of the same names would have been equally admired.

The silver treasures of the cathedral are of immense size and weight. They are kept in a chamber, with a solid iron door, to which there are several locks, the keys of which are kept by different persons, so that the door can never be opened by one person, and the risk of robbery is lessened. The Spaniards seem always to have looked upon that method of securing their treasures with great favor, believing that three men in high position would be less likely to act together dishonestly than either one of them might be by himself.

The most interesting institution in Cadiz is the asylum for poor children and foundling hospital. Great numbers of boys and girls are here taught to read and write, and to work at different trades, and have thus the means afforded them of becoming respectable members of society.

The children seemed happy and contented, were well fed and clothed, and the superintendent and matron seemed very fond of them. The arrangements of the building were all most excellent, and it is an institution of which the city may be proud. In our happy country, so much of the kind is seen (though much is still left undone) that we are disposed to look less admiringly than we should on all these institutions by which the rising poor are reclaimed from their ignorance; but in Southern Europe, and in Spain especially, such institutions are rare, and the more welcome when met with. Education is the great want of Spain. The Spaniard is inferior by nature to no race on earth, but he has been so degraded by centuries of misgovernment that he seems now to have settled down into an apathetic state from which it will be hard to rouse him. When he shall be roused, however, woe to those who have so long misgoverned him!

A very favorite amusement here is flying kites. The flat roofs are capital places for the sport, and in the afternoons the air is filled with the gay objects, and it has a very pretty effect.

The bread of Spain has always been celebrated. The reason is that the wheat is ground every day by the bakers themselves, on their own premises. The flour is thus quite fresh, and much sweeter than that which has been a long time packed in barrels. The mills they use are of the most primitive description. They are generally in the back of the house, and are turned by a horse or mule. They are, no doubt, the same mills which were used centuries ago; this is not the country of progress or improvement.

The market-place is very well arranged. A row of one-storied stores on each side of a long square, with a covered walk all round outside the stores, is devoted to the sale of meat, fruit, and vegetables. It is kept in perfect order and very clean. Most of the stalls are attended by women; and I saw here, for the first time, a female butcher.

There are several very handsome public squares, especially that named after General Mina. There are also some fine palaces and private residences. The hotel of Ximenes is kept in what was the palace of General Solano, the governor of Cadiz, who was killed by the people for being *afrancesado*, or attached to the French interest during the Peninsular war. His fate is alluded to in *Childe Harold*—

"A traitor only fell beneath the feud."

One of the peculiar features in Spain is the *aquadero*, or water-carrier. There are two varie-

ties: one carries water from the fountains to his regular customers at their houses; the other retails the water in the street by the glassful. He carries a jar holding six or eight gallons, and two tumblers. These men appear to have distinct routes, and are never encroached upon by rival sellers. The long drawn-out cry of *aqua-a-a* is always heard in the same voice in the same districts. The men are usually *Galle-gos*, or natives of Galicia, and are famous for

their honesty and industry. Almost all the porters and confidential servants belong to the same steady race.

There is not much to see in Cadiz, and, after a few days, one is disposed to leave so quiet a place for the greater attractions of Seville, which is distant only a few hours' journey, a steamboat leaving daily each city. Let us pack up, then, and in our next leaf say something of Seville.

LETTERS LEFT AT THE PASTRY-COOK'S:

BEING THE CLANDESTINE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN KITTY CLOVER AT SCHOOL, AND HER "DEAR, DEAR FRIEND" IN TOWN.

EDITED BY HORACE MAYHEW.

THE SEVENTH LETTER LEFT.

(Dated April the 19th.)

SHOWING WHAT KITTY THOUGHT OF HER GOVERNESSES, AND WHAT THE GOVERNESSES THOUGHT OF EACH OTHER.

Isn't it strange, Nelly?—but there doesn't appear to be a *real* governess in the world; I mean a governess who was really educated to be one. They are all governesses by accident. And yet we know there are many poor girls who are brought up young to the business, and intended for nothing else. I wonder what becomes of them?

All I know is that, out of all the governesses we have here, there is only *one* who has received an education for it. That one is Twigg. All the others have been driven into it by necessity.

I will run through our governesses, Nell, and you shall judge for yourself. Why, there's Blight. Her father kept his hounds, and it seems they ran through his property in no time. Then there's Snapp, she has danced at Almack's (so she says), and had her lady's maid—not an English one, but a *real femme de chambre*, direct from Paris. Our French governess has been just as unfortunate. She had *châteaux* innumerable in the south of France, and domains covered with the richest vines, olives, and truffles, only she lost them all during the Revolution. The same with Fraulein Pinchinherz. One-half the Danube would have been hers if it hadn't been for the Hungarian war. And even down to poor Mrs. Dove; she would be a rich woman if her fool of a husband hadn't taken a theatre, and squandered all her fortune in less than a year. These reverses are very pitiable, dear; but I must say that, for ladies who have been accustomed in their youth to so much wealth and luxury, they have settled down to their present drudgery with the greatest ease and the happiest contentment. I am sure, if I had ever had a couple of powdered footmen standing up behind *my* carriage, that I could not have brought myself to wash and small-tooth-comb little girls in the unconcerned way they do, *without a precious deal of grumbling!*

Snapp, however, does grumble a little bit when she alludes to the incident (and she is always

alluding to it) of the queen wishing her to marry a gouty old lord, who, she says, is still in search of her. My only astonishment is that he does not find her, for she goes out walking with the school every day, and takes no pains whatever in concealing herself at church.

No circulating library at the sea-side was ever so full of romance as Snapp. The mystery about her life, too, helps the romance. We know she has a hopeless attachment, for all her quotations are about "love," and she is always reading Byron, and Moore, and L. E. L. She recites beautifully. Sometimes, when she comes to a very tender passage, she cries. We look upon her as the victim of an unrequited passion, and pity her, poor thing, with all our hearts.

But you must not imagine, Nelly, she is pretty. Her complexion is too much the color of pound-cake; and her eyes are so prominent, that, when she is excited, I am afraid they will drop out of her head. She is very intellectual, for all that, and seems to know everything. It is dreadful to be examined by her. She runs a glance right through you, like a packing-needle, and can tell in a minute whether there's anything in you. When I went up before her, I felt I was going to be turned inside out, like a paper-bag; and when I left her, I came away, Nelly, with such a sense of my own emptiness, that I should like to have run away, and have hidden myself for very shame. She is certainly very clever. We are all obliged to confess it. She talks beautifully, too, about "Women's Rights;" and the girls do say that she has in her drawers a complete *suit of the Bloomer costume*, in which she lectured one night at a neighboring tavern, quite unknown to the Lady Principal. However, she does talk with such eloquence about the injustice of Man to Woman that I really believe, if a proposal of marriage came to each girl, at the moment she was holding forth, every one of us would indignantly refuse it!

The worst is, she is so very proud: she associates with no one: she considers the other governesses too much beneath her. Altogether, she is much too dignified for *me*. I believe she would rather break her back than stoop; and that she would rather lose a marriage, by being

late, than hurry herself one half minute. None of us like Snapp; but, as a proof how much she is dreaded and respected, not a soul in the school dares quiz her, or turn her into ridicule—excepting behind her back! Besides, we have a notion that she is some great person in disguise. The great attention, too, which she receives from Mrs. Rodwell rather favors this impression. She invites her to supper, and sends her *tit-bits* from her own dish at dinner.

But our German and French governesses afford us rare fun. They are always bickering, always quarrelling. Mlle. *Désirée* boasts about Bonaparte; Fraulein Pinchinherz soars into a long panegyric about Frederick the Great. Mademoiselle is singing a *chansonnette* about *la belle France*; and the Fraulein directly begins humming something about *Waterland*, or "*Der Schöne, Freie Rhein*." Then they are always imitating one another. If one comes down with a gay cap, the other is sure to have on the next morning a cap twenty ribbons gayer. If the hair of one is dressed in *bandeaux* or ringlets, the hair of the other is certain, before tea-time, to have fallen into *bandeaux* or ringlets also. It is the same with their bonnets, their boots, their gowns, gloves, ribbons, their everything. I believe, if Mademoiselle wore Wellington boots, or walked out in a pair of gentlemen's *je-ne-sais-quois*, that Fraulein would not be happy till she had done the same thing. They must spend all their salaries, and one-half their time, in these constant imitations of one another.

However, the German governess may work her fingers off—she may worry her ingenuity until she hasn't a rag left—it's all of no use; she will never succeed in dressing so well as Mademoiselle *Désirée*; who, though she wears only the commonest stuffs, is still the best dressed girl in the school. Again, Fraulein has no more waist than a balloon, and yet she is always pulling herself in, until it's quite painful to look at her. Now, Mademoiselle's waist is the tiniest I ever saw. I am sure it *cannot measure 13 inches round*. What absurd narrowness it shows, then, on the part of Fraulein to enter into such hopeless competition! If her body was only half as narrow as her mind, there might be a chance for her—but till then she had better save her stay-laces, and not make herself ill by drinking so much vinegar.

Fraulein is very sentimental and superstitious. She will not begin heeling a new pair of stockings on a Friday, and generally sheathes her scissors against her rival on that ominous day. She overflows with little romantic songs about water-nymphs and knights in armor, and is as

full as an old nurse of supernatural legends, about witches and broomsticks, skeleton lovers, and wild hunts in the air. She raves, too, about one *Jean Paul*, whom we take to be her German lover. We love to listen at dusk, before the candles are brought in, to her tales of the Hartz Mountains and her ghost stories—so exquisitely terrible, Nelly, that we are obliged to listen to them with our eyes shut. In the midst, perhaps, the bell rings for supper, and you should hear us all shriek again with fear! As soon as she has finished, Mademoiselle begins quizzing, and spoils the effect by turning everything she has said into ridicule. Then she rattles off with some lively anecdote, which chases away the ghosts better than any holy water, and only excites contempt of the most *sauerkraut* sourness in the mind of Fraulein for French frivolity.

I reserve Twigg for a future letter. I want to tell you now about poor Mrs. Dove. We have many girls studying with us to be governesses—practising for a future life of martyrdom. Mrs. Dove is one of these pupil-slaves. She is so pretty, so gentle, Nelly, so interesting, that all the school loves her and pities her; not that we ever rudely express our pity, for I often think that, to a sensitive mind, pity is only another kind of alms-giving, and that a poor person will turn from it with the same wounded delicacy as if you tendered charity. I may be wrong, Nelly; but, never mind. Our pity to Mrs. Dove is of that silent kind that only expresses itself in little acts of kindness, which she receives as silently, but, I am sure, not the less gratefully.

Poor creature! she is sadly in need of kindness, for she is a *widow! a real widow*, Nelly, all alone in this world (for her husband, after he had squandered her fortune, shot himself in remorse); but no, not all alone, for she has *her baby with her—such a darling baby!* which she clings to as a drowning person clings to the plank that is his last support. It is such a beautiful little dear! Can't you conceive the life of a baby in a boarding-school, Nell? Any baby, let it be ever so ugly, would be prized, and made much of; but, when it is such a lovely little angel as this, you can have no conception how it is petted and caressed; how we almost fight to get hold of it, and how, having got hold of it, we are ready to fight again before we part with it. I wonder he has not been pulled, like a doll, into a thousand pieces, in our numerous struggles to obtain possession of him, and nurse him, if it is only for two or three minutes. I wonder all his senses have not been tossed, like so much bran, out of him as we have amused

ourselves for hours in tossing him up to the ceiling and catching him again in our arms, raising quite a cackling chorus of "chick-a-chick-a-biddies" all the while. I wonder he has not been poisoned long ago, with the numerous sweeties and many-colored goodies we have stuffed down his little throat; and, lastly, I wonder, more than all, what with his mother kissing him, and what with all of us kissing him from morning to night, that the little fellow has not been regularly *kissed to death* by this time. He is only eighteen months old now; but if he ever knows happiness hereafter, what he at present enjoys should be sufficient to last him all his life. What a pity it is he cannot remain as he is. What a happy existence, to be *perpetually a baby in a girls' school*! I cannot imagine anything more delicious out of Paradise, Nell! Perpetual innocence, love, play, and enjoyment! with no cares, no troubles, no pain, except from being a little overfed occasionally.

Mrs. Dove is no party to our romps. She has no heart for it. It would not look natural with the deep seams of grief upon her face. She never smiles, excepting when she is alone with her boy and attempts to play with him; and then it is a smile that begs for pity as seen through her widow's cap—the smile of one who was smiling through the bars of a prison. She is never away from her books. Her melancholy never seems at rest, excepting when she is studying; and I am sure she must have a constant headache from excess of it. From morning to midnight, she never pauses; never goes out to allow a few rays of sunshine to enter into the dark despondency of her breast; but you will always find her in some lonely corner, learning, learning, learning, until it is pitiable to see how deadly pale she looks, and horrible to reflect how long so severe a trial of the mind and body can last. She scarcely allows herself a few moments *for baby even*; denying herself the luxury of its caresses, tearing herself away from its chubby little arms, and resigning him to the affection of a stranger, to begin again the endless task, the task which seems to engross all her faculties and energy—the task whose only end can be to leave the child without a mother.

We think she has no friends, and is without means, and that she is slaving herself in this way to maintain her child as a governess; but it's ridiculous, Nelly—*she* will never make a governess; with her lady-like manners—her saint-like sweetness—her angelic forbearance; so humble, so patient and enduring, so modest and doubtful of her own abilities! She may

break her heart in the effort; she may turn all her virtues into as many vices; and even then what chance has she against the she-dragon Snapp, with a mouth filled with wise teeth, and an old maid's tongue tipped with poison?

We know nothing of her story, and even that sneaking Carney has paused, as before a sanctuary, in the presence of such holy grief, and has not dared to ask a single question as to the secret of so many tears. But it is clear, Nelly, the poor widow *is here cheap*. We know that plainly enough from the Lady Principal's laying such stress on the obligation of receiving a baby into the school, and a regular splutter of twaddle about her benevolence and generosity, which was worse than crossing the Channel to listen to. Besides, Mrs. Dove never goes into supper with the other governesses, but has a bit of dry bread, like the girls; and she has to wait on herself, sleeping in a dark little closet, where the wonder is how she can see to kiss baby, much less to dress the dear little fellow!

Poor mother! I hope she may never be taunted, nor teased, nor bullied, nor snubbed, as most governesses are; but that she may always be treated with the gentleness of her own nature; and that each tear she drops into the cup of life may sweeten the bitter draught for her!

Good-night, Nelly. After this little history, I am sure you cannot wish to hear anything more at present from

Your loving, sleepy-eyed
KITTY CLOVER.

LETTERS LEFT AT THE PASTRY-COOK'S:

BEING THE CLANDESTINE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN KITTY CLOVER AT SCHOOL, AND
HER "DEAR, DEAR FRIEND" IN TOWN.

EDITED BY HORACE MAYHEW.

THE NINTH LETTER LEFT.

(Dated May the 16th.)

SHOWING WHO WAS THE THIEF.

In my last letter, Nelly, I alluded to a tea party. As you can have no idea what such an entertainment can be like, I will describe one for you.

The seniors only are admitted. One must have numbered fifteen blushing summers, and have attained the altitude of the first degree, before being entitled to this great honor. One by one we are announced, and received, introduced, and seated as at a formal party. Each young lady plays in her turn the hostess, and tries her best to entertain her guests. She is the goddess of the tea-tray, and has absolute control over the thin bread and butter (what a shadowy mockery to *hungry school-girls*, each of whom could devour an entire loaf!) But we would not mind being put on short commons, if we were not compelled to talk. *That* is the greatest cruelty. Every young lady is expected to *bring a new idea*. You may laugh at this, Miss Nelly, and fancy we are not so cruelly treated after all; but let me tell you that new ideas are not so easily caught as a cold. I have known poor girls lie awake for nights, and yet not succeed in finding one. Just you try to get a new idea every day of your life, and see how soon you'll break down!

Our new ideas are ushered into conversation in the following manner:—

Lizzy Sprce. "It is remarkable that balloons were invented in the year 1755—the same year that George the Second reigned on the throne of England."

(A dead silence, and another cup of tea handed round.)

Susan Carney. "If we could only see ourselves with the eyes of other people, we should examine the faults of ourselves more, and the faults of others less!"

(A long pause to recover from this withering sarcasm.)

Meggy Sharpe. "It is a most curious fact, but at the same time no less true, that the tortoise,

which provides us with the beautiful shell for our combs, has no back-hair itself."

Emilia Suett. "The introduction of pine-apples from the West Indies took place in the year 1845, and since then have become so plentiful that they are not unfrequently sold in the streets for a penny a slice."

I forgot to tell you that Miss Priscilla Hextra (Mrs. Rodwell's maiden sister) is the queen who receives us, every evening, on these state occasions. After each *new idra*, she delivers a short lecture, made doubly wise by being delivered through a pair of green spectacles. She corrects us when wrong, compliments us when we are right, and in every case says "a few words relevant to the subject in question." For instance, with regard to pine-apples, she told us about the culture of them, informed us of their former price, inveighed against the alarming increase of luxuries, compared the extravagance of modern London with the abstinence of ancient Sparta, and so arrived at the conclusion that black broth was infinitely better for the health, both physical and moral, of a nation, than turtle-soup!

At last the half-hour strikes, we take a ceremonious leave, and escape down stairs to coax Susan for the remains of the *thick* bread and butter.

Now, Nelly, I dare say these invitations are meant kindly enough, but what possible good do they do us? We are too frightened to talk, and as for enjoying ourselves, we are sitting all the while upon pins and needles thinking of our "new idea." The notion, moreover, that it teaches us how to receive company, is absurd! Goodness forbid that I should ever play the part of hostess to my friends in the same chilly, ceremonious manner my nervousness makes me display on these solemn occasions! Besides, it's rather cruel to school us, when school is over, under the pretence of hospitality!

We have had such a merry time of it, lately! such lots of half-holidays. Last week, too, was the Race Week. You should have seen how well our school turned out. We were all dressed in our Sunday best, and mistresses, half-boarders, the Lady Principal, and even her sister Priscilla.

all joined in the ranks to make the procession look longer. It was quite a grand sight. The tall girls were placed first—and they gradually grew less and less in size till the shortest came last—something like the shape of the Pandean pipes. Mrs. Spankitt's school passed us in the High Street. They looked a mere apron-string by the side of our long line, and they wisely disappeared down the first street. The best thing after a defeat is to run away. No wonder the gentlemen, returning home from the races, took such notice of us! They kissed their hands, threw bouquets, and pelted us with nuts, pin-cushions, and motto bonbons. My pocket was as full of kisses as a baby's face. I caught a pear, with a set of wooden tea-things inside, notwithstanding Snapp's rage, who thought it was *meant for her*. I never knew such conceit! But this fun was too good to last. After a time, Mrs. Rodwell got very indignant, and took us home by the back lanes.

There was such a to-do when we returned to the Princesses' College. The whole school was assembled, and, after a severe lecture, ten of the eldest girls were condemned to "*Silenzia*." This is a dreadful punishment, Nelly—the severest we have—and is a million times worse than solitary confinement. *You are struck dumb all at once*. You are not allowed to say a word—not even to talk to yourself—and if any girl speaks to you, or you are seen speaking to any girl, she is *silenced* also; and so, in self-defence, no one will let you say a word.

Once the whole college was *silenced in this way for a fortnight*. It was so curious! A stranger, coming in, would have fancied it were a deaf and dumb asylum, or that he was visiting by mistake a *seminary for young Quakeresses*. You imagine, perhaps, we were very miserable. Not a bit of it! We never had more fun, for somehow a school-girl will extract fun out of almost everything. We talked with our fingers—we kept up conversations on our slates—we expressed our opinions by means of pantomime (how you would have laughed to see Lucy Wilde play the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet* without saying a word!), we corresponded on slips of paper, until there was so much noise, such continued tittering, such loud explosions of laughter, that the Lady Principal was glad to give us the use of our tongues again. The loss of it makes a woman desperate. I must say I never felt so truly wicked as when I was sentenced to this unnatural dumbness. Speech relieves the heart of many an evil thought. Besides, this silent system encourages *sulking*, and only see how bad sulky people generally are.

Then, again, I want to know, if it is made a crime to speak, *how are we to say our prayers?*

I was looking out for you, Nelly, all the afternoon on the Horticultural Fête Day. We had another half-holiday. We were allowed as a great favor to walk in the front garden; but, only after we had put on our dancing dresses. Mary Owen was excluded; her bonnet was not "good enough." All the windows were thrown open, *by chance, of course*, and not done purposely to show the rows of white dimity beds, and the drawings, maps, and large globes; and, doubtless, it was by accident also that Annie Flower was kept playing all day in the drawing-room with the *loud-pedal down* (she is one of our best players, only the noise she makes gives you the headache sometimes). It is very wrong to notice these things, but school-girls have got nothing else to do. In the same way, we couldn't help noticing that the Lady Principal was seated near the window all the time the carriages were rattling by, dressed in the most elegant *déshabille*, and with a most elegant book and cambric handkerchief in her hand. She doesn't read so much on other days! However, we had plenty of amusement, though those tiresome boys next door nearly frightened us out of our lives by throwing over detonating balls, and by firing off little cannons every other minute.

Oh! such a dreadful thing has occurred. For a whole week nothing else has been talked of. You must know, dearest Nelly, that for some time past a *number of things have been disappearing*. Crochet-needles, pencil-cases, scissors, pen-knives, all vanished, and no one could tell how, or when, or where. The number of handkerchiefs that were missing would suffice a whole theatre any night Mrs. Charles Kean was playing. Nothing was safe, and one evening when I went up to bed I found that my night-gown had gone also. I was so put out, you can't tell. Well, the servants were accused the first, and they were dismissed; but as the same mysterious disappearance went on just as mysteriously as before, it was clear it couldn't be them. No girl liked to accuse another; but it was perfectly evident, as Snapp said, that *the things couldn't walk off without hands*. I never saw the Lady Principal so upset, and well she might, for if the objects had only kept flying away with the same miraculous rapidity, there wouldn't have been by this time a single thing left in the school. She didn't know whom to accuse. However, as "an example" was wanted, poor Mary Owen was punished each time for the thief, although we all knew Mary would not *take a lump of sugar* that wasn't her own.

Well, last Tuesday, Noble's guardian came with his grand phaeton, and gave her a sovereign. Out of pride, she stuck it on her desk, that every one might see it. In a little time *it was gone!* No one could tell how, or had noticed any one take it; *but it was gone!*

What a fuss ensued! The room was swept; the desk and drawers were turned inside out; all our pockets were searched: but no sovereign could be found. It was very singular. The Lady Principal appealed to us, and spoke beautifully about the sin of stealing. She entreated the culprit to confess—promised forgiveness—and gave us each a piece of paper of the same size, on which we were to write, "*I am*" or "*I am not the thief*," that *she alone* might know the sinner.

The papers were handed in, opened, and, as you may guess, *were all alike*. Every girl had written down, "*I am not the thief*."

Then, amidst a silence such as I have never heard before, and with all our cheeks burning, the Lady Principal gave us a long lecture; and concluded by saying that in her mind she had not the slightest doubt Mary Owen was the culprit—she was the only vicious, evil-minded girl in the college—too hardened in crime even to acknowledge her fault.

Poor Mary protested, with her tears and her blushes, that she was innocent of the base charge; but the more she protested, the louder grew the reproaches upon her wickedness. She was locked up in the cloak-cupboard, where you can hardly tell whether it is night or day, and allowed nothing but bread and water. Day after day, *for nearly a week*, she was visited by Mrs. Rodwell, who tried every persuasion and every threat to induce her to confess; but all in vain. Mary simply said, "*I have nothing to confess*."

Amy Darling cried herself ill over her friend's disgrace, and scarcely slept for watching, in order to discover who was the real thief.

Now listen, dear Nelly, with all your eyes and ears, to the story how Amy's sisterly vigilance was rewarded. Last Friday a large hamper came for the two Suetts: it contained Indian preserves and pickles, and cakes, and fruit, and *all sorts of good things*. As we had to go out walking, the hamper was only just peeped into, and left, with the lid open, in the school-room. Amy, who really had made herself unwell, was allowed to stop at home and lie on the sofa; but I believe her object more particularly was to visit Mary Owen *on the sly*, and comfort her in her dreary place of confinement.

When we returned home, the school-room was locked, and the key removed. The servants were sent for; they knew nothing about it.

Amy was summoned, and, taking the key from her pocket, opened the door, saying, "There, Mrs. Rodwell, there is the thief."

True enough; there was Carney lying on the ground, with jars, half-empty, strewed about her, and the hamper upset, and its delicious contents littered about the room. She was crying, and seemed to be very miserable and ill. She rose, however, and, moaning most piteously, fell upon her knees, looking so conscience-stricken, that, guilty as she was, I half pitied her.

Amy, upon being questioned, explained how, lying upon the sofa, she had heard the school-room door open. Knowing no one was in the house but herself and the servants, she crept cautiously down stairs to spy and to *reconnoitre*. To her astonishment, she discovered the sneaking Carney, who had returned home from the walk upon some slight excuse, helping herself most liberally to the rich things in the Suetts' hamper. She was eating away as if it was her last meal, and filling her pockets at the same time to lay in a good store for the next. Amy said nothing, but, gently closing the door, turned the key upon her.

Oh, Nelly! what a scene followed! Carney, seeing there was no hope of mercy, flung herself upon the floor, and crawled and writhed like a serpent. Some kind friend had rushed out instantly, and liberated poor Mary Owen. She came into the room, looking as pale as death, and her whole frame trembling. Instinctively, as it were, she ran to Amy, for her heart seemed to lead her to her as naturally as a child goes to its mother, and she must have fallen if the dear angel (*for she is an angel*, truly) had not caught her in her arms. Then the Lady Principal went up to her with a gentleness I had never seen in her before, and taking hold of Mary's hand, raised it to her lips. She spoke, but her tones were so full of kindness that I should not have known it for the same voice. "My dear Miss Owen," she said, "I have been harsh and unjust. I have come to ask you to have the grace to forgive me. I am painfully sorry for what I have done." Mary summoned all her strength, and rose from her chair. She attempted to speak, but tears flowed instead of words, and, sobbing as if her heart must break, she threw herself round her mistress's neck and kissed her. I don't recollect anything more.

The same evening Mary found a parcel under her pillow. It was a beautiful edition of the Bible, with a dear inscription in the *Lady Principal's own hand-writing*. You've no idea how proud the poor girl is of it.

Good-by, my dear pet Nelly. I have written

till I am quite unhappy. Kiss me, and let me close this stupid letter.

KITTY.

P. S. It is Mrs. Rodwell's birthday next Monday week. It is usual to give her a present on that occasion. Every girl contributes what she can afford, and sometimes more than she can afford, in order to *curry favor*. It is not generally an offering of the heart, Nelly. Most girls give because they daren't refuse; but this year every purse has been emptied, and I doubt if there is a penny left in the school to give to a beggar. This is only the first collection; but

it's very strange, the Lady Principal has suddenly become quite popular.

P. S. Oh! I had nearly forgotten to tell you that, half an hour after the above discovery, a fly came round to the door. Carney's boxes were placed in it, and, after restoring to each girl what she had taken, and humbly begging their pardon, she was sent home with Snapp, *disgraced* and *expelled*.

Do you know my night-gown was found in her box? I wasn't so angry with her as I expected I should be; but told her "she might keep it if she wished." She looked at me so strangely and sorrowfully: but good-by.

LETTERS LEFT AT THE PASTRY-COOK'S:

BEING THE CLANDESTINE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN KITTY CLOVER AT SCHOOL, AND
HER "DEAR, DEAR FRIEND" IN TOWN.

EDITED BY HORACE MAYHEW.

THE TENTH LETTER LEFT.

(Dated June the 2d.)

SHOWING VERY PLAINLY WHAT A TAX FORFEITS ARE, AND HOW THEY ARE LEVIED; BESIDES SHOWING HOW YOUNG LADIES ARE FAUGHT THE PROPRIETY OF HAVING A GOOD CARRIAGE.

ON my word, these forfeits are no joke! They are not merely bad marks, or long lessons, or so many hundred lines to be copied out, or learnt by heart; but they are actual fines in hard, *very hard*, money. *Each forfeit is a halfpenny apiece.* You will say, Nelly, that that is little enough; but when they fall down upon you five, or six, or as many as twelve strong at a time, I can tell you that the blow is rather a heavy one for a delicate purse to stand. Mine has received so many blows of the kind that it is perfectly exhausted. Every penny has been fairly knocked out of it. All my pocket-money has been consumed—all my cakes swallowed—all my sweetmeats melted, one by one, by this devouring system of forfeits; and I believe they would gobble up my clothes, bonnets, boots, everything I have, if they only had a chance.

The system, I mean to say, Nelly, is altogether a bad one. To begin, all punishments that are payable by money are bad—at least so I have heard papa say when he has been reading the police reports. Then, it teaches us to *run into debt*, for if a girl has no more money, she is obliged to borrow some, as no one is allowed to go home until *all her forfeits are paid*. What her debts to her school-fellows may be is quite another thing! Then, again, I maintain it is a cruel robbery, almost worse than an income tax, upon us poor girls, for our parents surely never intended, when they gave us our pocket-money, that it should find its way, every penny of it, into the school-mistress's pocket; and, lastly, it makes us suspect all manner of wicked things of our Lady Principal, as we imagine that the money forfeited all goes to her private use, and the girls really believe that one-half of her beautiful drawing-room has been furnished in this way. Whenever a new bonnet comes home, it is curious to hear the buzz of insinuations that

instantly, like a swarm of gnats, go flying round the school. Every girl believes in her heart that she has been taxed for the payment of that bonnet. A system, Nelly, which reduces a school-mistress, in the estimation of her pupils, to the level of *very little better than a thief*, cannot be a good one!

What makes these suppositions still stronger is, that the forfeits are levied for the smallest possible fault. If one of your books is lying about; if your hands are slightly dirty; if your dress is a little untidy; if you yawn, or gape, or smile, or are guilty of any violation of the five hundred rules that are stuck up in the school-room, the forfeits immediately rain down upon you in a heavy shower, and there is no place of shelter that can save you. I have been bankrupt two or three times, and am deeply in debt now, so, when you come to see me, Nelly, mind you bring plenty of money (*ten shillings at least*) to help me out of my scrape, and I'll owe it to you.

Then, to increase our distress, there are "charities" also, but I am afraid to touch upon this serious subject, lest you should shake your pretty head, and declare that, since I have been at school, I have *grown positively hard-hearted*. No, dearest Nelly, I hope I am as charitable as most girls. I know I feel always ready to cry over any case of distress, and long with all my heart to relieve it. I give what little I can to the poor, and am pained when I refuse a beggar, for fear he should *not* be the impostor I have condemned him in my own mind to be; but I do not understand the kind of "charity" that is practised here. We have such numbers of "Distressed Widows" and "Destitute Orphans," that we cannot help doubting the reality of a few of them. Scarcely a week passes without our having a "Broken Leg," or the school being cleaned out with a "Disastrous Fire." Now, if we *only could see* a "Widow," and *give her the money ourselves*, or take two or three of the "Orphans" by the hand, and kiss the little dears, I am sure we should feel much greater sympathy with the cases in question, and should be charitable from real feeling, instead of being, as we are now, charitable only from compulsion. We are always relieving, but never see any of

the objects we relieve, not even a "Broken Leg," and so the impression has become rooted in all the girls' minds that these are all imaginary cases, got up expressly to *teach us* charity, in the same way that unknown quantities are taken in equations to teach us algebra. Now if a real "Widow" was to come in some day, and thank us in person for what we had done for her, what a difference it would make! what is now a task would be instantly converted into a *pleasure*!

But I must tell you about CAPTAIN MARCH. He is our drilling-master. He is not a real captain, you know, but is only called so out of compliment. (Noble protests he's only a sergeant; but then that's just like Noble, she'd make out Count D'Orsay to have been no better than a barber's apprentice.) He has a beautiful black moustache, and is more than six feet high, but as stiff as a back-board. His chest perhaps is a little too large. It looks too much like a carpet-bag when it's *as full as it can hold*—and Meggy Sharpe doesn't scruple to say it is exactly in that predicament—but then she is such a *satirical thing*! His coat is scarlet, and it fits, dear, without a crease, and as *tight as a pin-cushion*. Of course he is married, or else he wouldn't be admitted into the college. His wife, they say, is only three feet high.

We have to wear a peculiar costume for drilling, not unlike a Bloomer's. It is a short brown-holland blouse, with a red belt. Our trousers are of the same material, but rather short, displaying our feet and ankles. We look so funny in it, and you would laugh to see us. We are placed in rows, and made to go through all imaginary steps and exercises, like so many militiamen. We should make a famous regiment, I can tell you, Nelly, and if the French should ever invade us, we are ready to turn out to a man—I mean a woman—and defend our good little qucen, and all her colonies and dominions.

Captain March has a voice like a cannon. I'm sure it must be heard sometimes at Hyde Park Corner. He makes the window-panes rattle as he bawls out: "Up—up with your heads, young ladies. Throw your chests well out—more—more, I say—in with the waist—bu-uu-urge your chests, ladies!" And he swells his own out to that extent, that you would imagine it would burst all the buttons!

Then we have to march quick and slow, the captain walking by our side, marking the time with a small bamboo-cane, and crying out, "Right, left—right, left—keep time, pray keep time, young ladies," (and then he shrieks out, as if he was going mad) "Where ARE your

chests, ladies? Yes; that's better, now. Right, left—mark the cadence properly—right, left," and so on for an entire hour.

It is glorious fun, Nelly; only I don't like the captain to pull me about, for we have no stays on. It *tickles me* so that I cannot help laughing, and the consequence is I get fined. There are more forfeits during our drilling-lesson than any other class. The captain pretends to be very angry, but I fancy at times I see him smiling behind his thick moustachē. With all his black looks, he is very good-natured, and often persuades Blight (who remains in the room all the while) to remit us one-half our fines.

But I must haste with my letter, dear, or else MADAME DUHAUTON will be here directly. She is our "*Maitresse de Maintien*," and has on her cards, "*Brevetée de toutes les Cours de l'Europe*." She is as thin as continental-letter-paper, but excessively elegant, with a waist scarcely larger than a wedding-ring. Few mistresses in our school are respected so much, or followed with so much attention as Madame Palmyre Duhaution. Her lessons are most amusing, instructing us how to balance the body, walk, courtesy, sit, lounge, meet a friend, enter a carriage, mount on horseback, get over a style, and be presented at court. Her attitudes alone are a perfect study of deportment. She sits as if an artist was in the room; she walks as though she were performing before an audience. Every movement is studied. She hands you the poker like a Tragedy Queen, and if she brings you a cup of tea, it is done with the air of an injured rival offering you a goblet of poison. But, in spite of all these affectations, there is an *abandon* (it's her own word), an elegant freedom about her that wins your admiration at once. I believe, if she were to meet a mad bull, she would do it so gracefully that the animal would immediately draw in his horns, and politely run away in another direction.

As for "the high walks of society," which she is always boasting of having moved in, none of us believe them any more than that she is a Frenchwoman. The rumor is that she is the widow of an English officer who lived for a long time on the Continent. Meggy Sharpe insists that her real name is D. (Diana) Houghton, which, with the aid of a little French polish, she has brightened gradually up into De Horton, De Hauton, Duhaution.

I will try to give you a notion of one of her lessons.

She enters the room with a swimming, undulating movement, murmurs softly a "*Bon jour, mes enfants*," and begins at once: "Now, my

dear girls, your whole fate hangs upon paying attention. How often am I to repeat you are to move *vos hanches*—your haunches—and *non vos genoux*—I mean your kneecaps? Mademoiselle Plodder—*écoutez-moi*—was your papa a *canard*, or a Greenwich pensioner with two wooden legs, that you will *boîter* and waddle in that impossible frightful *manière*? *Maintenant suivez-moi*, walk like me,” and Madame crosses the room backwards and forwards, in the most wavy, dance-like style, to show us how a lady should walk. “*Là! Faites comme ça*, and you will have no reason to *rougir*, not even amongst *la crème de la crème*, at the very top of society. *O ciel!* dear me! Miss Flower—*arrêtez*—what a meeting! Did you wish to offer the Monsieur your foot, or your hand? Great Heavens, ladies! what do you do with your heads? The gentlemen do not run *comme des lapins*, or like cats and dogs, upon the floor. *Allons*, my dear children, *les épaules en arrière—la tête bien haute—bien haute*. A young lady will never get a husband, now-a-days, unless she holds her head up. *Les mariages*, you know, are written in heaven, and so you must look up *there*, and not on the carpet—*il n’y a pas de maris à présent sur le tapis*.” (Here Madame indulged in a hearty laugh over her own wit—nothing boisterous—but a fashionable titter that wouldn’t wake a baby.) “Ah! *ça—c’est beaucoup mieux*. Now, in one minute, it will commence to rain very hard, and you will have to run, for not one of you, mind, has got a *parapluie*, or a parasol. There! *je vous l’avais bien dit*. Run, my dears, run—*vite, plus vite*—but stop, Miss Clover” (and she caught hold of me); “you must not pull up your dress so high, *comme si vous alliez prendre un bain de pieds*.”

We hurried through the shower again, and Madame was pleased to say that I ran that time, “*à merveille*.” We then went through our sitting lesson, and you would have been amused, dear, at the numberless directions that were given how we were to sit on a chair, on a sofa, on a music-stool, at the head of the table, in an open carriage, at the opera, and a thousand other places. I always thought there was only one way of sitting; but I never was more mistaken in all my life. Courtesies followed. “*Merci*, Miss Noble, *merci*” (exclaimed our little French-Englishwoman), “that courtesy was perfection. It would have been an honor to the Court du Grand Monarque. It was *digne d’une Reine*. *Continuez comme ça, ma chère*, and your success is certain. *Je vous prédis un* settlement in the highest ranks. Mademoiselle Wyldé!” (she continued,) “what do you go for up and down

in that way? that is *churning*—not courtesying. *Doucement*, my dear; I do not ask you to make butter;” and she made us all laugh by imitating Lucy’s quick movements.

The carriage (an old sofa put upon wheels) was next driven into the middle of the room, and we were taught how to step into it in the most elegant manner. I made a sad mess of it, Nelly; and Madame Palmyre was so angry that she went so far as to declare that “no man of taste or pretensions would ever think of uniting his destinies to one so shamefully uneducated in the first steps—(did she mean the carriage-steps?)—of high life.” After this harangue, in which the French accent had been accidentally omitted, I was dismissed in disgrace.

The crowning part of the lesson was the presentation at court. Madame seated herself on a raised ottoman, which did duty for a throne. The girls retired to a little closet in the corner, from which they emerged in their full court costume. This consisted of an old window-curtain for the train, and a beautiful group of cut silver-paper feathers for the plumes; and I thought to myself what a capital dress it will make when we play at “*acting charades*.”

“*Bien gracieusement et modestement rendu*, Miss Peacock,” exclaimed Madame, in a half-majestic tone, from her royal ottoman. “*Ma charmante jeune Miss, votre beauté d’un ange et votre tournure d’une Duchesse seront un de ces jours bien appréciées*. Ah! Miss SMIFFEL!”—(and here her Majesty rose in the greatest indignation)—“Are you mad, or only foolish? Never dare to kiss my hand again until after you have wiped your mouth. I don’t know what you have been eating, but it looks uncommonly like gooseberry jam!!” (True enough, there was a large jar, belonging to the Suetts, in the closet, and Smiffel had helped herself rather liberally—robbing and robbing at the same time.) “Learn, ladies, that only a very slight pressure of the lips is permitted. Now, Ada Steele, what are you afraid of? Her Majesty is not going to slap your face that you should look so alarmed to kiss her hand. Well, Miss St. Ledger, am I to repeat again and again that I will not have you come rolling up to the steps of my throne like a cricket-ball? Pray, learn to moderate your bounding enthusiasm. But, good heavens! girl, your *feather has touched my face*. Ill-bred creature! Would you presume to *tickle her Majesty’s nose with your court plume*? But I absolve myself from all responsibility of your future destinies. With such innate vulgarity, it’s preposterous to suppose you ever can or WILL BE MARRIED!!”

With this extraordinary speech from the throne, Madame descended the footstools which had been arranged as a flight of steps. What struck me most during the delivery was, the perfect Queen's English—for *une native de Paris*, especially—in which it was spoken; but, as it was the Queen, and not Madame in her own person, who was speaking, it may, perhaps, account for the extraordinary phenomenon and the fidelity of the representation. Nature only sacrificed herself to truth. However, with the loss of her foreign royalty, she soon recovered the use of her native tongue, and, smiling a Frenchwoman's smile, she said to Noble, "*Ayez la bonté, ma chère, de prendre ma place.*" She then showed us how the Queen was to be respectfully approached, how her hand was to be gently kissed, and how the *débutante* was to carefully withdraw, without being incommoded with, or falling over her train. With this last performance, which, I must say, Nelly, was admirably done, the Levee was at an end.

I had nearly forgotten to tell you that, during the above ceremony, Noble and Peacock wore their own feathers and their own trains. Their pride couldn't think of being dragged about the floor in connection with *an old window-curtain*.

Good-bye, Nelly; and don't forget to bring the money, if you wish to save from bankruptcy and shame,

Your devoted, but penniless friend,

KITTY.

P. S. Last night was the *first Friday in the month, and a full moon!* so we resolved upon trying our luck when we went to bed. Accordingly, we made all haste in undressing, and put the candles out very quickly. We then placed

ourselves in a row, with the *moon-beams full in our faces*; after which, upon a given signal from Wylde, we repeated slowly the following words:

"Upon this month's lucky Friday,
Beneath the moon-beam's magic ray,
Stepping backwards into my bed,
I pray, benevolent St. John,
To show in nightly vision,
The husband I on earth shall wed."

These were delivered as solemnly as possible: as soon as they were over, without uttering another sound, we walked backwards into bed, keeping our faces turned all the time to the moon, and so dropped off to sleep.

If any one speaks, they say the charm is broken. It is confidently reported (Susan told us so, and she had it from a gipsy) that *it is sure to succeed* if repeated precisely as the clock strikes twelve, finishing the last word with the last stroke; but we were afraid of oversleeping ourselves, or that some of the younger girls might grow frightened, or that the moon-beams might not shine, so we wisely preferred saying it beforehand. If you *tell* your dream, you will never be married; but as I never dreamt of any one (not even of Sidney, much to my disappointment), there is no great fear of my dying an old maid on that score at least. It is a thousand pities, Nelly, that the chances are so many against the above charm succeeding. It has often been tried here, but some girl has always spoken, or shrieked by falling against something, and hurting herself in walking backwards. The greatest difficulty, however, is in *preventing the girls talking*; but we two will try it some night, dear Nell, only we must promise *not to tell each other our dreams!* The penalty would be too awful!!

LETTERS LEFT AT THE PASTRY-COOK'S:

BEING THE CLANDESTINE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN KITTY CLOVER AT SCHOOL, AND
HER "DEAR, DEAR FRIEND" IN TOWN.

EDITED BY HORACE MAYHEW.

THE ELEVENTH LETTER LEFT.

(Dated June the 9th.)

SHOWING HOW FOOLISH IT IS TO PLAY
PRACTICAL JOKES.

THAT Lizzy Spree is as full of tricks as a
Pantomime! She is quite a spoilt child in the
way of mischief. She has been allowed so many
indulgences that she imagines she may empty
powder-boxes into bonnets, and place deto-
nating-balls under chairs, just as she pleases.
She's a *sad torment*. It's not safe to leave the
snuffers even with her. She's sure to fill them
with scraped slate-pencil, or else gunpowder.
It's my belief she always carries a stock of the
latter in her pocket, so as never to lose an
opportunity of making us all jump out of our
skins. It's like a constant succession of post-
men's knocks to be with her; you are leaping up
every minute until you hardly know whether
your heart is in your mouth or not. Her last
trick was to fill Professor Drudge's snuff-box
with Cayenne pepper. I'm sure the old gentle-
man sneezed to that extent that we had to stuff
our pocket-handkerchiefs into our mouths to *pre-
vent ourselves dying of laughing*; but that wasn't
so bad as her rubbing a lot of cobbler's wax
inside old Miss Priscilla's *chapeau de dimanche*,
so that, when she pulled it off, cap and wig came
off with it, and exposed to view the *funniest lit-
tle bald head* you ever saw!

However, her love of mischief has brought her
into trouble. I don't suppose Lizzy, with her
kind heart, would intentionally hurt any one,
but she has been terribly punished for her habit
(and I think it's a very silly habit) of practical
joking.

We were all in the garden, trying to knock
down with our skipping-ropes the little, hard,
unripe pears, when up runs Spree to Owen,
quite out of breath, and begins screaming—
"Mary, Mary, dear, there's such a fine military
gentleman asking for you in the parlor. Make
haste! *It is your father!!*"

Scarcely were the words uttered, than off
darted Owen with all her speed, looking so wild,
and followed by Darling and a whole string of

girls—Spree amongst us vainly trying to call us
back. I got to the parlor-door only just in time
to see Owen fall senseless into the arms of—
what a wicked, wicked shame!—of Strong, the
shoemaker! who had come to measure us for
our winter boots.

You cannot imagine the painful scene that
followed. There was Darling screaming over
poor Mary, who was lying apparently lifeless
on the floor. There was Blight rubbing her
temples and hands with *eau de Cologne*. There
was Spree crying, the Lady Principal scolding;
and the whole college mounted on tables and
chairs, crowding round, all of us moved to tears
by the agonizing result before us of the cruel
joke. We all thought she was killed. No one
(except Mrs. Rodwell) had the courage to re-
proach Spree. Her own suffering was sufficient
punishment. She accused herself of being the
cause of Mary's death; of having murdered her
by her unfeeling levity; and went and knelt
down by the side of the poor sufferer, begging,
crying piteously, for forgiveness.

Mary, at last, began to revive. She slowly
opened her eyes; but, oh, Nelly! there was
such intense despair in the wild, inquiring look
she cast round the room! there was such anguish
in the groan that escaped from her white lips,
that I almost regretted she had ever recovered
to return to her life of suffering again!

For many days, Mary Owen seemed uncon-
scious, as if the heavy blow had stunned mind
and feeling. She permitted Amy's caresses;
and at times would play with Lizzy's hair, and
wipe her tears away, when the unhappy girl
came to her bedside, and began reproaching her-
self for having laid her there. She got better
after a time; but when she came down, it was
like one walking in her sleep. We all moved
away for fear of waking her. Her spirit seemed
gone, as if it had been startled away from her
gentle bosom (for she never did harm to any-
body), when the only hope that nestled there
had been so cruelly made to fly away. We all
felt that she could not long remain with us. I
imagined that the finger of Death had already
touched those vacant eyes, and left its chill upon

those bloodless lips. The school grew silent. It couldn't have been quieter in holiday-time. Our only amusement seemed to be in paying attention to poor Mary, and hers was the greatest pleasure who succeeded in paying her the most. The Lady Principal even, generally so stern, was touched by her uncomplaining agony. She grew kind and considerate, grasping hold of every little opportunity to soothe her with a mother's care. Dr. Healy shook his head. "The case," he said, "was beyond the skill of medicine." This opinion fell like a frost upon our hopes, and we watched, with a sympathy that grew greater every day, the silent grief that was consuming a fond heart, that really seemed dying for the want of an object to love. One Sunday afternoon, the seniors were allowed to sit in the little drawing-room with Owen. She was lying on the sofa, wrapt round with shawls, more dreaming than awake, exhausted by long pain, and perfectly insensible to our efforts to amuse her. Amy had just been reading to her some poetry, in a voice that seemed to speak from Heaven—so sweet and pure was it, Nelly—when Mrs. Rodwell entered, looking pale and excited. She drew a seat near Mary, and, taking her hand, began in a softened voice to speak about the comforts of religion. We all bent our heads, and listened. She said, dear, more beautiful things than I can ever think of repeating, and said them so impressively that my heart felt being gradually drawn towards her, as if it would melt into tears. We scarcely knew the object of this exhortation—but a cold horror crept over us—could *Mary be dying?* Had the Lady Principal come to prepare her for death? to comfort her last thoughts? and to atone with a few last moments of kindness for the little that Mary had ever received from her hands? But the words of truth, as they came forth like light, dispelled all these dark suspicions. Little by little—and gradually—like a stubborn heart's repentance—the sense changed its sadness; it broke like a beautiful dawn into peace—peace brightened with a thousand rays into hope; and hope filled us with a celestial joy that made us love all things. I was no longer a school-girl, Nelly, full of pride, and folly, and vanity; but something much better. I felt *strong enough for anything*, and longed to go forth and do good, and comfort poor creatures, as our good schoolmistress was then intent upon doing; and I inwardly resolved I would no longer think harshly of her, or of any one, as my soul accused me of having too often done! We listened and listened, purified and strengthened with the supporting words, and, after a

while, the cheering tones of happiness stole, like the beautiful summer air, over poor Owen's drooping spirit, and instilled fresh life into it. A look of gratitude shone from her loving eyes upon the speaker, and showed how sensible she yet was to kindness; but beyond this all efforts to revive her failed. No tenderness would heal the mortally-wounded heart! The love had come too late—the nourishment had arrived when there was nothing to nourish!

Mrs. Rodwell ceased speaking. She saw the power of listening had gone. Rising softly, she beckoned Amy out of the room, and they left noiselessly together. After a few moments' absence, Amy returned, her face flushed, and full of burning secrets. Quietly motioning us away, she fell on her knees by the side of the sofa, and, in a voice that flowed with tears, began telling Owen one of the simple little tales that used to be her favorite enjoyment to listen to. It was all about foreign lands—about a wanderer far from home—separated from his only child—longing to embrace his darling daughter, but still kept in exile by the cruel necessity of a soldier's life. At last the anxious father sends a bosom friend as a messenger of joy to his darling one; and then Amy, trembling with emotion, twining her arms as in a love-wreath round Owen's neck, and frightened to death—of which her face was the living picture—about the result of her intelligence, and, cautiously as a mother moves her sleeping infant, told Owen that news had arrived from her father; "*that he lived*, and had sent a friend freighted with the treasures of his love, who was waiting outside to deliver his trust."

At first we thought Mary had not understood, and Amy repeated more positively the fact. Then silently caressing her friend's agitated face, Owen sorrowfully shook her head, incapable of belief; but upon Amy's insisting upon the truth, and assuring her repeatedly (and each assurance was sealed with a kiss) that "she would not deceive her for the world," tears slowly overflowed her pale cheeks, and she sighed sorrowfully; but not a word escaped her lips. Amy at last, almost despairing to revive hopes that had once been so heartlessly cheated, asked Owen "if she thought she felt strong enough to see her father's friend?" There was no reply to this question—not the slightest sign of intelligence—but a fixed statue-like expression came over the bewildered girl, and she remained immovable like the reclining figures I have seen on the tombs in cathedrals; all other efforts failed to reanimate her.

When she had closed her eyes, Amy left the

room. She returned the next moment, leading by the hand a middle-aged gentleman, with beautiful silver-white hair. Upon his entrance, Owen seemed convulsed. She fixed her eyes so upon him that I grew frightened. She then rubbed them as though to satisfy herself whether she was dreaming—and stared again, as if she couldn't believe her eyesight. She then pressed her hands upon her forehead—her mouth opened widely—her whole frame heaved and trembled with excess of feeling; and, rising slowly from her couch, she would have fallen to the ground, if her father had not been happily by her side to receive her in his arms.

And there we left them, Nelly, the pale, corpse-like head resting peacefully on the bosom so long and hopelessly desired!

They have been together ever since. Mary was dangerously ill, but her father's tenderness and the hand of Mercy have lifted her off a bed of sickness. Each day, happiness (that joyful artist to whom so few of us sit for our portraits) colors her cheeks with an additional touch of beauty, her eyes begin to sparkle and to speak, and her lips surprise themselves sometimes with a smile, and, I have no doubt, when sufficiently tutored, will be advanced into the higher class of laughter. And this has all been done under the tuition of Love, the best mistress after all, Nelly, when we wish to improve by learning *things by heart*. So rapid, too, is Mary's progress under his scholarship, that I shouldn't wonder if she is the prettiest girl in the school yet.

Colonel Owen never leaves his daughter's side. He seems never to tire of patting and fondling his darling, or of rejoicing with Amy, or thanking the Lady Principal in terms of unbounded gratitude "for her motherly care and tenderness to his lonely child." Poor father! *if he only knew all*—but he never will be told of his daughter's many years of suffering. The reward of injury is the luxury of forgiveness, and Mary, who has well earned the reward, seems to revel in the luxury as a thing too sweet to be parted with. Besides, I doubt if all recollection of former slights has not been completely rubbed out, like a sum on a slate, of her forgiving mind. The affectionate tending of the last few days is alone remembered. She is too gratefully happy for even a *memory of sorrow*. Her affectionate heart, dear, is so replete with love, it can exclude none from its embrace, much less its enemies.

As for Amy, she and Mary are like two sister, (without the jealousy). She has told her father of her beloved friend's untiring life of kindness

to her and to all who are in want of it. The colonel loves her almost like a second daughter, and makes her presents till she doesn't know how to accept them, or how to refuse them. The last one was a gold heart, with the name of "Mary" engraved on it, and inside, a bit of Mary's hair, that was cut off in the fever during which Amy nursed her night and day. They are to pass the holidays together.

Oh! I nearly forgot to tell you that they went to the Opera on Tuesday night, and took Lizzy Spree with them. The foolish girl made her eyes quite red with crying. The colonel knows nothing about the cause of Mary's illness.

There, Nelly; the above subject has so engrossed all my thoughts and paper, that I have only just spare time left—(class bell's ringing)—to sign myself

Your dearest, dearest friend,

KITTY.

LETTERS LEFT AT THE PASTRY-COOK'S:

BEING THE CLANDESTINE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN KITTY CLOVER AT SCHOOL, AND
HER "DEAR, DEAR FRIEND" IN TOWN.

EDITED BY HORACE MAYHEW

THE TWELFTH LETTER LEFT.

(*The smallest possible size of a Lady's note.*)

SHOWING HOW A YOUNG LADY CAN LEAVE
OUT THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF HER
LETTER.

DEAREST NELLY, I was nearly leaving out
the postscript of my last letter. How extremely
foolish! I now send it to you.

Poor little Twigg is in disgrace. The piano-
forte-tuner has made her an offer of marriage,
and the Lady Principal not only won't let her
accept it, but says *she ought to be ashamed of her-
self*—indulging in such good-for-nothing fancies,
and setting such a bad example to the young
ladies of the establishment. Twigg carries his
portrait in her huswife, amongst all the pins and
needles. I cannot say whether he is good-look-
ing, because she has cried over it to that extent
that the color has been completely washed all
over his face, and purple eyes and blue whiskers
do not exactly give him the most prepossessing
appearance. She says her heart is broken, and, as
far as one can judge, she eats nothing. She seems
to live only upon tears. She declares her hopes
are blighted, and doesn't mind how soon she
dies. We pity Twigg; and many are the conso-
lations which are given her by girls who say
they have suffered as great, if not greater hard-
ships—and how they ever *survived it* was a
miracle! but, considering how fat some of them
look now, their grief seems to have agreed with
them remarkably well. In fact, Miss Isabella's
crying has given quite a tone of sentiment to the
school, and some of the sighs you hear would
turn a windmill. The struggle with each girl
seems to be to recollect the period when she was
most miserable, and if she can only prove that
she has known more misery than any one else,
then she is supremely happy. I cannot tell you
how tired I am of this wishy-washy stuff. I
have no patience with martyrs of fourteen, who
wish to go into a convent, and pray for the tomb
to open and receive them; when, if an invita-

tion to a ball came, they would be clapping their
hands with joy, and soon be lost in a long debate
as to what dress they should wear. I declare
there have fallen so many showers of tears lately
that the school feels quite damp. Fraulein is
the worst. She would be invaluable to a gar-
dener; for I am sure she cannot weep less than
a watering-pot full at a time. Her sentiment,
too, makes you so melancholy that I declare it
is not safe to leave so many bodkins about. I
wish to gracious! the Lady Principal would let
Twigg marry, for all the girls have so completely
made her injuries their own, that it is nothing
but a flutter of pocket-handkerchiefs all day
long. What can they know of suffering, Nelly,
in comparison with me? and I am sure one
look from Sydney, when he goes by on the top
of an omnibus, is worth all the piano-forte-
tuners in the world!

If Twigg wasn't such a favorite, there
wouldn't be so much fuss about her. She is the
junior governess, and some day is to inherit
Mrs. Rodwell's black velvet mantle. She has
never been away from the Princess' College, and
doesn't know what holidays are. The whole
world is only a big school to her! The conse-
quence is, she is a *great overgrown bread-and-
butter school-girl*, though she's thirty-two years
old, if she's a day. They say she was pretty
once; but for the life of me I cannot see her
beauty. She is so conceited—so stuck-up, prim,
and affected, always showing off to the masters,
and flirting with Herr Hullaballutzel. She is
so much in love with herself, that I wonder she
ever found any to spare for the poor piano-forte-
tuner (who, by the way, has been ordered never
to come into the house again). We do just what
we like with Twigg, by flattering her. Even
the little girls coax her over by telling her what
pretty hair she has, or asking to feel the softness
of her hand. By these means they get excused
many a forfeit, and let off many a hard task.

No wonder she has got such a soft hand, or
that it is so white, when the story goes that *she*

sleeps in gloves, and that she is always washing it with *pâte d'amandes*. No wonder either that her ringlets are so glossy, when she spends one-half her income in cosmetics and Circassian creams; and is twisting and twirling them round her fingers all the time she is not eating!

It's a world of pity she is so weak, for really, Nelly, she is very good-natured—and clever in her little way—and quite grateful if we only admire her. I think we are often tempted to praise her more than we otherwise should, on account of the great pleasure it gives her. If we only ask to dress her hair, she is as pleased as if she was going to the play. Besides, I don't know what we should do without Twigg, for she buys our goodies, gets whatever we want in town, and posts our letters (many a one has she posted for you, Nelly!) On the other hand, we tell her all manner of stories about our brothers, how they admired her at the last concert; and invent love messages from our cousins. They are every one of them *stricken* with her. She takes in every word, and goes to sleep with her head as full of dreams as of curl-papers. If anything very particular is wanted—a supper, for instance, on a large scale—Twigg will procure us the pork pies, the peppermint, tarts, and all, if we only promise to write home about her, and invite her in the holidays. In this way, I believe, the poor girl has got ten invitations for next holidays—and, in her simple soul, believes she will go to every one of them. Her conceit plays all sorts of tricks with her. She is continually fancying gentlemen are looking at her, and falling in love at first sight. She carries a locket

with a hair chain in her bosom. Whenever her aunt scolds her, she takes out this locket, and begins crying. By this we suspect that it is the *souvenir* of some early disappointment—long before the piano-forte-tuner—perhaps the dancing-master? But with all her curious old school-girlish ways, we cannot help pitying Twigg. Her greatest fault is her vanity. It is the sun round which her nature revolves. Place her in the desert with a looking-glass, and she would be as happy as a woman in a bonnet-shop.

I must now run away to our singing-mistress, SIGNORA PRECIOSA-NINI—a real Neapolitan, though it puzzles me to understand how "*crater*" can be the Italian pronunciation of "*creature*." She teaches us *effect*, and she was to have come out at San Carlo, only she lost her stage voice at the very time that Rossini had prophesied she would be the first Prima Donna in the world. *It was grief that did it!* On my word, the world seems to be full of nothing but grief; only it's rather profitable to the Signora. She works it into all her songs, and sells them at the rate of two shillings a copy. Such miserable subjects, Nelly; every one is disappointed, or driven to despair, or dying in them. I think if the world grew virtuous, and there were no more hearts broken, the music-sellers would have to shut up shop.

There was such a knocking at the door last night. It lasted for at least a quarter of an hour. The belief is that it was Mrs. Rodwell's husband come back to *ask for some more money*. The wretch!

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BEING THE CLANDESTINE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN KITTY CLOVER AT SCHOOL, AND
HER "DEAR, DEAR FRIEND" IN TOWN.

EDITED BY HORACE MAYHEW.

THE THIRTEENTH LETTER LEFT.

(Dated June the 15th.)

SHOWING HOW A LONG PURSE IS SOMETIMES
NEEDED AT SCHOOL TO MAKE IT "THE
HAPPIEST TIME OF OUR LIVES."

I SHOULD have written before, dearest Eleanor, if I had not been reduced to poverty. I have actually been incapable of paying Susan's postage fee. There is not a queen's-head even left in my purse. Almost everything has been cleared out of the pretty work-box that dear Fanny Jackson gave me before she went away to the north, and I have scarcely anything left to raise a loan with. But, worse than all, I am two shillings four and a half pence in debt!

It was cruel of you, Nelly, not to have sent me some money. I wouldn't have asked you, dear, unless I really wanted it; for what with forfeits, mistresses' birthdays, charity, and our system of "mothers," it is nothing but pay, pay, pay, all day long.

You mustn't start, Nell, if I tell you that I am a "mother," and I can assure you I find it anything but agreeable. All the elder girls are supposed to be "mothers;" that is to say, two or three tiresome little plagues are placed under their care, and they are responsible for their clean faces, tidy clothes, and good behavior. This system is established, as Miss Priscilla observes, in order that "the heart and affections may be cultivated with the mind, and woman fitted for the sphere of love she is born to adorn." It rather *unfits* me than otherwise, for I can assure you it is as much as I can do to attend to myself, without having a family to look after.

My troubles were not yet over, for what did Miss Meggy Sharpe do but assemble the senior girls around me, and began telling them such *big stories* about my engagement to Sydney, revealing all I had foolishly confided to her honor, and adding considerably to it. She then completed

her cruelty by *reading out aloud to them Sydney's last beautiful letter*, making fun of every sweet expression, and turning all its tender vows of love into ridicule. Each word went like a pair of scissors into my heart. She is cleverer than I am, Nelly, but only turns her cleverness into acts of cruelty. I did not envy the meanness of her triumph, though I cried my eyes out with vexation, until Amy, who is the guardian angel of everybody, not only put a stop to the *fun*, but even got me Sydney's dear letter back again. I consoled myself by reading it over several times to myself.

I find education is a very expensive thing, Nelly, and my *worries* have certainly had one good effect; they have taught me *to be more grateful for the education I am myself receiving*.

Yesterday afternoon Miss Priscilla addressed us in a neat speech, reminding us that our "esteemed preceptress's natal day was fast approaching, when she knew that our affectionate hearts would only be too desirous to present some *trifling* offering as a loving memento of our grateful respect." All the school was, of course, unanimous in this proposition, and Noble was appealed to, as head-monitress, for her opinion about what would be the most acceptable gift. A work-box, a desk, an ink-stand, a dressing-case was each in its turn proposed, but all of them rejected, as having been given on previous birthdays. Then the modest Priscilla came generously to our aid. "She knew our beloved instructress had long desired a time-piece to decorate the mantle-piece of her *boudoir*, and by a strange coincidence, as felicitous as it was fortuitous, she ~~and~~ recently expressed much admiration for one seen in Regent Street;" but Priscilla kindly feared the price would exceed our wishes, prodigal as she knew they were. Although no one appreciated better than herself the affectionate attachment which bound the entire college in ties of motherly love to her

sister, still she could not permit any giddy extravagance, the more especially as Mrs. Rodwell would value the simplest offering as highly as the richest gift. "As a friend, therefore, she would request us frankly to say if we could afford nine guineas, for such was the price of the desired clock." Again was the school unanimous, and Noble undertook to say—"we could easily manage it."

A small committee was then formed; Noble was elected to the honorable post of banker, and Priscilla headed the list with a donation of half-a-guinea, "begging, however, that it might not be taken as any guide of what the subscriptions should be." I had already emptied my purse on a collection the week before, and if it had not been for Amy, who lent me five shillings, I shouldn't have been able to subscribe the additional sum that was wanted on this occasion. I should like to have put down a great deal more, to give pleasure to our Lady Principal, who, after all, has a number of good qualities, and who has greatly endeared herself to our affections by her recent kindness to Mary Owen. I have no doubt I should like her very much, *if she wasn't our schoolmistress*, but somehow that fact does freeze the fountain of one's love a little bit!

We had hard work to accumulate the nine guineas, for some girls are more stingy than others; and it is not always the richest who are the most liberal. I must say, it pained me to witness the numerous coaxings, and threats, and petty artifices that were called into requisition to induce the little girls to part with their shillings and sixpences; but what grieved me most was to see the *begging-box* (it is a hard term, Nelly, but really it was very little better) being carried round to the poor schoolmistresses, and their being *compelled* to give, for, if any one of them had refused or complained, it would have been as much as her situation was worth. In this way, I saw Blight put down half a sovereign, which seemed to be all she had in her purse; and little Fraulcin, too, had to change one of the golden treasures she had put aside to send to her parents, in order to pay her subscription. Surely, it is not right to make the small pittance they receive even smaller, by asking them to contribute to these forced compliments.

At last, the necessary sum was scraped together, and a deputation of happy girls, guarded by Snapp (our *Snap-Dragon*, as we call her), started one fine morning, and brought back the beautiful clock, an ormolu figure of Minerva

seated on the world, teaching a little fat Cupid in bronze his celestial globe; and we had, besides, an ice and a bun apiece at Farrance's. Then begun the mysterious preparations. Snapp wrote the speech, and little Minnie Campbell, who is the youngest girl in the school, learnt it, but not until she had been scolded by Snapp to that degree, that when the little thing was taken up before Mrs. Rodwell, in her best Sunday frock, to recite it, she burst into tears, and forgot it all. Snapp had to deliver the speech, with all its long words, herself.

To-morrow is the grand day, and we are in such a flutter that we can talk and think of nothing else. I must leave you, Nelly, as I have to run to look after my dress.

I remain, dearest,

Yours, in a perfect fever of excitement,

KITTY CLOVER.

I wish those boys at Dr. Hawkes's would learn to behave themselves! We never meet them but they try to break our ranks, and go on in the most ridiculous manner. They blow kisses to us, and throw up their eyes as if they were dying, and put their hands upon their hearts, and say the most impudent things as we pass. I declare it's quite disagreeable to come near them. Their conduct, too, in church, is so disgraceful that I am astonished the bandle doesn't turn them all out! I do detest boys, Nelly; and these seem to be the rudest, the very worst-behaved specimens I ever saw. What do you think one silly, overgrown hobbledohoy, with a turn-down collar and a monkey-jacket, had the impertinence to throw into my parasol as we were out walking last Wednesday? Why, a letter, dear! and it was *written on a sheet torn out of an exercise-book!* It began with, "Vision of beauty! deign to cast thy cerulean orbs of beauty"—I didn't read any more of the rubbish. How different to dear Sydney's!

Talking of that, Nelly, you mustn't say a word about Meggy Sharpe's reading his letter out aloud to the whole school. It would only make him unhappy, poor fellow; and he would naturally imagine I was in the habit of showing his treasured correspondence to everybody.

P. S. Mind you bring the money with you, Nelly, or else I shall not be allowed to go home; for no girl is allowed to leave this place in debt. You wouldn't wish me, dearest, to miss my holidays for the matter of two shillings four and a half pence, and *I have so much to tell you*, Nelly!

LETTERS LEFT AT THE PASTRY-COOK'S:

BEING THE CLANDESTINE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN KITTY CLOVER AT SCHOOL, AND
HER "DEAR, DEAR FRIEND" IN TOWN.

EDITED BY HORACE MAYHEW.

THE SIXTEENTH LETTER LEFT.

(Dated "the Last Night at School.")

SHOWING THAT SCHOOL IS NOT SUCH A
TERRIBLE PLACE AFTER ALL.

SUCH an event, Nelly ! The school is in such an excitement, that, though I am to see you to-morrow, I cannot resist writing you a short account of it.

Yesterday evening, when we were all talking of the pleasure of returning home, and of the different picnics, theatres, balls, and *fetes* we expected to go to; and were exchanging innumerable promises of visiting and inviting each other during the holidays, a cab drove up to the door. In an instant, we were all at the windows. Some ran to the door, and one or two contrived cleverly to be on the staircase at the very moment an elegant lady was running up to the drawing-room. She inquired, in great anxiety, "for her niece;" and, when asked whom she meant, for she seemed to imagine, as a matter of course, that every one knew her niece, to our great astonishment, we heard her say: "Why, Fanny Dove, to be sure."

Immediately, we all flew up stairs; but to Blight was left the honor of conducting the poor invalid into the drawing-room. In the next minute—for the door had been left open, and we could see everything—she was locked in her aunt's arms, who was weeping over her brother's

pride and treasure; scolding, caressing, cheering, and pitying, all in the same breath.

Then she asked after her little boy; and, when Fanny, with blushes and trembling lips, had told the painful truth of his separation, the aunt cried still more, and angrily said: "For shame, Fanny, for shame, to part with your child; but never mind, dear—come, don't cry so—I will run into their house, if that's all, and carry him off myself; and you shall never lose him again; and the dear boy shall compensate with eternal love his angel mother for all the sacrifices she has made for his sake." Long before the finish of these endearments, the tone of anger, which at first had soured the aunt's voice, had softened into tones of the most loving kindness; and there she was, seated on the sofa by the side of Fanny, lavishing every tenderness she could think of, in order to stop her tears. But, Nelly dear, they were tears, not of grief or pain; but tears of gratitude, as pure as the heart from which they flowed. She smiled, and looked so beautiful, for I had never seen her smile before, and happiness played like so much sunshine about her face. It seemed as if the clouds, which so long had settled there, were clearing away, and that her soul was shining through her features, as it caught at last a bright glimpse of heaven.

Shall I tell you of the touching farewell she took of the Lady Principal and the college,

where she had known nothing but sorrow? All recollection, however, of what she had endured had left her gentle breast, and she lingered now amongst us, as if loth to part. We crowded round her, and I thought we never should get tired of shaking her by the hand, and kissing her, and wishing her all sorts of happiness.

At last, aunt dragged her gently away. Resting on her supporting arm, she followed as naturally as a child follows its mother. As she was being led to the cab, the aunt kept up a continual soliloquy—as I have heard a nurse soothe an ailing infant—singing by her side a murmuring lullaby of tenderness. I heard her reproach her in this affectionate manner: “Ah, you naughty, unkind Fanny, not to have sent earlier to your poor aunt. I suppose, you foolish girl, you were too proud? And how could she know where you were; or that you were dangerously ill? However, never mind, dearest, we will make up for lost time. You will soon get well in the country; and, with your little boy, we shall feel so happy, as if grief never could touch us again; won’t we, eh, my pretty lamb? You dear, foolish, wicked Fanny, ever to have thought your aunt loved you less than she really does!”

With these soothing reproaches, she was handed into the cab. She looked out of the window to smile a last farewell, when she perceived poor Blight, who was half hiding behind the hall-door. She sprang out in one minute, and, throwing her arms round her neck, she ejaculated between her kisses and her tears: “God bless you, my dearest friend, I hope I shall never forget your kindness to me;” and a promise was extorted from the Lady Principal that Blight was to pass the holidays with them.

Fraulein Agatha told her most German stories that evening. Mademoiselle tried to enliven us with some of her most favorite anecdotes, that had never failed before to make us laugh; but all in vain. Our thoughts would return to Fanny Dove, and we could think and talk of nothing else.

My first half year ends to-morrow. School does not appear to me now the dreadful place—the awful Blue Beard’s chamber—that it did when first I peeped into it. I have learned by this time to respect my schoolmistress. I know her sternness is mostly assumed to frighten us into obedience; and, that under her seeming severity there lurks a natural kindness that would sooner at any period remit a punishment than inflict one. Moreover, I can make allowances for her temper ever since I have had two little girls to look after myself; and have discovered

how trying it is to put up with their thousand little provocations, and to keep them out of mischief. If it is difficult then with two girls, what must it be with sixty?

But there is one thing, Nelly, which reconciles me to school more than any other, and which will always make me look back upon it with feelings of pleasure—I mean the good friends I have made since I have been here—friends who, I hope, will continue to be my friends through life.

Besides, I have learned one great truth, and that is to look with great respect, if not admiration, on many of our poor taskmasters and taskmistresses, who are tutoring and punishing themselves daily in the great school of adversity, all the time they are teaching us. What are our school-sufferings compared to theirs? What are their school enjoyments in comparison with ours!

But, Nelly, I shall see you to-morrow; and there’s no occasion to trouble you twice over with the same dreary common-places, which you will not care to laugh at, probably, more than once. ‘Till I see you, dearest, I remain

Yours, most anxiously,

KITTY CLOVER.

P. S. Shall I never be able to forgive you for not having answered my letters? But probably you have not had an opportunity of writing.

P. S. Tell dear Sydney I am coming home. Has he forgotten me in six months? Whisper into his ear, I have a hair chain for him—*my own hair*—if he’ll wear it.

P. S. (*The last.*) There has been quite a rage for fainting lately. Every girl thought it her duty on the smallest pretext to faint. However, Snapp threw a glass of vinegar over Noble’s beautiful dove-colored silk dress, and completely spoilt it. There has been no fainting since.

P. S. (*The very last.*) Oh, dear! Sha’n’t I dream of home to-night!

THIS WAS THE LAST LETTER LEFT AT THE PASTRYCOOK’S.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF FERDINAND CORTES.

FOR GODEY'S YOUNG READERS.

BY JOHN B. DUFFEY.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction.—Birth, parentage, and early life of Cortes
—He departs for the New World.—Incidents of the
voyage.—Cortes in Hayti.—He joins the expedition to
conquer Cuba.—His quarrel with Velasquez.—His
marriage.

IN the year 1504, just as the great discoverer
of the New World left it forever, there landed
at San Domingo, on the island of Hayti, a poor
and almost unknown youth of some nineteen
summers, the eventful story of whose life I am
now about to tell, in as few and plain words as
I can. The name of that youth was FERDINAND CORTES.

Hernando, or Ferdinand Cortes, was born in
1485, at Medellin, a town of the province of
Extremadura, in Spain. His father was the
captain of a company of foot soldiers, and had
little to live on besides his scanty pay. Yet,
though not accounted rich, he and his wife
came of high families, and for their honesty and
goodness were beloved by all who knew them.

In his childhood, the little Ferdinand was
weak and sickly. As he grew up, however, he
gained health and strength, and soon began to
show signs of unusual cleverness, but had more
fondness for play than for books. Still, think-
ing that the boy might yet become a lover of
learning, Ferdinand's father sent him, at the
age of fourteen, to the University of Salamanca,
there to study such books as would best fit him
for rising to wealth and greatness as a lawyer.
After spending two years at the University,
where he was more distinguished for his mis-
chievous pranks than for his love of study, the
young Cortes gladly took advantage of a spell
of sickness and returned home, much to his
father's mortification, with but a passable know-
ledge of the Latin, and scarcely any of the law.

Ferdinand now gave himself up to out-of-door
sports and soldierly exercises. Having no fond-
ness for the quiet and order of his father's house,
he longed to start out into the world in search
of stirring adventures. To this his parents at
first objected warmly; but, after being worried
during almost a twelvemonth by his wild con-
duct, he was at length glad to give him per-
mission to go.

Turning towards the New World, where
wealth as well as fame was the tempting fruit
of adventure, Cortes made up his mind to seek
its still mysterious shores. Nicholas Ovando,
lately appointed Governor of Hayti in the place
of Columbus, was just then about to set sail for
San Domingo. Knowing Ovando, and hoping
to be favored by him, our young adventurer
took passage in his fleet. But, before the ships
were ready to depart, and while engaged in one
of those wild frolics which caused his parents
so much sorrow, he received a number of severe
bruises by falling from the crumbling top of a
high wall. He was still in bed, suffering from
this accident, when, greatly to his mortification,
tidings came that Ovando's fleet had sailed.

After this disappointment, Cortes remained
at home about two years, during which time he
gave but few tokens of being anything, save a
somewhat headstrong and ungovernable follower
of idleness and pleasure. Still, even those to
whom these tokens were most painful could not
help liking him; for he was handsome and
good-humored, and had a quick and lively wit.
Perhaps, too, they could hope, as well from his
faults as from his better qualities, that, if a
suitable way to fame and fortune were once
opened to him, he would enter it with a dispo-
sition wonderfully fitted to overcome whatever
obstructions he might have to encounter.

At length, in 1504, Cortes, then nineteen
years of age, was enabled to depart for that New
World he had so long wished to visit. His
voyage across the Atlantic was beset by mis-
chance and peril. The ship in which he sailed
was so tossed about by storms that the pilots
lost their way, and for many days steered blindly
on, scarcely hoping to see the land again.
Meanwhile, provisions became scarce, and none
drank any water but what was wrung from the
sails when it rained. Alarm and apprehension
weighed down every heart save that of the
youthful Cortes, who, even now courageous and
self-reliant, strove unceasingly to cheer up the
spirits of his companions. At length, in the
morning of Good Friday, a white dove alighted
on the top of one of the masts, "seeming," to
the wayworn voyagers, "like that which re-

turned to Noah with the olive branch." Hope now took the place of fear and anxiety; and, when the dove presently flew away, the ship was steered in the direction of her flight. The Sunday morning afterwards, the pleasant cry of "Land! land!" brought all on deck, to behold the beautiful shores of Hayti rising up from the ocean. Four days subsequently, anchor was cast in the harbor of San Domingo.

Though poor and little known, Cortes yet had a friend in Ovando, the Governor of Hayti, who welcomed him kindly, appointed him notary of the settlement of Azua, and gave him a farm, with the advice that he should till it, and try to subdue the restlessness of his disposition. Taking both the farm and the advice offered him, he spent some seven years as a planter, and in the performance of various honorable duties which the governor found occasion to employ him in. Though these duties were frequently of a stirring and warlike nature, the still ardent longings of Cortes for a life of glorious adventure were far from being satisfied. When, therefore, in 1511, the Spanish government resolved to send a body of troops, under the leadership of James Velasquez, to conquer and settle the island of Cuba, he gladly volunteered to join the expedition.

Warned that the Spaniards were coming, the Cuban Indians prepared to meet the invaders. Hatuey, their chief, called them together. "Behold," said he, taking some gold from a little basket of twigs, "the god whom the Spaniards serve and follow. To seek him, they are about coming over hither. Let us, therefore, make a festival and dance to him, that he may order them not to harm us." Understanding the scornfulness of this speech, the Indians danced their war-dance from nightfall till the break of day; and, when the Spaniards landed, an army of savages met them, and for two months fought bravely in defence of their homes and native freedom. Defeat and submission, however, ended their bloody struggle. Hatuey, their undaunted leader, being taken captive and doomed to a fiery death, was asked, when at the stake, to become a Christian, that his soul might be allowed to enter Heaven. "Will the Spaniards go there?" he inquired. He was answered that they would. "Then I will not be a Christian," said he; "for I do not wish to go again to a place where I shall meet with men so cruel!"

After the conquest of Cuba, Velasquez, being appointed its governor, seemed disposed to favor Cortes, whose courage and activity during the invasion had not been unnoticed. Yet, thinking his services worthy of a higher reward than

he had received, the latter joined a party opposed to the governor, and undertook the perilous task of voyaging by night, and in an open boat, to Hayti, there to make certain serious charges against Velasquez. The governor, however, informed of what was plotting, seized Cortes before he could depart, and would have hanged him but for the intercession of mutual friends. Sparing the captive's life, Velasquez nevertheless ordered him to be heavily ironed and cast into prison. Soon afterwards escaping, Cortes fled to a church, where, in those days, it was not allowable to seize any who had once obtained the privilege of its sacred protection. The fugitive was in love, however, with a "very modest maiden," named Catalina Xarez, who lived close by; and, going out one night to visit her, he unexpectedly found himself in the arms of a number of stout fellows, who dragged him off to a ship which was to set sail the following morning for San Domingo. But that night Ferdinand managed to get loose from his bonds, and, partly in a boat, and partly by swimming, he had the good luck to reach the shore, when he again sought safety in the church where he had previously found it.

Shortly subsequently, Cortes and the governor became friends again. How they made up their quarrel is not very well known; though the strange story is told by some authors that the fugitive one night stalked fully armed into the house of Velasquez, who was alone at the time; when, after a hot dispute and many explanations by both parties, they were completely reconciled to each other.

This story may or may not be true. It is certain, however, that Velasquez presently took Cortes again into favor, and gave him a large farm, together with the office of magistrate, in the town of St. Jago. Marrying his "modest and beautiful Catalina," with whom, he was often heard to remark, he "lived as happily as if she were the daughter of a duke," he moved upon his plantation, spending there several quiet years of prosperity, and acquiring what at that time was considered no small fortune.

CHAPTER II.

Discovery of Yucatan and Mexico—Velasquez fits out an expedition to colonize those countries—Cortes appointed to command it—Difficulty between him and Velasquez—His abrupt departure from Cuba—His address to the troops—His various adventures on the voyage to Vera Cruz.

CORTES was still living the quiet life of a

planter and magistrate when, in 1517, a discovery was made, the consequences of which had an important bearing on his future career. The discovery I allude to was that of Yucatan, by Francis Hernandez, who, on his return to Cuba, gave a most glowing description of the newly-found region, representing it as a country of extraordinary beauty, rich in gold, and dotted with numerous villages and lofty temples of stone, evidently the work of a more cultivated people than any hitherto met with in the New World.

Inflamed by this picture, Velasquez, the next year, fitted out a fleet to follow up the late discovery. Command of it was given to his nephew, John Grijalva, who, first of navigators to sail along the coast of Mexico, and to hold communication with its singular people, returned safely to Cuba after nearly half a year's absence.

Meanwhile, however, Velasquez, growing impatient, hastened to fit out a second and larger expedition, to conquer and colonize those golden countries, of which, from the river Alvarado, in Mexico, his young kinsman had already sent him word. Looking around for a proper person to command this expedition, he was finally persuaded to fix upon Cortes; who, eagerly accepting the high dignity offered him, gathered together what money he had and could borrow, and gave it and all his energies towards getting ready the ships, military stores, and other things required for the undertaking.

Apprehensive, from the wonderful activity and enterprise displayed by Cortes, that he would not be the mere tool he had designed making him, Velasquez suddenly repented of his choice, and determined to give the expedition in charge of some one with less ambition and self-reliance. But repentance came too late. Hearing of the governor's determination, Cortes took a bold, but decisive step. He had hazarded his whole fortune in the expedition. To have the command of it stripped from him would be his ruin. He instantly resolved, therefore, to set sail that very night, before Velasquez could officially inform him of his removal. Having generously helped many of his officers and men to clothe and arm themselves, he found most of them his fast friends, and easily induced them to agree to his plans; so that, going to work with a will, by daybreak the fleet, which on the previous evening seemed wholly unfit for sea, was safely outside the harbor of San Jago, ready to spread every sail to the fair wind blowing.

Tidings of this reached Velasquez while he was yet in bed. Hastily rising and dressing himself, he mounted a horse and galloped to the

beach, within hearing distance of which there presently came a boat filled with armed men, in the midst of whom stood Cortes. "How now, my friend," shouted the mortified governor; "are you going from me in this manner? Truly, you have a strange way of taking your leave." "Pray, sir, excuse me," was the reply of Cortes; "for things of this nature are sometimes to be done before they are even thought of. Consider what commands you have for me." Before Velasquez could find words to answer this bold and resolute speech, Cortes was out of hearing on his way to the fleet, which in a few moments sped on its voyage, with every sail open to a brisk breeze.

Proceeding along the southern coast of Cuba, and stopping, meanwhile, at various towns, to enlist troops and obtain provisions, Cortes presently voyaged round the western end of the island, and came to anchor in the harbor of Havana. Here he received a letter from the governor, begging him to delay his final departure. Another letter, to the captain of the port, ordered his immediate arrest. This order the captain was neither willing nor dared to obey; while Cortes sent Velasquez word that, "God willing, he would sail the next morning," and accordingly did so.

Mustering the expedition at Cape San Antonio, our adventurer found himself in command of eleven ships, on board which were six hundred and sixty-three Spaniards and two hundred Indians, having thirteen muskets, sixteen horses, and ten large and four small cannon. With this seemingly insignificant army, he hesitated not to undertake the conquest of an empire that counted its warriors by hundreds of thousands.

In the morning of February the 18th, 1519, all things being ready, Cortes, before finally embarking, assembled his followers, and unfurled the standard of the expedition. It was of black taffeta, trimmed with gold, and adorned with a red cross, surrounded by white and blue flames, beneath which were the words, "FRIENDS, LET US FOLLOW THE CROSS, FOR UNDER THIS SIGN WE SHALL CONQUER!" After this ceremony, the chief addressed his troops nearly as follows:—

"It is certain, my friends, that all brave men aspire to equal the best of their own or of former times. Knowing you to have such aspirations, I can foresee that, in the great enterprise we are now about to begin, you will subdue vaster dominions than our sovereign is already master of. Yet a truly brave and discreet man ought not to regard riches when he has heroic actions in view; and, therefore, I desire you to

take notice that I aspire less after profit than honor, which is the end all good men should propose to themselves. As we are now going on a just war," he continued, "I trust that God, in whose name it is made, will steadily assist us. Of the nature of that war, since the wind invites us to set sail, I will not lose time in discoursing, only reminding you that great hardships are to be encountered in it. But if you ground your hopes upon virtue, and do not forsake me, I will make you the richest of men that have come over to this New World. Your number, indeed, is small, yet I trust in your valor. Go on, then," he concluded—"go on with cheerful confidence, that the end of this undertaking may be answerable to its glorious beginning."

This artful and somewhat hypocritical harangue was loudly applauded by the assembled soldiers. In their thirst for gold or glory, the greater part cared not to consider whether the contemplated "war" were "just" or not; while the really pious Christians, of whom a few graced the expedition, lost sight of this question in their earnest desire to bring a nation of idolaters to a knowledge of the true God. Among these latter, I may mention the good and kind-hearted father Olmedo, who, accompanying the armament as chaplain, now solemnly celebrated mass, after which, seemingly eager for battle and victory, the whole force hurried on board the fleet. All sail being then spread, Cortes, steering for Yucatan, at last found himself in that path of glorious adventure he had so long desired to follow.

After a stormy voyage, our hero reached the island of Cozumel, where he spent several days repairing damages, and endeavoring to Christianize the natives. Sailing again, one of his ships began to leak, and he had to return. Before setting out a second time, he had the good fortune to redeem from Indian slavery Jerome Aguilar, a virtuous and well-educated Spaniard, who had been shipwrecked on the coast of Yucatan some seven years previously. Knowing perfectly the language or dialect of the people with whom he had so long lived, Aguilar soon became of such value as an interpreter that a pious writer of those days has called the accident which led to his recovery "a great mystery, and a miracle of God."

Leaving Cozumel, Cortes sailed around Cape Catoche, and keeping close to the ever-beautiful shore, sped on his voyage through Campeche Bay till he reached the Tabasco River, up which he proceeded in his boats and lighter vessels to obtain fresh water and provisions. About to land towards evening, not far from the Indian

village of Tabasco, the natives, flocking to arms, forbade his doing so, but furnished him with such provisions as they could spare. Cortes declared that he must have more, and the Indians promised a further supply on the following day.

Encamping that night on a near island, the next morning Cortes beheld, lining the opposite shore, a multitude of canoes crowded with armed warriors, who, offering him what food they could collect, ordered him to depart immediately. As he seemed determined not to obey, the Indians began to let fly their arrows, whereupon, crossing the river, the Spaniards, after a short but fierce struggle, forced their way to land. Here the Tabascans fought bravely, till, terror-stricken by the thunder of the cannon, they fled, and Cortes entered their town without further opposition.

That night all was quiet. The following day, however, brought the general tidings that the whole country was arming for his destruction. Quickly deciding to strike boldly, he immediately led out his troops against the Indians, who, to the number of forty thousand, darkened the plain of Ceutla, a few miles from the village of Tabasco.

Having to cross a country cut up by numerous ditches, his march was long and tiresome; but he at length came in sight of the dusky mass of the enemy, drawn up in battle array. Ordering the foot soldiers to engage them in front, Cortes himself set out with twelve horsemen to fall upon their rear. Scarcely had he gone, when, yelling hideously, the Tabascans rushed fiercely upon the line of his foot soldiers, who, though they staggered under the shock, finally took stand in a kind of hollow, shaped like a horse-shoe, and opened with their muskets and cannon upon the dense throng of the enemy. Swept down by hundreds, the Indians yet showed no signs of fear, but charged again and again upon the little band of Christians, and in such numbers "that," writes one who shared in the fight, "if each had thrown a handful of earth, they might have buried us." Just as the Spaniards seemed about to be overwhelmed, a fearful stir ran through the Indian army. Cortes and his cavalry had charged upon the rear of the Tabascans, who, having never seen a horse, fled in horror before so terrible a combination, as they deemed it, of man and beast. Content with a victory in which but two of his men were slain, the Spanish general did not follow the flight of the enemy, who had left eight hundred of their bravest warriors dead upon the bloody plain.

In the name of his king, Cortes now took

possession of the country, with the singular ceremony used by Spanish cavaliers of that day. Donning his shield, he drew his sword, and, giving three cuts with it on a great tree which grew in the midst of the town, he declared that, if any person dared to dispute his possession, he would defend it with that sword and shield.

Completely broken by their late defeat, the Tabascan chiefs presently came in and acknowledged themselves subjects of the King of Spain. While they were yet conferring with Cortes, some of the horses, stabled in a neighboring court-yard, were heard to neigh. "What is the matter with those fierce creatures?" asked one of the Indian ambassadors. "They are angry," replied the general, "because I have not punished you sufficiently for making war upon the Christians." The simple-minded chiefs immediately ordered cloths to be given the horses to lie on, and fowls for them to eat; after which, going out, they stood in awe at a distance from the fearful creatures, gazing at them as if they would never be satisfied, and begging them to pardon their people, who would henceforward treat the Christians as friends.

Cortes now brought forward the good father Olmedo, to whose explanations of the faith of the Spaniards the Indians seemed to listen with equal pleasure and wonder. They then gave the general a number of presents, among which were twenty female slaves, and some trifling ornaments of gold. When asked where they obtained the latter, they pointed towards the west, repeating the words "Culhua," "Mexico."

Cortes at once determined to set sail in search of these golden countries. Accordingly, he bade farewell to his new friends, and, wafted by a fair wind, reached the island of San Juan do Ulua on Holy Thursday, the 21st of April. Scarcely had he anchored, when a large canoe filled with natives rowed from the opposite main land to the side of his vessel. Coming fearlessly aboard, the Mexican chiefs—for such they were—spoke to the general in a most respectful manner, but in a language his interpreter could not understand. Cortes was puzzled what to do, when, greatly to his relief, one of the female slaves given to him by the Tabascans, happening to be by, told Aguilar, in Yucatanese, what the Mexicans said. This being turned into Spanish, a somewhat roundabout way was thus opened for conversation between the general and his visitors.

Dona Marina, as the Spaniards afterwards christened the young woman just alluded to, was by birth a Mexican, and the daughter of a cacique. Her mother, being left a widow, mar-

ried again, and had a son, out of love for whom, and that he might fall heir to all their wealth, she and her husband sold Marina to some merchants living near the borders of Tabasco. To conceal this wrong, the cruel mother pretended that her first-born had died; as proof of which, she buried one of her female servants, whose death just then happened, with every sign of the sorrow that a parent would show for a lost child. Meanwhile, Marina had been given, or sold, by the merchants who purchased her, to their neighbors of Tabasco, who presented her, as we have seen, to Cortes. Beautiful, ready-witted, and having great spirit, the young captive soon won the affections of the Spaniards, to whom she ever remained faithful, rendering them services which can never be rated too highly.

CHAPTER III.

First meeting of Cortes with the Mexicans—Speech of the governor, Teuhtlile—Effect of the tidings of the arrival of the Spaniards on Montezuma—His timorous policy—Rupture between the Spaniards and Mexicans—Trouble in the camp of Cortes.

Now able to converse with his visitors, Cortes learned that they were subjects of Montezuma, a mighty monarch, whose chief city, named Mexico, was some two hundred miles to the westward; and that they came from Teuhtlile, a governor under that monarch, to ask the Spanish general what he wanted on their coast. Courteously informing the Mexican nobles that he wished to speak with their governor, Cortes sent them away with many presents, and immediately afterwards landed and encamped his forces on the plain where now stands the city of Vera Cruz.

The following Sunday, which was Easter, Teuhtlile came into the camp with many attendants. After listening reverently to a solemn high mass, the governor was admitted, with much ceremony, to a conference with Cortes, who, saying that he was an ambassador of the greatest monarch in the world, desired, in his sovereign's name, a personal interview with the Emperor of Mexico.

Teuhtlile could not hide his uneasiness at this request. "Scarcely are you in our land," he exclaimed, "and you ask to see our king!" Continuing less haughtily, he expressed his astonishment at learning that there was a greater monarch than Montezuma. "But," said he, in conclusion, "as you assert the existence of such an one, I trust that my sovereign

will be glad to hear from him, and will highly honor you, his ambassador. Meanwhile, take these presents, which I offer you in the name of our emperor." So saying, he gave Cortes many gifts, some of which were golden ornaments of great value.

Accepting these presents with numerous thanks, the general returned for them gifts of trifling worth to himself, but much prized by the Mexicans, who immediately prepared to depart. Before they left, however, Cortes treated them to a grand military display. By his orders, the trumpets sounded a loud alarm. In a moment, as it were, the Spanish troopers were in motion upon the plain, the foot soldiers flourishing their bright weapons of steel, and the cavalry galloping about on their fiery chargers. The Mexicans looked on in an ecstasy of wonder; but when the cannon were fired many of them fled, some dropped trembling to the ground, and all were so terrified that Cortes could scarcely quiet their fears.

Singularly correct representations of this scene, pictured upon cotton cloth by some painters who had accompanied Teuhtlile, were now hurried off, along with the presents and wishes of Cortes, to Montezuma. On receiving them, it is said, the heart of that monarch was filled with dismay. In his trouble, he called together his counsellors; but, as they could agree upon nothing, he finally determined to send messengers to the strangers, with an abundance of rich gifts, and a polite refusal to grant their general a personal interview.

To understand why Montezuma acted in this way, it should be known that, according to an ancient prophecy current in Mexico, that empire was to be finally overthrown by a certain god, who had been driven thence many ages before, and who was to be recognized by his fair complexion and flowing beard, and by his bearing the thunder and lightning in his hands. At the time of which I now write, the notion was common among the Mexicans that the period for the coming of this deity was not far off. Entertaining this notion, and half believing that the Spanish general was either the expected deity or his forerunner, Montezuma had taken such steps as, he thought, would not offend Cortes, if he were the god, and might yet send him away pleased, should he prove to be nothing more than a man.

Seven days had scarcely passed by since the departure of Teuhtlile, when he returned in company with the two noble Mexicans sent as ambassadors to Cortes from Montezuma. Presenting themselves before the general, they

saluted him with all the respect they could show to great lords of their own nation. After a few words of thanks which they bore from the emperor, who expressed himself much pleased with the presents Cortes had sent him, their attendants, one hundred in number, came forward with the princely return gifts of Montezuma. These were many and valuable. But what most attracted the eyes of the Spaniards were two round plates, "as large as carriage-wheels," one of gold and the other of silver. Both were beautifully ornamented, and the golden one, which had on it exquisite carvings of various plants and animals, was estimated to be worth more than half a million of dollars!

While Cortes and his officers were feasting their eyes with the view of this glittering treasure, one of the Mexican ambassadors thus addressed them: "This present," said he, "my sovereign sends to you. For your king, he will in a short time send some jewels of inestimable value. Meanwhile, you may remain upon this shore as long as may be necessary to rest yourselves after the fatigues of your voyage hither, and to provide yourselves with provisions for returning to your native country. But with respect to your demand of visiting our court, I am charged to dissuade you from so laborious and dangerous a journey, as the way to it lies through uninhabited deserts and the countries of enemies."

This smoothly worded, yet plain refusal to allow his visit gave Cortes no great satisfaction. Judging of the emperor's wealth by the richness of his gifts, he became more and more desirous of seeing him. Making light of the labors and dangers of the journey to Mexico, he sent word to Montezuma by the ambassadors that he could not return with honor to his own country until he had visited him.

In the first heat of his anger on receiving this message, the haughty, yet weak and changeful emperor threatened to seize the audacious strangers and sacrifice them to his gods. But, still fearing that Cortes might be the expected deity to whom I have already alluded, he resolved on sending the general another rich present, yet with plain and positive orders to quit the country immediately.

Though mortified at the receipt of these orders, Cortes had no notion of obeying them, and once more asked to be allowed to visit the emperor. Great was the astonishment and indignation of the Mexican ambassadors on hearing again what they deemed so presumptuous a demand; and, when they departed from the camp, their looks and motions showed plainly that trouble was to

be apprehended from their anger. Next morning there was to be seen not one of the many natives who, on the previous day, had been trading with the soldiers, or supplying them with provisions free of charge. All had "slipped away during the night," in obedience to the commands of their emperor. Being a prudent general, Cortes took immediate measures to prevent surprise from any sudden attack, which these movements of the Mexicans led him to expect would soon be made upon his camp.

The same day, five Indians, differing some little in dress and appearance from the Mexicans, and having their ears and nostrils ornamented with rings, came into the camp, and were brought before the general. Neither Marina nor Aguilar could understand their language; but, two of them speaking Mexican, Cortes thus learned that they were natives of Cempoalla, the chief town of the Totonacs, a people lately added by conquest to the number of the subjects of Montezuma. Having heard of the great victory won by the Spaniards in Tabasco, their cacique, they said, thinking it a good time to throw off the Mexican yoke, had sent them to invite the wonderful strangers to his court, not doubting but that they would gladly aid him in freeing his people from the oppressions of their proud and cruel conquerors.

"On hearing this," writes Robertson, "a ray of light and hope broke in upon the mind of Cortes. He saw that the great empire which he intended to attack was not united, nor its sovereign beloved." Perceiving at once how, by encouraging the ill feeling with which the Totonacs regarded their conquerors, he might be able to wonderfully weaken the apparent strength of Montezuma, he sent away these ambassadors with many presents, promising soon to pay a visit to their lord, and to make such arrangements with him as would be to the advantage of both.

Immediately after the departure of the Indians, Cortes made known his intention of marching to Cempoalla. Meanwhile, however, troubles had arisen in the camp, which it was first necessary to quiet. Some of the friends of James Velasquez, the governor of Cuba, tired of the hardships they had undergone, and fearful of greater toils and dangers to be encountered, now began to speak loudly of the rashness of Cortes in attempting the conquest of so mighty an empire as Mexico with so small a number of soldiers. Taking a still bolder step, they openly declared their own intention to return without delay to Cuba. Replying "that he, indeed, would rather remain in the coun-

try," the general went on to say that since, as was asserted, the army did not think as he did, he would, however unwillingly, give up his design of staying. Accordingly, early the next day, orders were issued for the troops to prepare to embark at once for the island of Cuba.

Great was the excitement that ensued. In a moment, as it were, the whole camp seemed in open mutiny. The friends of Cortes declared that he had betrayed them. It was unworthy, they cried, of the Castilian courage to be frightened at the first appearance of peril, and disgraceful to fly from an enemy they had not yet seen. They had come, they continued, to form a settlement independent of the governor of Cuba. For their parts, they were resolved not to give up that undertaking; and, if Cortes should abandon it, they would protest against his conduct as being disloyal.

Pretending to be surprised at what he heard, though it had all been suggested by himself, Cortes now addressed the troops, concluding his speech by asserting that he was entirely willing to do as they said. Since it was their desire, therefore, to plant a colony in the name of the king, he would begin by naming persons to be magistrates of the intended settlement. Having done this, he resigned to the newly-appointed magistrates all the authority he had received from Velasquez, declaring that, in so great an enterprise as the present, he was willing to serve even as a common trooper. But as the officers of the lately formed settlement were all his friends, and had been chosen by himself, this apparent disinterestedness cannot be regarded as being much more than mere show. At any rate, the new magistrates, pretending to act in the name of the king of Spain, at once chose him captain-general and chief justice of the colony.

(To be continued.)

LOVE'S VENTURE.

BY PAULINE FORSYTH.

It was a cold, wet evening in the early part of October. A chilling and heavy rain had been falling steadily all day, and nothing could have been more suggestive of ideas of discomfort than a look out into the pitchy darkness of the night, while the penetrating coldness of the air was enough to freeze the life-blood in its source.

A matronly, pleasant-looking woman was moving restlessly about a clean, well-arranged kitchen, lit up by a bright wood fire, imperfectly aided by a tallow candle on a stand.

"I wonder where Leonard can be," thought she, as the clock over the mantle-piece struck nine; "he has been out in the rain ever since four, and he has not quite got over that fever yet."

Just then the outer door was thrown open, and a cheerful voice exclaimed—

"Where is the milk-pail, mother? I have found that pesky cow at last."

"Where was she?" asked the mother.

"Why, she was shut up in the pound all the time; and I went down to the swamp, and over to Eltham woods, and through Squire Jones's lane, and up to Huckleberry hill, and I was just ready to give up and come home, when I met little Daniel Brewer, who told me that he saw old Mr. Davis shut our cow up there, because she had strayed into his orchard. I was real angry for a few minutes to think that he had given me so much trouble for nothing, for he might just as well have driven her home; but he's such a crooked stick that I don't know that we need expect anything better from him."

"Well, come in and take off your wet things," said Mrs. Lane.

"Oh, no, I'll milk first; it will take me but a minute, and if I once come in to the fire it will be dreadful hard to get away from it."

In a short time the milk-pail, with its foaming contents, was placed on the kitchen-table, and Leonard, with his wet clothes changed for dry ones, sat warming himself by the fire, and following with his keen, bright, cordial eyes his mother's movements, as, throwing her work off the stand, she moved it by him, and placed on it materials for a hearty supper.

"Where is Nancy?" he asked at last.

"Her father was taken suddenly ill, and her brother came for her this afternoon; she promised me that she would return as soon as possible. I hope she will, for I could not easily find another girl that would suit me as well."

"Then you have all the work to do now?"

"Yes, with your help, Leonard. You are worth a dozen girls to me."

Leonard smiled, but his countenance wore a slight look of anxiety notwithstanding.

"Do you think Nancy will come back soon?" he asked.

"I hope so."

No more was said for some time, for Leonard fell into deep thought, and ate his supper in unbroken silence, while Mrs. Lane busied herself with several little household avocations.

Leonard was not a handsome boy. "Clumsy," would be perhaps the first epithet that critical observers would apply to him, with his broad

shoulders, his large hands and feet, and his massive head set a little forward. "Good," would be the next idea suggested as they went on to examine the calm benevolent expression of his face. "Resolute and perhaps a little dogged," would be the result of a closer scrutiny into the mysteries unfolded by the brow, lip, and eye; and the conclusion that everybody came to was that Leonard deserved the praise his little sisters gave him, when they called him "a dreadful good boy."

"Where is father?" he asked at length.

"He is busy in his study. He is preparing his sermon for next Sunday, and has been so interrupted all day, that he begged me not to disturb him on any account this evening."

"Then there is no use in my trying to study," said Leonard; "for I have come to a part of the algebra that I cannot understand at all, and I have been through my Virgil twice; father has been promising me an Ovid, but I suppose he cannot afford it."

"I am afraid not," said Mrs. Lane, sadly.

There was another long silence, broken at last by Leonard, who said, with a shade of doubt and apprehension in his tone—

"Mother, I would like very much to go to college."

"I wish you could go," said his mother, with earnest sympathy. "I have thought a great deal about it lately, but I don't see how we can manage it. You know your father has but three hundred dollars a year and the little farm, and it is as much as we can do to live upon it."

"I know that, mother; I would not think of taking the least thing from father. I can make my own way through college, I know. But I don't know how you can get along without me. You know I have attended to the farm for the last two or three years myself, so that it has been all clear gain to us; but if I go away, you will have to hire people to work it, and to cut your wood, and to do a great many other things, and I don't think father is able to afford it."

"How did you think of supporting yourself?" asked Mrs. Lane.

"By teaching school, just as Ben Davis and George Adams did."

"Do you think you could get a school? You are but little over sixteen."

"I look a good deal older, though," said Leonard, with a little pride; "and I am sure I could get the school in West Eltham village. It was offered me to-day by one of the committee, and he said he knew all the others would agree to it."

It is a pleasant thing for a mother to know

that others besides herself appreciate the merits of her children; and Mrs. Lane, proud and fond as she was of Leonard, was gratified by this mark of confidence shown to one so young. She hesitated but a few minutes before saying—

"I think you ought to accept the offer, Leonard; I can manage to get along very well, I have no doubt."

"I wish I could think so," said Leonard, with a wistful glance at his mother; "but I cannot see how you will be able to afford to have a good many things done for you that I have been accustomed to do, and if I were not quite sure that it would be the best in the end, I would not leave you. But if I should stay here, though I might work ever so hard, I should not be improving myself at all, except perhaps in cutting wood or milking cows, and that would be a very poor dependence for a living; father thinks he is teaching me, I know, but he doesn't hear my lessons once a month. But if I can contrive to go through college and get a profession, then I am sure I shall be able to help father in taking care of my little sisters; you will need assistance more when they are a few years older than you do now."

"Yes, we shall certainly; and at any rate you must begin now in earnest to attend to your education. I wish your father was able to help you about it. I suppose you will have to be examined by the committee, before the school is given to you. When does it meet?"

"To-morrow, in West Eltham. I shall have to get up very early to be there in time; so good-night."

Before daylight the next morning Leonard was up. He made the fires, attended to the cow, brought in wood enough to last his mother during the day, and had eaten a hasty breakfast and was off, before the first rays of the sun had lifted from the earth and air the chilling dews and dampness left by the rain of the day before.

When Mr. Lane came down to prayers in the morning, he saw only four little brown-haired girls, sitting with their hands demurely folded, trying to look as intent and solemn as their mother.

"Where is Leonard?" asked he; "hasn't he found the cow yet?"

"Oh yes, sir," said the oldest child, a little girl of seven, "he went to Eltham this morning."

Mrs. Lane explained the cause of his absence. Mr. Lane was an inert-looking man, calm and meditative.

"Ah, yes," he said, after a few moments' consideration, "I am glad Leonard thought of it. It will be a very good thing, I have no doubt."

"Leonard was very much afraid that ma couldn't get along without him," said Emily; "he made us promise we would do all we could to help her."

"Ah, yes; well, perhaps you will miss him; perhaps he had better not go. I can continue teaching him at home," said Mr. Lane, with a questioning glance at his wife.

"Oh, I can manage very well, I know," said Mrs. Lane, in her bright, hopeful way.

Mr. Lane seemed sunk in deep thought for several minutes, and would have remained so some time longer, if his wife, who had long ago discovered that these deep fits of abstraction never led to any practical result, had not recalled him to a sense of the present duty, by finding for him the chapter he was to read.

Late that evening Leonard came home, tired, for he had walked twenty miles that day; but happy, for he had been successful in his purpose, and was to enter upon his duties the next week.

For six years he continued the arduous life of teacher and student. By the end of that time he received a diploma, which for the first two or three days he felt inclined to show to everybody, and which he afterwards put away and forgot entirely.

"Now, mother," said Leonard, "I have only to get a profession, and then I hope to be making something. It troubles me to see you working so hard, and to see my little sisters growing up with so few opportunities for improvement. I hope to help you effectually in a few years. I can do a little for you now, for I have a very good situation offered me in an academy at Milford, and I shall be able to spare you one or two hundred dollars a year out of my salary."

"I suppose you still intend to be a lawyer?"

"Yes, I think I shall like the profession very much. I intend to become quite distinguished. I may be a judge yet—who knows?" and Leonard's face was so radiant with hope and joy, and a happy feeling of self-reliance, that he looked almost handsome.

Six months after his departure for Milford, he wrote to his mother, saying that, though it was his vacation, he had decided not to come home, but to devote his holiday to hard study. He told her, also, that the trustees wished him to take the entire charge of the school, and had offered to double his salary if he would; but that he had decided to decline the offer, as, if he accepted it, he would have to give up his whole time to the school, and abandon the study of law. He did not think the present advantage would compensate for the loss of time it would involve;

besides, he disliked teaching exceedingly, and was looking forward with delight to the time when he would be released from the necessity for it.

The answer to this letter was written by his sister Emily. It contained the announcement of the sudden death of their father, and ended by saying that "ma would have written herself, but was not able to do so."

Leonard hastened home, and found his mother, for the first time in her life, on a sick bed. This heavy blow coming suddenly upon a spirit and frame alike weakened and worn by long years of unshared toil and care, had been more than she was able to endure.

"If mother is spared," thought Leonard, "and my life and strength continue, I will make the last years of her life as happy as I can."

"Did mother see the last letter I wrote home?" asked he of Emily.

"No," replied Emily, "she was not even able to hear it read."

"I am very glad; don't tell her what was in it, but find it and bring it to me."

Leonard threw it into the fire, and with the last flicker of its flame died all the ambitious hopes he had cherished so long.

"Now, mother," said he, when Mrs. Lane was again able to listen to him, "I have a plan to propose to you. I have been offered a salary of a thousand dollars if I will take charge of the school at Milford, and I have written to accept the offer. There is a pretty little cottage there, not far from the academy, that I would like to rent, and I wish you would come, and bring the girls, and keep house for me. It would make it a great deal pleasanter for me; and you would like it, I know. Milford is a very pretty place, and there is very good society there."

Mrs. Lane was distressed to feel that she must be an entire burden upon her son; but there was no choice left her but to submit to his wishes.

"You will have a heavy charge upon your hands, Leonard," said she, "with an invalid mother and four little sisters. I cannot bear to think of it."

"Well, mother dear, don't trouble yourself to think about it. What do you suppose my shoulders were made so broad for? When you see how easily we shall all get on, you will be quite relieved. It will be a great advantage to my sisters, going to Milford."

In less than six weeks, Mrs. Lane and her daughters were settled in a better house and surrounded with more comforts than had ever fallen to their lot before. In seeing her daughters grow up to womanhood with so many advantages for improvement and society, Mrs.

Lane almost forgot to sympathize with Leonard's blighted prospects. Indeed, when she saw how he was respected and beloved by the whole country around, she did not realize that he had not rather gained than lost by this change in his vocation. She did not know for how many years his heart had panted for distinction in a wider sphere; how, unsatisfied with directing boys, he had longed to try the power he felt he had within him, in the lists with men.

All his conflicts with himself, his times of depression and dissatisfaction, Leonard had kept to himself; and it was not the least of his merits that he had done so. Many years had passed away in the quiet but laborious discharge of the duties of his profession. The academy had long been, in point of fact as well as name, his own; he had enlarged it, added a female department to it, and it had become very profitable in every sense. With his worldly condition Leonard was perfectly contented; but a feeling of loneliness, of an unfilled heart and unsatisfied affections, oppressed him more and more. His sisters had married one by one as they grew up, until the mother and son were left alone together. Mrs. Lane had begun to urge upon her son the necessity for selecting a wife soon, if he wished to take one at all. But at thirty-five Leonard felt like a confirmed old bachelor.

Ten years before, while still struggling to bear up under the heavy charge he had undertaken, he had loved, with the ardent and steady affection common to such natures as his, a lovely young girl of Milford; but, as he was then in no position to declare his attachment, he was obliged to contend with his feelings as he could, when she, in perfect unconsciousness of the anguish she was exciting, gave her hand to another. Since then, thinking it impossible that he should ever find one worthy to be the successor of his first love, he had tried to subdue his feelings to the realities of life, and satisfy "the mighty hunger of his heart" with the husks of popular liking and approval.

His mother saw more clearly than he did himself how great the void was in his daily happiness and life, and did her best, by her warm and ready sympathy, to fill it.

They were sitting on the rose-covered porch of their pleasant house one warm summer evening—Mrs. Lane in an easy-chair with her knitting in her hands, that she might occasionally beguile herself into the idea that she was accomplishing something, and Leonard, now a grave dignified man, stretched upon a settee smoking a cigar—when through the trees and intervening shrubs they saw a group of young girls go by the

gate. One of them seemed to be in high glee, running, laughing, and talking with an entire forgetfulness of all rules of propriety and decorum.

"Sophy Chisholm is as great a romp as ever, I see," said Mrs. Lane.

"Yes," said Leonard; "I do not think that anything but time and trouble will ever subdue her. I have tried these eight years in vain. During the whole time that she has been in school, I do not believe there has been a week that she has not done something to call down on herself a public reproof. She seems possessed by the very spirit of mischief. But she is so warmhearted and affectionate that every one loves her notwithstanding. I believe she puts Monsieur Lacompse, the French professor, into a perfect frenzy of passion every other day, and yet he seems on the whole to like her better than any one in school. The other day she happened to be sitting behind him in the class, and took advantage of the opportunity to arrange her collar and hair into a most ludicrous imitation of his, and then mimicked with the greatest gravity every one of his gesticulations. He saw the girls laughing, and turned round suddenly and caught Sophy in the midst of her sport. He jumped up, took her arm in his, and marched with her with the most vindictive earnestness through every school-room in the academy, and at last he brought her to me.

"Dis young lady, sare, she wear out my patience; I am not Shobe; I take my leave of her for always; she never enter my class no more." And he made me a low bow and went away. But the very next morning I saw Sophy in her usual seat in his room. I gave her a long lecture, and she promised me that, if possible, she would behave during the short remainder of her school life with the utmost propriety. But I doubt whether she will succeed."

"Does she leave school soon?"

"Yes, in two days more; at the end of this term. She will then be seventeen, and she considers herself already a young lady. She has several admirers, I believe; but I pity her husband. Robin Goodfellow could not have been a more tantalizing companion than she will be. I pity her husband."

The day after this conversation, Mr. Lane was making his usual tour of the school-rooms. When he reached Sophy Chisholm's desk, he found that she had been attempting a very difficult sum in arithmetic, a study which, though a favorite one to him, he knew to be to her distasteful and bewildering in the highest degree. To his surprise, the answer was right,

but when he came to examine the sum, he tried in vain to penetrate through the confusion and intricacy in which its operations were involved. Clear-headed as he was, he could not make it out, and he seated himself to examine it at his leisure.

While he was knitting his brows over the slate, Sophy glanced from time to time at him. She did not observe the gray hairs that had begun to mingle with the light brown curls that still covered thickly his nobly formed head, his only beauty; nor did she notice the marks of mature life and long-continued care on his face, but she saw the lines that kindness, unselfishness, and lofty thought had left there, and her reverence and admiration swelled in her breast with an almost painful intensity. She had loved him ever since she had first been brought to his school, a little girl of nine, and yet her conscience whispered to her that she had never been to him a source of anything but trouble and annoyance. Remorse and affection were both busy in her heart, and, with a sudden impulse, she leaned forward and kissed Mr. Lane's cheek.

He rose slowly and quietly, and, with an expression of offended dignity, calculated to strike awe into the most audacious offender, he gazed fixedly upon her. For once Sophy was discreet. She would not raise her eyes to his, but sat with her white lids resolutely dropped, her bright color flushing and fading, and a curious smile, half mirth, half anxiety, playing around her lips.

When Mr. Lane first rose up, he was indignant, but, looking upon the pretty offender, such are the advantages of beauty, notwithstanding all the "wise saws and modern instances" to its depreciation, that the stern purpose of his heart was forgotten, and he was obliged to make a hasty retreat to his desk to prevent some treacherous smile from declaring to the curious and breathless school how little reality there was in the angry look he had called up.

Sophy left school the next day, feeling very much as though she had been dismissed in disgrace. But before she had taken many steps, Mr. Lane joined her, a most unheard-of proceeding on his part, as far as any lady was concerned.

And now I am almost afraid to tell how it all ended, for fear I should be thought to advocate a most extraordinary system of propriety, a complete upsetting of the order that has been established since the foundation of the world, among savage as well as civilized nations. But it is true, nevertheless, that in less than a year Mr. Lane and Miss Chisholm were married, and that

they lived very happily ever after. And, furthermore, that Mr. Lane said that, but for that most fortunate kiss, he should never have looked upon Miss Chisholm in any other light than as the most mischievous girl the sun ever shone upon. What that kiss had to do with his discovery and appreciation of her many good qualities, I leave to metaphysicians to discover.

LETTERS LEFT AT THE PASTRY-COOK'S:

BEING THE CLANDESTINE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN KITTY CLOVER AT SCHOOL, AND
HER "DEAR, DEAR FRIEND" IN TOWN.

EDITED BY HORACE MAYHEW.

THE FOURTEENTH LETTER LEFT.

(Date blotted out this time, decidedly with tears.)

SHOWING WHAT WAS THE CAUSE OF THE
POSTPONEMENT OF THE BALL.

To-morrow is our grand ball, Nelly; but all thoughts of the coming joy have been put aside. Our dresses have been brought out in all their smartness; but they lie upon our beds untouched, almost unnoticed. There is sorrow, dear, in the house, and every tongue is still as if the grief were its own, and not another person's.

Mrs. Dove is so ill that, when you look at her, you are obliged to turn your head for fear of making her grief greater by any exhibition of your own. You long to relieve her; you advance to offer what little aid you can, but tears quickly warn you to retreat, and you feel that the greatest charity is to leave her alone; that, after all, the best sympathy your heart can show is that of silence. There is such sanctity about her sorrow that you imagine the only words to approach it with should be those of prayer.

Last Sunday she fainted in church, causing a commotion which brought a letter of complaint from the Rev. Mr. Whyte Choker the following day. The Lady Principal was very cross; and, to listen to her reproaches, you would imagine that Mrs. Dove had done it on purpose. She attributed it entirely to her "delicacy," and made some harsh remarks about "*ladies* always taking care to choose the best opportunity for fainting." But Blight was of a different opinion. She thought there was more illness in the accident than purpose or affectation; and she redoubled her attentions to her sister-teacher, dressing her boy of a morning, encouraging her in all her tasks, and helping her as much as she could. The first visit, too, Dr. Healy made, she waylaid him on the staircase, and told him how she feared the poor young widow was seriously ill. They went together to the Lady Principal, and then Mrs. Dove was summoned to the *boudoir*. She stood at the door, with her hand upon the handle, for full five minutes, before she dared go in!

She came out, dear Nelly, supported by Blight, and weeping violently. She was holding her boy convulsively to her breast, as if afraid that some one was about to tear him away from her; and though her kind supporter was offering every consolation her good heart could think of, still it was evident that not one word entered her ears, or had the slightest effect in stilling the tempest of her passion. Her soul was deafened with the loud noise of its own grief too much to listen, at that moment, to the gentle voice of kindness. All entreaties failed, and, crying as if her heart must break, we saw her carried up stairs to bed, where at least her anguish would be undisturbed by noise and prying looks.

As soon as Blight came down, we gathered round her, and she told us the Doctor had said it was "a rapid consumption," and that she would not live a month, unless immediate change of air and scene were procured. He strictly forbade her looking into a book, and solemnly cautioned her, as she loved her child, and wished to save his life, neither to sleep with him, nor to caress him—in short, not to allow him to be with her more than she could positively help. In fact, to be plain, if she could make up her mind to a total separation, it would be better both for her and for the boy.

This decision hurt her (so Blight said) a thousand times more than the knowledge of her own serious illness. For that she seemed to care but little; but to be told that she must be separated from the only object that made life sweet, seemed to stab her to the heart. To see her boy outstretch his little arms, and to be obliged to turn away and deny him the kisses he was begging for, was a privation of affection that her mother's whole nature revolted at! Her child was her only happiness in this world; and now she mustn't indulge in *that*! nay, worse, she must deny herself all intercourse with him, and, blinding her eyes to his endearing smiles, she must walk away with greater indifference even than if the child had been a stranger's! It was a dreadful struggle, which Blight hopes she may never see again. The baby was crying to go to his distressed mother,

and she was shrinking from him, and creeping round the table to avoid his childish caresses. Then she snatched him up wildly, and covered him with frantic kisses; then, as suddenly, she turned aside her head, as though there were poison in her breath, and she was afraid that one particle of it might fall upon him, and wither the only flower of her life. Unclasping his arm from around her neck, she laid him gently down, and rushed madly to the opposite side of the room, where she fell exhausted upon the floor. Whilst she was insensible, her child was carried away.

At this point, Blight, whom we were all thanking for her sisterly kindness, was called out to assist at a general council. There were present all the governesses, including Twigg, and, of course, the redoubtable Snapp. Miss Priscilla Hextra was leaning against the corner of the mantel-piece, and the Lady Principal presided at the head of the rosewood table, wringing her hands as if she was washing them, which is a habit of hers whenever the boiled mutton is too underdone, or she is at all *put out* by any little scholastic excitement. "What was to be done?" She had assumed a very false position in receiving Mrs. Dove with her infant into the school; and she would take very good care she never did such a foolish thing again! It was wrong of her to allow feeling to silence judgment; and now she bitterly repented of it. The facts were these. Mrs. Dove had formerly been educated at her college, and a very good pupil she was. Well, after the death of her profligate husband, she had consented, much out of pity, to accept a small premium—an exceedingly small premium—to maintain them in comfort until a situation could be found for the mother as a governess, which duty she was sorely afraid she would never be qualified to fulfil. However, that trifle had long ago been consumed—in fact, it had barely covered the first year's expenditure. Now, she was the *last person to behave unfeelingly, or to wish to turn them out of the house*; but she wanted to know what was to become of them? She really could not afford the expense of a lingering illness, that, for anything she knew, might terminate fatally; and then the child would be left destitute upon her hands. As for property, she knew Mrs. Dove had parted with everything to enable her to enter the college; and as for relations, both her father and mother were dead, and she doubted if she had a respectable friend in the world. One thing, however, was certain. Mrs. Dove *must appeal for aid elsewhere*. She did not wish to be harsh; but still the exigencies

of the case were such as to render her immediate removal from the Princesses' College a matter of unavoidable necessity. It was preposterous to suppose she could permit a death in her house. It might be fatal to the interests of her establishment. The parents might take alarm—might fancy it was some contagious or infectious disease—and, in less than a week, all the young ladies might be fetched away, to the great benefit of Mrs. Spankit, who, she had no doubt, would be delighted to receive every one of her pupils. No; it was a source of great grief for her to say so; but Mrs. Dove must leave as soon as her health, for which she entertained the greatest anxiety, would permit; and, as for the boy, *he must be removed instantly*."

Blight pleaded, dearest Nelly, as if she had been pleading for her life. She only asked for "*charity for a dying widow*." She spoke with all the eloquence of a woman's heart; but there was no woman's heart to listen to her. The Lady Principal had steeled herself in alarm—had regularly encased herself in a full-length suit of selfish fears—and there was no touching her in any one point. She was impenetrable to pity, and to all the noble feelings which generally touch a woman's nature, and make her hold out the hand of charity to another in distress. The governesses promised to subscribe amongst themselves for any additional expense she might be put to on account of the illness of Mrs. Dove; but no, the *respectability* of the establishment must be considered above all things—and she felt herself bound to refuse their offer, though she was profoundly moved by the generosity of it. The battle was over. Poor Blight abandoned the attack in hopeless discomfiture, finding that her appeals to kindness only flew off blunted and pointless from the hard armor of calculation in which her mistress had arrayed herself for the occasion.

Oh, I thought to myself all the time I was listening to these sorrowful particulars, if this cruelty had only been known before the subscriptions were collected for the Lady Principal's birthday-present, every girl would have flung all her money out of the window sooner than have subscribed a single shilling for *that* beautiful time-piece!

Well, Nelly, after a long hour had been spent in useless talk and tears, the council was breaking up, when the Lady Principal, alarmed probably by a cry of her awakening conscience, called them back, and made this concession: "Poor Mrs. Dove might linger through her few remaining days in peace at the college, provided the boy were immediately removed to some more

appropriate abode, and a guarantee given for the expenses of the funeral." Blight instantly gave her own word as a guarantee for the latter (how can she do it, Nelly, with all her recent claims? But it's my firm belief that the girls won't allow her to pay a farthing of them, supposing it ever should come to a struggle of emulation, which I pray with all my heart that it never may), and so the deputation left the drawing-room.

How Blight managed to break this fresh sorrow to her friend, and how she succeeded in supporting her through the agony of that long sleepless night, are mysteries of kindness, which we did not attempt to inquire into, but which have only made us admire our poor persecuted governess the more, and been the cause of our all vowing never, under any pretence, to tease her again.

.

The sun, darting into our little bedroom, awoke me very early this morning, Nelly. It was so happy and brilliant—as brilliant as I should like to see it on my wedding-day—that I couldn't sleep. I stole noiselessly along the corridor, and peeped into Blight's chamber. Mrs. Dove was asleep in her bed; and Blight was lying outside, with her clothes on, asleep also. She had evidently fallen at last, with the fatigue of watching. The sun was shining brightly on them both. On the poor widow's face it fell as on a marble statue, so deadly pale, so immovable were the features. On the poor governess's face, it alighted, as I thought, as on a sleeping angel. Her head was bathed in light, and around it I thought the rays drew a golden line, that burned before my worshipping eyes like a halo of glory. I blessed her in the secrecy of my soul, and, kneeling, kissed the hem of her garment. There was a slight noise—I tried to rise, but couldn't—some strong power kept me on my knees. Blight awoke, and, seeing me, pressed me passionately to her breast, and wept, dear, wept like a mother over me. Oh, Nelly, may the purity of these tears, flowing from so good a woman, wash away all the stains out of my foolish heart, and turn all that is black in it as bright as the halo I saw this morning shining round her head!

She lifted me up, and carried me back to my room, where, kissing me, she bade me not to say a word of what had passed. She then tucked me up in my little bed, and enjoining me tenderly "always to be a good girl," left me, with another kiss, long before any of the girls were awake.

.

The ball has been postponed, as I have already

told you, Nelly. What a change two short days have made in the school! One day we were full of hopes and schemes—our thoughts played with nothing but ribbons, and flowers, and flounces—and the next our hopes, like all our voices, have been hushed, and the most boisterous expression of joy you can hear is a whisper. Only yesterday we were practising *Valses à Deux Temps* until we were tired, first of being the gentleman and then the lady, and now our footsteps, as we walk in twos-and-twos slowly up and down the room, sound with a hollow echo as if we were walking in a vault. Yesterday we were trying on each other's earrings and finery, and amusing ourselves with anticipations of Blight's ball-room dress, wondering where the drop of ink would be this time, and at present we are lost in admiration of her noble devotion to Mrs. Dove, and thinking that there is something finer in this world than fine clothes.

But hush, here comes Mrs. Dove—so fearfully changed in so short a time—looking sad, but resigned—a saint in suffering. She is leading by the hand her little boy. He is laughing and gambolling by her side, unconscious of the pang each merry tone is sending to his mother's heart. Instantly, upon her arrival, the conversation ceases, as if we were entering a church, and all eyes and thoughts are turned to the poor doomed martyr. Blight advances to receive her, and the two retire together into a quiet corner, and there, for the present, Nelly, let us leave them.

I promise to tell you the remainder of this sad story in my next.

Yours, my pretty Eleanor,

Very, very affectionately,

KITTY.

LETTERS LEFT AT THE PASTRY-COOK'S:

BEING THE CLANDESTINE CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN KITTY CLOVER AT SCHOOL, AND
HER "DEAR, DEAR FRIEND" IN TOWN.

EDITED BY HORACE MAYHEW.

THE FIFTEENTH LETTER LEFT.

(Dated two days before breaking up.)

SHOWING WHAT CRUELITIES PRIDE IS FRE-
QUENTLY THE UNNATURAL PARENT OF.

THE day after I wrote to you, sweetest Nelly, I was practising in the little drawing-room—though my thoughts were more upon the joy of the holidays that are so near than upon the music that was before me—when a magnificent carriage drove up with two fat gray horses, and the roundest cherub of a coachman I ever saw. The panels were a perfect picture, quite a nose-gay of colors, and there were two servants behind with liveries that tried your eyes as much as a kitchen-fire! You can fancy the sensation so grand a carriage made outside our humble college. All the windows were instantly filled with staring faces, and there was scarcely a house down the crescent but the cook and housemaid were standing on the door-step, having come out purposely to see what was the matter.

This excitement was rather increased by such a "rat-tat-tat" (I think both footmen knocked on purpose at once) as must have given the table-beer in the cellar a shaking that would make it feel for several days still smaller. The house quite throbbed after it! So great was the noise, that Susan had thought it only respectful to put on her best cap, and there she was standing in the hall, with a clean apron, waiting in a fever of curiosity to know who were the grand visitors.

Presently, the beautiful heraldic door was thrown back, and, after sundry tugs and pulls, out tumbled a gouty, puffy, white-neck-clothed old gentleman, shut up inside a perfect watch-box of capes and greatcoats, of which the only window, or door, was a small aperture left open in front of his red face. All the rest of his body was locked up close by bars of braid and endless bolts of buttons. He was helped across the pavement by a footman on each side, and I thought he never would have finished the mere jump of a journey. After him followed a tall, thin, perpendicular, hop-pole of a lady, so stiff, dear, with pride and Pompadour brocade, that it was a perfect-wonder to me how she contrived

ever to sit down, and she walked into the house with an air that plainly implied that Hammer-smith ought to be eternally indebted to her for having condescended to visit its plebeian neighborhood. I am sure, Nelly, the poor creatures seemed to undergo more trouble in getting out of their carriage than most people would have felt in walking the whole distance from town!

I was so engrossed with their movements, so lost in admiration over the horses, and the prize coachman, and the footmen with their rosy silk stockings, that I quite forgot they were coming up stairs, and only remembered it when a short wheezing noise told me it was too late to escape. Nor (I am ashamed to confess it) did I try much, when I heard the lady say, with a voice every bit as proud as her walk, "*Tell Mrs. Dove that Sir Alexander and Lady Dove are waiting to see her.*" I ran into a little room at the back, that is meant to be a conservatory, and hid myself behind some artificial plants. I needn't tell you how frightened I was, for I *knew I was doing wrong*, but still the strong interest I took in the poor widow silenced the small voice of my conscience; and if the risk had been much greater, I really think I should have braved it. I could observe everything that was going on without being seen myself. They looked a cross couple, with a false air of plated gentility about them—nothing of the true stamp which persons nobly born put upon wealth, but which wealth never can put upon those who haven't the nobility either of birth or soul in them. Theirs was clearly the pride of the pocket—a pride that delights most in jingling its money and insolence in the presence of the poor. Accordingly I felt for Mrs. Dove; for I could fancy the reception she was likely to receive from such rich relations, who evidently were not much in the habit of opening their hearts, unless it was done, as they probably opened their purses, from a cold motive of ostentation.

She entered the room, ghastly pale, carrying her boy in her arms, and scarcely able to reach the chair into which she sank. Neither rose to receive her. Neither gave the poor stricken woman one look of encouragement, one small word of welcome.

There was an unpleasant pause, and the old gentleman buried himself in a comfortable arm-chair, apparently quite exhausted, and there he sat perfectly motionless, staring vacantly before him, with the fine meditative expression I have seen in the face of a turtle, to which his cold eye, and the form of his bald head, bore no small resemblance; the loose folds of his handkerchief round his neck aiding singularly the likeness. Then the stately lady, who seemed to relieve her husband altogether of the fatigue of talking, broke the icy silence. "We have received your note, Mrs. Dove, and attend to-day to accept from your hands the child of our dear lost son, whose life, you must excuse me saying it, you cruelly sacrificed to your ambitious views. You know his marriage with you, which we possibly could not think of countenancing, was the cause of his leading the wild, disreputable life he did, and of its ending so fatally." She stopped here, as if to recover from her maternal emotion, though I am sure she spoke as calmly as if she were engaging a servant, and then pompously continued: "However, in receiving this dear charge, both Sir Alexander and myself are anxious to forget and forgive the irreparable injuries wrought by your unfeeling selfishness; nay, you must pardon me if I am seemingly harsh, but I must speak the truth." I should like to have flung a flower-pot at her head for doing it. "To show further the kindly feeling that animates both Sir Alexander's bosom and my own, we have agreed to extend permission for your visiting the child (*her own child*, Nelly) occasionally, but only after asking our previous sanction, which must be obtained through the application of your solicitor. It is exclusively upon this condition, and upon the clear understanding that you surrender all claim to the boy, that Sir Alexander and myself agree to adopt him, and to make him the inheritor of our joint wealth."

She waited, as though she expected applause to follow this grand speech, and, not taking any notice of her daughter-in-law's sobbing grief, coldly resumed:—

"We are deeply pained, both Sir Alexander (he was nearly asleep, in *spite of his deep pain*) and myself, to hear of your ill-health, and to notice its too evident symptoms. As this interview must be equally distressing to both parties, you will oblige me, my dear madam, by immediately preparing the boy, and accepting our fond assurances that he shall receive every attention and love compatible with his new position from his second father and mother. It will be my greatest pride and pleasure, believe me, to surround him with every happiness, so

that he may never feel what it is to miss the loss of *you*, madam."

It was only after two or three efforts that Mrs. Dove could rise from her chair. She attempted to speak, but her voice failed her. She could only speak with her tears, and they could have but little effect in falling on the hearts they did. She bent her neck, as if to the cruelty of the decision, and, guiding herself by the wall, staggered out of the room.

How I longed for her to return. I did not like being left alone with these two unfeeling creatures, who had come to rob a mother of her child—trading upon her necessities to make an inhuman bargain with her. Their presence seemed to weigh upon the atmosphere. It gave me a sort of nightmare to look at them; I tried to run out of the room, but my limbs felt chained; I attempted to scream, but it was as much as I could do to breathe even. How I repented of my girlish curiosity! I was so unhappy I shouldn't have minded being found out—anything, so that some one had come into the room, and driven away the frightful oppressiveness of *being left alone* with that proud wicked man and woman!

To increase this discomfort, I was compelled to listen to their horrible conversation. Sir Alexander said but little: he seemed only to acquiesce, and his wife did all the talking. He was asked what he thought of "his fine daughter-in-law?"—whether he didn't think she was a "pretty weak thing?"—"a delicate piece of goods?"—"a nice fanciful lady's maid for his son to marry?" and he nodded assent to all these propositions. As a charitable finish, he was asked if he thought "she was long for this world?" He did not break through the sustained wisdom of his silence, but simply exclaimed a round, fat "Ah!" which sounded exactly as if he was smacking his lips over a beautiful glass of port wine.

At last Mrs. Dove entered the room, and I breathed again. She seemed firmer than before. There was a determination in her manner—no timidity or hesitation in her steps. She was leading her boy by the hand. He was dressed in his little hat and coat, ready for the journey—a journey from which his mother might never see him return. She impressed one long—long despairing kiss upon his pretty lips, and then, shutting her eyes, placed him in Lady Dove's arms; this done, she turned quickly away, and I could see her hands joined convulsively together, and her lips moving quickly, though I could not hear one word come from them.

Lady Dove received the boy, neither address-

ing nor noticing the poor mother, whose heart was bursting over the sacrifice. She was preparing without a word to leave the room, when the little fellow—beginning probably to awaken to the idea of being separated from his mother—set up a shrill scream of anger. Upon hearing the first sound of that beloved appeal, Mrs. Dove turned round; her head rose from the resting-place of her bosom, and her eyes flew with her thoughts to heaven, whose aid she was invoking to carry her through this sad ordeal. The boy still continued screaming. She was about to rush to him; but, no—she paused, and falling upon her knees, and *clasping her hands over her ears*, her body was soon bent in the full fervor of prayer.

I rushed out in a minute, and stood quietly by her side, not liking to disturb her holy meditations, but ready to offer any assistance she might need. There she remained long after the gorgeous carriage had carried away her darling. After a time she grew calmer; and when she turned round and noticed me, she fell upon my neck, and, in a thrilling voice, which I shall never forget, so kind it was, though pierced through and through with tears, she *blessed me*.

Then, meekly as a child, she permitted me to lift her up, and to conduct her to Blight, who took her to her loving arms and nursed her, and did all that sympathy could do to stop the flow of grief that had been so deeply stabbed as hers.

Not a word did the poor afflicted one inquire about her boy! Blight says the only consolation that supports her in this severe trial is the knowledge that her child is provided for now for life.

The Lady Principal has given up her private rooms to the use of Mrs. Dove. I imagine she is secretly ashamed of her severity towards the poor governess, and wishes to make amends for it. She looks in every half-hour, asking if there is anything she can do, and has asked Blight to sit up with her friend all night, and they had better sleep in her room, and then *she* can keep Blight company. Ah! Nelly, I'm sure we should never commit an act of unkindness, if we could only foresee how sorry we should be for it afterwards!

I am called away, Nelly; so, with the hastiest snatch of a kiss, good-bye.

Yours fondly and faithfully,

KITTY.

at home, or else I am afraid they will find out a sad difference between my scratchy efforts and the beautiful "Moonlight View of Tintern Abbey" that is at present lying before me with my name in the corner!

CHARADES IN ACTION.

Answer to Charade in last number—MISCHIEF.

ACT I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FATHER. MOTHER. BRIDE. BRIDESMAIDS.
 BRIDEGROOM. BEADLE. PEW OPENER, &c.

SCENE—*Interior of church. At one end the window-curtains arranged as altar.*

ENTER BRIDEGROOM. He walks about hurriedly, looks at his watch, and presses his heart several times. Then, drawing from his pocket a ring, he gazes on it intently, when

Enter BRIDE, FATHER, MOTHER, and BRIDESMAIDS. The Bride has a veil thrown over her, and wears a wreath of white paper orange-flowers. She is very nervous, and is supported

by Father and Mother, who encourage her. The BEADLE and PEW-OPENER wear huge



favors of white paper in their bosoms. The Bridegroom rushes forward, and, by a declaration of his passion, gives fresh vigor to the Bride.

Enter CLERGYMAN in robes of white sheet. He advances to the window, and marriage party



stand round. He points to the Bride, and asks the Bridegroom by a look whether he will have her for his wife. He nods in answer, and the Clergyman asks the same question of the Bride, but she is overcome by her feelings, and faints away on the spot. Great confusion, the Mother holding smelling-bottle to her nose, the Bridesmaids slapping her hands, whilst the Bridegroom walks madly up and down the room. At length she comes to a little, and the cere-

mony proceeds, the Mother encouraging her daughter. After the Father has given her away she once more faints off; and, at the conclusion, she is so moved that she swoons in the arms of her husband. The Bridesmaids, losing all power over their feelings, faint away into the arms of Father, whilst Mother and Pew-Opener fall upon the Clergyman, who with difficulty sustains the burthen.



GRAND TABLEAU.

ACT II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

NOBLEMEN. HORSE-DEALER. GROOM.
 LITTLE FIVE-YEAR-OLD.

SCENE—*The interior of Tattersall's.*

ENTER HORSE-DEALER and GROOM in close conversation. The Horse-dealer, drawing a purse from his pocket, gives Groom an ivory

card-counter as a sovereign, at the same time winking, and holding finger up to his nose.



Groom lays his hand upon his breast in an atti

tude as if he was saying "upon his honor," and, hearing somebody coming, glides away.

Enter NOBLEMEN smoking cigars. Horse-dealer bows to them, and they bid him show them his Little Five-year-old. Horse-dealer again bows to them, and knocks loudly at the door, when



as the purchase-money. The Horse-dealer refuses the offer with an expression that shows how ridiculously low it is, and again bids the



Groom to run the Little Five-year-old up and down the court. They are still more delighted, and offer another purse. The Horse-dealer takes the two purses, and delivers over the



Little Five-year-old. Exit Horse-dealer and Groom laughing.

Directly they are gone, the Little Five-year-old commences kicking and plunging. Noble-

men endeavor to approach him, but are kept back by his capering. At last they reach him, when exit Little Five-year-old, dragging Noble-men after him.



ACT III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BRIDEGROOM. BRIDE. FATHER. MOTHER.
BRIDESMAIDS. FRIENDS. SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE—*The dining-room in mansion of Father. In the centre a table covered with wedding-feast, in the centre of which is the large white band-box wedding-cake.*

ENTER BRIDEGROOM, BRIDE, MOTHER, FATHER, BRIDESMAIDS, and FRIENDS, with hand-



kerchiefs up to their eyes. They take their seats at Bridal feast in a solemn silence. SERVANTS hand round dishes. The clatter of knives and forks alone disturbs the tranquillity.

Suddenly the Bride commences sobbing, and the whole party again fall to weeping. They

force the Bride to take some wine, and the dead silence is again restored. The Father rises to propose the health of Bride, and everybody turns round to listen to him. He turns his eyes up to the ceiling, and, holding his hands over his plate, invokes a blessing on her head. At



this the sobs burst forth anew. Then he shakes his clenched fist at his alarmed Son-in-law, and, pointing to his Daughter, declares that the Bridegroom will be a scoundrel if he does not treat her as she deserves. Here the boo-boos burst out in great strength, and Bride falls into the arms of her Mother. The Bridegroom attempts to do a few pantomimic sentences, but is frowned down by the company; and it is only by his swearing by the soup-tureen to love

her that harmony can be restored. The Bride rushes towards him, and he clasps her in his arms. Then the weeping, once more commences, and ends in a violent blowing of noses.

At last all the SERVANTS rush in with their aprons up to their eyes, to announce that the fly is at the door, and the company escorts the happy pair to the door, their faces buried in their pocket-handkerchiefs.



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MRS. CATHCART'S FRIEND.

BY PAULINE FORSYTH.

THERE is a class of married ladies who seem unable to forego the homage and attention they received before they had taken upon themselves the irrevocable vows of matrimony. They cannot be satisfied unless they have, besides their husband, from whom they require the most entire devotion, one gentleman at least whose occupation it is to feed their vanity with all those complimentary observances and *petits soins*, the receiving which had formed so large a portion of their happiness during their girlhood. Fortunately for themselves, they are not generally the ardent and warm-hearted of their sex, to whom such an intimacy might be dangerous; but cool, exacting, and selfish, demanding this homage for the sake of their vanity, and not for the gratification of their affections, they contrive to pass with unblemished reputations through the fiery ordeal of critical observation and remark.

But though escaping censure, their conduct is none the less deserving of reproach. Planting themselves firmly on their impregnable position as married women of irreproachable conduct, they are fond of assuming over the young gentlemen, to whom they profess a sisterly affection, the control which their interest and influence give them. If they are separated for a time, and the lady belongs to the letter-writing genus, a constant correspondence is kept up. This is for the purpose of cultivating the mind of the gentleman, and for keeping in full exercise that preserving and elevating influence upon him, which every one knows is the peculiar gift of woman. If he fall in love, the chances are ten to one that the self-constituted mentor does not pronounce the lady as utterly beneath him, unworthy in every way the attention of one of his peculiar and exalted qualifications; and so inflate his vanity (and of all engines, the easiest to move, and the most potent when set in motion, is masculine vanity) that the deluded young man, with a satisfied feeling of virtuous self-denial, officiates as voluntary high-priest to sacrifice his love upon the altar of his dignity.

The machinations and paltry self-love of a woman of this class were the means of causing a degree of grief and anguish, of which she, in the coldness of her nature, was incapable of conceiving.

Nowhere in the Union are there so many pretty school-girls as in Philadelphia. To an unrivalled delicacy and fairness of complexion, and soft regularity of feature, they add a look of purity, innocence, and simplicity, which perhaps is an heritage from their Quaker ancestors. They have not the keen bright glance of sagacious intelligence of the girls of Boston, as though they were ready to solve any problem, from those of Euclid to the more intricate ones of social life. Neither have they the shrewd, worldly-wise, premature look of a young New Yorker. But they have a peculiar beauty of their own—fresh, dewy, and delicate; and may it be long ere they exchange it even for the air, half lawless, half refined, of the graceful Baltimorean!

There are many love-passages that occur during this fleeting period of youth and beauty, that are more romantic and ardent than those that come in after-life. Many a man recalls, as one of the most delightful periods of his existence, the time when, with the light weight of eighteen years upon him, he hurried through his breakfast, that he might at least be able to exchange a bow with some fair object of his youthful passion. And if he could so far overcome his boyish bashfulness as to join the young girl, and, under the pretence of carrying her books, accompany her to the door of the school, he considered himself happy indeed. And many a young man of riper years has been smitten with a love equally sudden and violent, by a passing glance on some of those faces of gentle and dove-like beauty which go flitting through the busy streets.

Emily Kirkham was fated to inspire one of these passions, which colored with its consequences all her youth. She was the daughter of a retail merchant living in one of the cross streets of the city. Mr. Kirkham was a man of great respectability, but of moderate fortune, and of course, from his occupation, excluded with his family from the fashionable circles of the city. But he was resolved that his daughter should enjoy every advantage in the way of education that could possibly be obtained. Emily, besides being attended at home by the first masters in music and the languages, was

sent to one of the best schools in the place. It was while on her morning walk there that she attracted the attention of Mr. Lawrence Cooper, a clerk in one of the principal commercial houses of Philadelphia. She was hardly sixteen at the time, and was growing up tall, slight, and graceful as a young willow-tree. A gentle, serious, earnest look was stamped on her young face, and her eyes, unusually large and soft, generally wore, as she passed through the crowded streets, an abstracted, thoughtful expression, as though her mind was busy with other scenes. Yet if, by chance, a passer-by caught their glance, he could not but be struck with their innocence and confidingness.

For more than a year, the meeting Miss Kirkham had been the one pleasant event of Mr. Cooper's morning walk to his counting-house, and when he missed her at last, and discovered, on inquiry, that her school-life was ended, and her career as a young lady fairly commenced, he felt so strong a desire for a nearer acquaintance that he contrived to obtain an introduction to Mr. Kirkham, and at last an invitation to his house.

The acquaintance thus commenced ripened soon into a close intimacy. Mr. Cooper was a peculiarly attractive man. His personal appearance and manners were remarkably prepossessing; and, what was of more importance to the father, he bore a high reputation as a good business man, of unimpeachable integrity and unusual ability. And Mr. Kirkham was therefore well pleased when he saw that his daughter, the only treasure of his house, turned coldly from all the other suitors for her love, to give to Mr. Cooper alone her kind words and smile.

Emily had not the slightest taint of coquetry in her disposition, and so did not hesitate to show frankly, yet with a due regard to her maidenly dignity, that she preferred Mr. Cooper to all his rivals. Nor was she won unsought; for the gentleman's visits were constant, and his attentions open and undisguised. Indeed, Mr. Cooper was, for the first and last time in his life, really in love. All his better feelings were awakened by his association with one of so loving and lofty a nature, and he felt, while with Emily, as though he were breathing a purer air, and expatiating in a higher element than he had ever been accustomed to before.

Emily was essentially a religious being. Her piety was not of that extrinsic kind that can be thrown on and off to suit the wearer's purpose, but was the corner-stone of her character, from which all her other virtues sprang, and on which they depended for their constant support. It

was impossible to be much with her and not to see this, and feel respect for the strength, as well as love for the gentleness, of her nature.

Daily companionship with such a character for eighteen months seemed to Lawrence Cooper to have effected an entire change in his feelings and aims. He was naturally proud, selfish, ambitious, and worldly; but lately he had felt that the true purpose of life would be carried out in its highest aim if, in some quiet and well-ordered home, he could shelter his wife and the family it might please God to give them, and train them and himself into a fitness for the purity and blessedness of heaven.

Yet, though he had in a hundred different ways revealed his thoughts and feelings to Emily, he had not yet made the final and decisive declaration. He was not in a condition to marry, and with a single regard to his own convenience, by no means unusual, he wished to keep his fate in his own hands as long as possible. But now the time had nearly come when he felt that he might at length declare his love, without burdening himself with a long engagement. The firm in which he was a clerk were thinking of establishing a house in Cincinnati, and they had offered him the control of that branch of their business on such terms that he foresaw, by faithfulness and economy for a few years, he would soon be in a position to enter the firm as a partner, or to set up in business for himself. Meanwhile, the salary would be ample for the support of a small household in a simple yet elegant style.

Late one Sunday evening he sat alone in his own room, revolving in his mind his position and prospects. As had been his custom for the last year, he had been to church with Emily both morning and afternoon, and had spent the whole evening with her. Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham, with all their friends, and all Mr. Cooper's, looked upon this intimacy as one that was, or would soon be, sanctioned by an engagement, and the gossips of the place had long regarded it as a settled thing. Emily, with no more doubt of Mr. Cooper's feelings than she had of her own, satisfied with the blissful certainty of his love, enjoyed the present without a thought of the future. Mr. Cooper himself would have been filled with indignation if any one had dared to suggest the possibility of his betraying the confidence thus placed in him.

"I meant to have settled everything with Emily to-day," thought he; "but somebody seemed to be always in the way. I must ask her this week if she can make up her mind to leave all her friends here, and go with me to

Cincinnati." And a smile broke over his handsome face, for he felt an inward conviction that east or west, or north or south were all the same to Emily if he were with her. "And about joining the church," he went on, "I know that Emily is anxious that I should do it, and as it is a step that I have resolved upon taking, I had better do it as soon as possible, so as to be able to begin in Cincinnati a new life in every sense of the term."

And with these resolutions and a tranquil conscience, Mr. Cooper retired. Good intentions are almost always tried before they are allowed to bring forth fruit. With the next day came the temptation. Mrs. Leavenworth, one of the most fashionable and dashing ladies in Philadelphia, was going to give a ball, and through the kind offices of Mr. Morris, one of Mr. Cooper's acquaintances, and a close connection of the lady, Mr. Cooper received an invitation. He was going at once to decline it, but Mr. Morris opposed this warmly.

"It is to be a most superb affair, the most splendid ball that has ever been given in the city. It would be worth going to it for the spectacle alone. And then all the pretty girls and fashionable ladies will be there; and you will be quite a lion among them, for such handsome fellows as you are not to be found every day. Besides, you would confer a real obligation by going, for Mrs. Leavenworth finds that she has such a surplus of womankind that she is in a sort of despair. She has charged me to bring all the unexceptionable gentlemen I know, and I believe she expects me to come with quite a reinforcement; but out of all my mixed crowd of associates, I have been able to find but three that the largest charity would consider unexceptionable, and you are first on the list; so fail me you must not."

With his vanity, his desire to oblige, gratified pride, and a strong love for novelty and excitement thus dexterously set in motion, Mr. Cooper yielded at last, and promised to make one of the gay crowd at Mrs. Leavenworth's.

"I go more to please Morris than anything else," said he, as he took leave of Emily early on the evening of the party; "I am sure, if it were left to my choice, I had much rather stay here with you. Large parties are the most irrational and unsatisfying of all modes of social intercourse."

And Emily thought him a model of friendly disinterestedness, and looked after him, as he went away, with a feeling of mingled pride, and tenderness, and compassion.

Mr. Cooper did make quite an impression,

even among the carping and critical assembly that had crowded into Mrs. Leavenworth's drawing-rooms. His was not a face or figure to pass unobserved anywhere. Without feeling either awkward or at a loss, which his native pride and good-breeding forbade, yet he had been so little accustomed to such gay scenes of late, and was so entire a stranger to almost every one there, that he was but little inclined to play the agreeable to the younger ladies, and was really thankful to Mr. Morris that he had introduced him to a married lady, a Mrs. Cathcart.

"She won't expect me to flirt with her," thought Mr. Cooper, with a feeling of relief, as he commenced a formal conversation with a few of the stereotyped remarks that the customs of society appropriate to such occasions. He was particularly pleased with Mrs. Cathcart. Like Emily, she was tall and slender; but, unlike her, Mrs. Cathcart bore herself with a stately and somewhat defiant and haughty manner. Throwing back her small head, she gazed with her cold, lustrous eyes over the gay throng, occasionally curling her small mouth, with its thin but exquisitely formed lips, into an expression of quiet but half-concealed scorn, as some person passed whom she thought not entitled to a place among the guests, or some slight thing was done, or left undone, which she fancied did not accord with the rules of elegant propriety.

She did not allow herself to take note of the little transgressions but by a passing look, and the remark, made in a somewhat contemptuous tone, that "Mrs. Leavenworth seemed to have collected a great many peculiar kind of people." And when she had thus asserted her right to be considered extremely exclusive and elegant, she deigned to exert herself to be as agreeable as possible. And she could be very agreeable when she chose. There was a gracious courtesy in her manner, that seemed to make even a trifling remark from her of some consequence to the listener, as implying that even she, the proud Mrs. Cathcart, thought him of sufficient importance to try to please and interest him.

Mr. Cooper admired her beauty, her refinement, and her elegance. She thought him by far the finest and most distinguished-looking man in the room. This mutual prepossession ended in an introduction to Mr. Cathcart, one of the most patient-looking of men, who stood in a corner, bending all his energies to keep himself awake, and an invitation to a very select party to be given the next evening by Mrs. Cathcart.

"I am sorry that my engagements will take me away again to-night," said Mr. Cooper to

Emily on the next evening; "but Mrs. Cathcart pressed her invitation with so much earnestness that I felt as though it would be hardly polite for me to decline;" and, with a lingering "Good-evening," this martyr to his social duties took his departure.

Mrs. Cathcart was not wealthy, so she could not vie with many of her associates in the magnificence and richness of her furniture and her entertainments. Too proud not to be the first in whatever she attempted, she dropped all competition on those points, contented herself with sneering quietly at what she was pleased to term "the moneyed aristocracy of this country," and piqued herself on the tasteful elegance of her dress and household arrangements, and on her extreme exclusiveness. The latter was her strong point, and, by dwelling and insisting upon it, she so contrived to impress her acquaintances with the truth of her superior claims that, forgetting her humble origin and small beginnings, they accepted her at her own valuation, and her friends as persons of undoubtedly superior qualifications; else how could they be Mrs. Cathcart's friends?

Introduced into society under such favorable circumstances, and from his uncommonly prepossessing person and manners, capable of maintaining his high position with honor, it is no wonder if Mr. Cooper's *debut* in fashionable society was a great success. The homage and attention he received were enough to have turned the brain of any man who would have allowed himself to listen to them. For, when a handsome young gentleman will stoop to allow himself to be flattered, there are no bounds to the compliments and pleasant things that he will hear from the wilful and reckless young girls who lead the van of fashionable life. But amid all the competitors for his attention, Mrs. Cathcart, with the exacting petulance of a spoiled child, and the resolute demands of a haughty woman, maintained her right as his first friend to a high degree of observance and devotion. And this Mr. Cooper was the more willing to grant, as, by saying to Emily that a married lady of Mrs. Cathcart's high position was his constant companion, he felt that he in a measure exculpated himself from the charge of neglecting one to whom he had given every reason for regarding him as a lover and future husband.

Through all the scenes of excitement and dissipation into which this new intimacy led him, Mr. Cooper for some time preserved his Sundays free from all encroachment. Then, when, as had been his habit for months, he walked with Emily to or from church, or sat in

his old seat in her father's pew, and joined his voice with hers in the hymn, or listened to the high teachings of the clergyman, he felt as if lifted into a different and a purer atmosphere. Emily never flattered nor admired him. She simply loved him. She did not seem to know that he was handsome, and had a peculiarly noble and graceful air and bearing. He was only Lawrence Cooper to her, and that was more than father, mother, or all earthly ties together. He was conscious of this in some degree, and every Sabbath day for many weeks was the occasion for the best resolutions in the world. As these were regularly broken when the week-days brought their temptations of excitement and alluring pleasure, they were of no earthly use; but as they were very strong, perhaps in another region they made good paving-stones. It is a pity to think that anything so good should be quite wasted.

One day, on returning from church, they met Mrs. Cathcart. She honored Mr. Cooper with a gracious bow and smile, and Emily Kirkham with a scrutinizing and comprehensive glance.

"Who was that pretty girl you were walking with so soberly yesterday?" asked Mrs. Cathcart when they next met.

"Miss Kirkham."

"A daughter of John Kirkham, who has a shop in Chestnut Street?"

"Yes," with a little irritation and annoyance at a concealed sneer he perceived in Mrs. Cathcart's tone.

"Why, where did you pick her up? She is not one of our set."

"I have known her a long time."

"Ah, a boyish fancy. It seems to me that I heard once that you were engaged to an Emily something. Is that the fortunate lady?"

"I don't know to what you allude. I am not engaged."

"Compromised then—eh?"

"Not at all—free as air," said Mr. Cooper, while his conscience gave him a terrible thump.

"It would be a great pity if you were, to a person so far beneath you. And now, if you will excuse me for giving you a little advice—you know I am a married lady, and we claim a right to a few sisterly privileges towards those whom we delight to honor—I must tell you that I think it is not just the thing for a gentleman in the higher walks of life to be associating with a lady not entirely his equal. I cannot approve of taking people out of the sphere for which they are fitted by birth and education" (Mrs. Cathcart's father was a butcher; perhaps an inherited taste for destroying fitted her peculiarly for

nipping the love that she plainly discerned between "those two"); "and though Miss Kirkham is, I have no doubt, a very nice person" (and none but a Philadelphian born can give that epithet its peculiar point and sting; a blow could be more calmly borne than to be called in cold blood *a very nice person*), "yet she is not at all your equal, nor fitted to adorn your home."

Where were Mr. Cooper's manliness, his truth, his candor, and his generosity, that he should sit silent while that ruthless woman so calmly, and in such gentle and winning terms, pronounced a sentence of condemnation and banishment on the best and truest feelings of his heart? Like Rinaldo in the gardens of Armida, all his better nature was lulled to a sleep like that of death, by the syren song of pleasure and false love.

It would be doing injustice to Mrs. Cathcart's talents as an intriguer—and she was a Machiavel in her way—not to say that, from her earliest acquaintance with Mr. Cooper, she had been aware of his entanglement, as she was pleased to call it, and considered it her duty, conscientious woman that she was, to set plainly before him the disadvantages of so low a connection.

Aided by Mr. Cooper's inflated self-love, she succeeded. He began to find excuses for omitting his attendance on Sunday. Sometimes he pleaded a headache, sometimes a previous engagement to accompany Mrs. Cathcart, and at last, telling Emily that he was quite tired of listening to the monotonous sermons of her old pastor, he ceased altogether to attend her to church.

When Emily first began to realize that she was indeed dispossessed of her place in his affections, and it was some time before the thought was allowed to intrude into her loyal and constant heart, her grief amounted almost to despair. Can there be any deeper sorrow than that which springs from the idea that we are deserted, cast off by the one in whom the greatest strength of our love has been garnered up? In after years, this was a time of her life to which she could never bear to revert; a sealed book which she put away out of her sight. Other sorrows she had which she could dwell upon, and, in time, learn to brood over with a feeling of mingled sadness and pleasure; friends that she had lost, whose memory came back like a blessed dream—or sicknesses under which she had languished, whose softening influences had fitted her the better to enjoy the other good gifts that were showered upon her—or disappointments which she came in time to consider as her best successes. But this fulness of love, thrown back upon herself as not only worthless, but annoying

to the one who had spared no labor to win it, had in it a depth and strength of bitterness which it required all her faith and powers, both of mind and body, to endure. But she did endure it uncomplainingly; and by endurance she conquered at last, and came forth from the agony of that fierce though silent strife with a serene and conscious strength and self-reliance which are given only to those who have struggled and won the victory.

Meantime, for several reasons, the firm in which Mr. Cooper was had delayed establishing the house in Cincinnati of which they had promised him the control. But the business arrangements for that purpose were completed during the second year of his intimacy with Mrs. Cathcart, and the offer of its management was formally made to him. He was then in the height of his success and triumph; courted, caressed, and honored in all the highest and most exclusive circles of the city. His society was sought, and invitations poured in upon him until he hardly thought it worth while to read them. A latent consciousness that this popularity was but one of the caprices of fashion and of feminine love of rivalry and excitement, prompted him to make use of this passing season of sunshine for his own purposes. Wealth, it seemed to him, was the only ingredient wanting for his perfect worldly prosperity, and that want could be easily supplied, he felt convinced.

Among Mrs. Cathcart's intimates there was an heiress; young, lawless, and unrefined, outraging constantly Mr. Cooper's fastidiousness by her careless yielding to the wild impulses of her nature, he yet decided that for the "mickle gold" grasped in her "little hand," she was worth the winning. He had but little doubt of his success, for Miss Lewis had already shown him, in her frank, unrestrained way, that she liked him, and from liking to love in so ardent a nature was but a slight step.

Yet, though she thus, of her own free will, threw aside her woman's privilege of being wooed, yet there were other rights she had of which she would not bate one tittle. Was she not a queen, and was not every suitor a tributary subject from whom flowers, and books, and trinkets were but tokens of their homage? And from one who was almost an accepted lover ought not she to receive a pledge suited to her to take, and to him to grant? There was a magnificent diamond bracelet in the principal jeweler's shop, on which she had fixed her heart as a suitable present for her to receive as a Christmas gift from a favorite suitor. Not because of its cost, for she was rich enough, and inexperienced

enough to count money but as trash; but because it was unique and beautiful. Mr. Cooper was in the shop one day with Miss Lewis, and she told him quite plainly that he must send that bracelet to her on Christmas eve. This was said in such a way that he might suppose it a jest if he chose, but he was keen-sighted enough to perceive that the remark was prompted by a real wish, and he resolved to gratify it; she having already promised to give him a decided answer to the proposal he had made her a few days before, on the first day of the New Year.

Mrs. Cathcart had been watching, with ill-concealed petulance and disapprobation, this falling away of her "friend," as she called him. The transfer of his attentions and devotion to Miss Lewis, or to any one but herself, was in the highest degree displeasing to her. She had succeeded in breaking off the love-match; but this, originating in motives of self-interest, proved too strong for her. Perhaps some credit for this ought to be given, too, to Miss Lewis, who did not hesitate to champion her own rights and wishes in the most open manner. She was too unscrupulous an antagonist for Mrs. Cathcart to risk her dignity in an encounter with, so she retired to brood over the ingratitude of man, and to keep her husband in a state of perplexed discomfort by her peevish and fretful remarks.

Mr. Cooper was anxious to soothe and propitiate her vexed feelings as far as possible, and fully agreeing with Tupper that

"Policy counseleth a gift, given wisely and in season,
And policy afterwards approveth it, for great is the influence of gifts,"

he resolved to send at the same time to Mrs. Cathcart an exquisite statuette, which he knew would just suit her fastidious taste. Both together would cost about two thousand dollars; but where should he, whose income hardly sufficed for his daily expenses in his present extravagant life, and who was already deeply in debt, find the money for this purpose?

He had declined the liberal offer made him by his principals, for the sake of remaining in the city and prosecuting his matrimonial speculations. For speculation it was; no higher term would be applicable to such a project. Although regretting his determination for his own sake, his employers placed so high a value on his capacity for business and his integrity, that they were not sorry to retain him with them, and large sums of money were often intrusted to him for various purposes.

Of these, after many scruples and much hesitation, he decided to make use for his own pur-

poses, being satisfied that within a month he could replace it with some money that was coming to him from his share of the paternal estate. It almost seemed to him afterwards as if some evil agency had blinded his eyes, and turned aside his judgment from perceiving, not only the wickedness, but the folly of this step. He could account for his weakness and want of foresight in no other way.

With his employers' money Mr. Cooper bought the bracelet and statuette, and had the gratification of hearing and seeing for himself that they were received with the greatest delight. Mrs. Cathcart was as gracious as she had ever been, and Miss Lewis called him the loveliest man in the world! He was in a state of feverish excitement during the whole week, which was somewhat relieved on New Year's eve by a *billet-doux* from Miss Lewis, in which, with her usual frankness, she acknowledged her love for him. He was preparing to express his delight at the favorable reply by an immediate visit to the young lady, when a summons to meet his employers on a little business matter, the messenger said, drove all thoughts of love and ladies from his head.

He found, when he arrived at the counting-house, that his worst fears were realized. The taste and expensiveness of his Christmas gifts had caused a little talk in the town, and while the ladies were extolling his munificence, other people were wondering where he found the means to squander so lavishly. From wondering, one of the members of the firm went to investigating, and thus discovered his defalcation.

The only course left for Mr. Cooper was to confess, for denial was useless; to declare earnestly his purpose of speedy repayment, and to leave the rest to their merey. There were three partners in the firm, and each held a different opinion. One wished to give the culprit a chance of retrieving his lost character by retaining him in their employment as before. Another was anxious to visit him with the severest punishment the law would allow, as a warning to all other persons in the same position. The third urged a middle course, to dismiss him from his situation and insist upon his leaving the city, but, by giving no reason for it, to allow him the hope of being able in a new place to build up for himself a new reputation.

This was at last agreed to by the other two, and to this plan Mr. Cooper was glad to give his assent. As he returned to his lodgings with the burden of his disgrace pressing heavily upon him, he had to pass Mr. Kirkham's house, and

could see through the curtained window a fair head bending over a book; and as he stood looking through the glass like some lost spirit gazing upon the tranquil happiness which, in his own folly, he had flung away, his old love came back upon him like the rushing of a mighty torrent. He turned away in haste, lest he should disgrace his manhood by tears and cries of agony in the open street.

Some distance further on he passed Mr. Lewis's stately mansion, lit up from garret to basement to welcome a gay party assembled to celebrate the last night of the year, and, as Miss Lewis had fondly thought, her own betrothal. He saw her looking wistfully and impatiently from the window, but there too he dared not enter, for Mr. Lewis was a friend of his employers, and an attempt to win Miss Lewis as his wife would have been followed by open disgrace.

In an hour he was on his way to New York, and the next morning was looking, from the deck of a vessel bound to California, on the shore as it receded from his sight, and feeling a sensation of relief as the last trace of its blue outline faded away.

"The chances and changes of this mortal life" are various. I have heard of a gentleman who was particularly polite to boys of all ages and degrees, for he said he never knew which of them might not one day be the President. It is a safe principle, and one to be commended to the practice of all. Mrs. Cathcart had not followed it, and her neglect rebounded on herself.

Mr. Spencer, a millionaire, a man to whom she had always been exceedingly polite, and to whom in her secret heart she looked up with an abject veneration only given by the worldly to the world's idols, wealth and position, was married, and she had received no cards. She was fretting about it to her husband, who listened with his usual patient apathy.

"Who has he married, my dear?" asked he.

"Why a little Miss Kirkham, a perfect nobody; and all the world seem to have gone into their dotage about her."

"Yes, my dear, I think myself she is very pretty. Mr. Spencer has done very well for himself, I think. But, my dear, wasn't there something about an engagement between her and that poor Mr. Cooper who was killed lately in California, that old friend of yours, you know? and didn't you persuade him to break it off?"

There was an accuracy about Mr. Cathcart's

memory that made him at times a sort of accusing spirit to his wife.

"I wish you would not call Mr. Cooper my friend; he was only an ordinary acquaintance, and I am sure I knew nothing about any engagement of his."

"Well, my dear, I remember hearing something about it at the time, but perhaps it was all a mistake. I think, though, that Miss Kirkham must have somewhat of the same opinion, for I heard that she told Mr. Spencer very decidedly that she could not think of receiving you among her acquaintances."

Mr. Cathcart seemed to take a little malicious pleasure in repeating these annoying speeches to his wife; perhaps he thought that it was a lesson she needed. It was indeed a bitter thought to her, that the exclusive Mrs. Cathcart should be herself excluded from one of the most *recherché* and elegant establishments in town. It was the tragedy of Haman and Mordecai acted in modern times.

It must not be thought that Emily had at last sacrificed herself on the altar of mammon. Since her first bitter revulsion of feeling, her mind had passed through several phases. First came a state of despondency and restlessness that made all places wearisome, and all occupations or pleasures distasteful. Then came a calm, when her heart, reviving from its living death, turned to her parents, to seek in their affection the support and consolation she could find in no other earthly objects. At that time she made a resolution, which has been made by thousands of young girls in similar situations, to devote the rest of her life to her parents' comfort and happiness. For a year or two this seemed fully to satisfy her. At the end of that time, Mr. Kirkham retired from business, having made a very moderate competence, and bought a house and farm in the country near Philadelphia, where he intended to pass his declining years. Near his little place was a very handsome country-seat belonging to Mr. Spencer. "Propinquity," Miss Edgeworth says, "has caused more love-matches than any other circumstance;" and it certainly caused the one between Mr. Spencer and Miss Kirkham.

In the solitude of the country they each had leisure to discern and appreciate the good and excellent qualities of their neighbor; and an acquaintance casually commenced ripened slowly into esteem and mutual love.

MRS. DAFFODIL AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

BY VIRGINIA DE FORREST.

As I am a true niece of "Uncle Sam," I, of course, visited the Crystal Palace, in New York. Mr. and Mrs. S., and their son George, with your humble servant, started one fine morning from the Irving House to spend the day in the palace. While I was standing admiring Powers's beautiful statues, I felt a touch on my arm, and a too well-known voice cried in my ear, "Which of them sculps is Prosperous?" I turned and beheld Mrs. Daffodil. A bright blue lawn dress, the gay shawl I have before described, and a straw bonnet trimmed with artificial flowers, formed her attire. Ninny, clad in a white muslin, with a scarf of the same, and a simple straw bonnet, stood by her mother. Pete, and a tall man, dressed in uniform, and with a large black moustache, completed the group.

"Well, I declare to gracious!" cried Mrs. Daffodil, when she saw my face, "if it ain't the little gal we saw at the theatre. Sakes alive, how you've grown! I'm powerful glad to see you. How do you do?"

"Quite well, madam," I replied. "But I scarcely expected to meet you in New York," I added, after introducing her to Mr. and Mrs. S.

"No, we didn't 'speak to come; but my brother, the major—this is him, Miss," said she, pointing out the tall man with a moustache. "Major Clapperton." The major bowed. "Well, as I was saying, the major says he to me, 'Sister, if you'd like to go see that 'ere glass palace, why, just you and Ninny pack up your duds and I'll stand treat.' So, Ninny and I, we talked it over, and we concluded to come. Ain't this a big house?"

"The whole exhibition is on a very large scale," I replied.

"Can you see 'em from the outside?" asked she.

"See what?"

"The scales the house is standing on."

"Sister, you are a simpleton!" said the major.

"Ah, well, you *know*, I s'pose. But come, I want to see the Severe china. Ninny says it's all covered with picters."

"You have visited the Palace before, I presume, Miss Ninny," said George S. to her.

"Oh, address me not by that odious cognomen, sir, I entreat!" sighed the fair Euphrosyne. "My Christian appellation is Euphrosyne; but my maternal relative too often does violence to my susceptible feelings by addressing me as Ninny. No, sir, I have never before visited this palace, where Art holds daily festival to gratify the enraptured senses of her votaries, who!"

"Ninny Daffodil, for gracious sake, hold your tongue!" cried her mother. "You must excuse her, sir; but, since she fell in love, she has grown high-flown."

"If we turn into this room, we can see the Gobelin tapestry."

"Gob'lin tap'stry!" whispered Mrs. Daffodil, evidently thinking the name delightfully terrible. "Pete, don't you come; it will frighten you. Where is it, Miss?" said she, after looking round the room.

I pointed it out.

"Why that's nothing but a parcel of folks on the grass, and flowers round them," said she, in a disappointed tone. "There ain't a hobgoblin there. Here, Pete, you may come in. Pete! Pete! I say, Pete! Where on airth is that boy? Pete!"

"Here I am, ma," said a voice in the distance, "looking at Eve after the fall."

"Poor thing!" exclaimed the sympathizing old lady. "Where did she fall from? Is she hurt much? Tell her red ile is good for bruises. Now, you come here."

"Oh, ma!" said Pete, when he at length joined us, "there's such a pretty parrot in bronze down there!"

"Parrot in bronze! I should think it would suffocate."

"You see," said Mrs. Daffodil to George, after we were once more on our way—"you see, Ninny has acted high-flown, and talked high flown, ever since she fell in love with Joe Smith. She saw him walking with another gal

one day, and was going to fling herself out of the third story window, all for love, I s'pose."

"A curious symptom of jealousy," said George.

"A simpleton? Of course, she was a simpleton. She took her hair all down, put on a white gown, called him a treachery, and then made for the window. If I hadn't caught her, she would have been a jelly, sure enough."

A faint sound of music was heard by Mrs. Daffodil, who cried—

"Oh, there's a piano; let's go see it."

"Are you fond of music?" said I to Miss Euphrosyne, when we approached the instrument, which an able performer was testing.

"Passionately! I could live on harmonious sound. As the poet says—

"If music be the food of love,
Play on!"

This piano is in the Louis Quatorze style, the catalogue says."

"What!" cried her mother. "A cat horse! Sakes alive, what a queer critter it must be! My dear departed husband had a roan pony, and my brother, the major, has a white mare; but I never heard of a cat horse. Well, live and I'll learn; though, I must say, I don't see what the critter wants of a piano."

"Suppose we go to the refreshment-room," suggested the major, who had been remarkably silent.

A short walk brought us to the door, and there we rested for some time. On coming out, George gave Mrs. Daffodil his arm, while Ninny joined Mr. and Mrs. S.

"Here is a fine Bengal tiger in plaster," said George, who wished to be agreeable to the old lady.

To his utter amazement, she dropped his arm and ran as far as she could, only stopping for want of breath.

"My dear madam," said George, who overtook her first, "are you ill?"

"No," she gasped, with an expression of profound terror; "but it ain't safe!"

"What is unsafe?"

"Why, keeping a tiger *here* in nothing stronger than plaster. He might break out any time. I won't stay here another minute."

It was with great difficulty that we persuaded her to stay, and only effected our object by promising to go into the gallery and remain there the rest of the morning.

"Here is a fine bust of Laura," said Mrs. S., wishing to direct the old lady's attention another way. "Don't you admire it?"

"I won't look at it! It is bad enough when men go upon busts; but in a woman it's shameful! Ninny says there's a bust of Paris here, too; no wonder they have a revolver there, when the people can't find anything to do, and the whole city goes on a bust. No wonder there's a revolver."

"A revolution, ma," said Pete.

"Well, it's all the same thing. The way people carry on now is shameful. Ninny says there's a Mahometan lace shounce here, worth five hundred dollars. Think of a heathen shounce being bought at that price by a Christian!"

"Miss Euphrosyne, have you visited the opera?" asked Mr. S.

"Once only."

"Ninny's been to the uproar," said her mother; "but Pete fell down stairs, so I couldn't go. I guess it's a terrible noisy place."

"Will you and Miss Euphrosyne give us the pleasure of your company this evening?" said Mr. S. "We will call for you, if you will give us your address."

"Thank you, sir; I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you," said Mrs. Daffodil, with a courtesy.

"You are very kind, sir," said the major, "and my sister feels obliged to you, though she is not very elegant in her mode of expressing it. But we must bid you good-morning; I have an engagement which obliges me to leave."

Mrs. Daffodil gave her address, and the party left us.

"Why did you ask those people to go to the opera with us?" said Mrs. S. to her husband.

"Why, we will have much more entertainment from them than from the music, I assure you."

Mrs. Daffodil did go to the opera with us; and, if you'll never let her know I told you, I will tell you about her visit.

LYDIA'S WAGES.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"My good girl," said the physician, "you must go to the country, if you want to live, and rest six weeks or two months at least. You need good wholesome country food, pure air, and rest. You work too hard. You must not do so. I can't give you anything that will help that pain in your side so long as you go on in this way."

It was nothing new to the doctor's patient; he had said, when the warm weather first commenced, that she must go to the country, and that she needed rest. Her aching limbs and failing eyes had told her so long before. But she still hoped it was only a cold that she had taken, and the doctor would give her something to relieve the pain in her side; and, now that the hurry of shop-work was over, she should not have to sit up so late, or rise at daylight, as she had done for three months past.

She had been waiting in the basement office for some time, while the doctor ate his breakfast and smoked his cigar at leisure; for, though he still advised the poor gratuitously, and tried new discoveries in medicine and surgery upon them, they had to bide their time. He had commenced his practice, a struggling medical student, in a much more obscure part of the town, and this was one of his old patients, in whom he had always taken as much interest as a man so wrapped up in his own success could be expected to take.

"I'm very busy now—very much occupied this morning." And he bustled about among the gallipots on the mantle. "Sent for before I was up to a lady in Waverley Place, and have to go to the country at twelve, the country-seat of another patient. So, you see, I haven't a minute to spare. Take these powders every night—three, you see—and go to the country not a day later than Saturday."

So they left the office together. The doctor to drive to the lady in Waverley Place, and tell her to go to Europe, and then to order his country patient to the sea-shore, which was all they had called him in for, two obdurate husbands requiring the spur of medical advice before they would consent to either plan. "Delicate health" is a very powerful operative agency with wives so circumstanced of late.

He might as well have advised Lydia Gray to go abroad as to leave the city at all. She had but her earnings to depend upon, the wages of a dressmaker's journeywoman; and, when she could not sew, she could not live. There was no father or brother to assist; her mother, a widow from the country, had brought up her two daughters one scarcely knew how, toiling from morning till night as a tailoress to give them this lighter, and, as she thought, more genteel trade. Poor soul! this one point of "gentility," as she called it, had been her weakness, and the oldest daughter, Anna, inherited it, together with the blue eyes and curling hair that had been the charm of Mrs. Gray's girlhood. Now the mother was dead, all the relatives they could claim, and none were very near, lived in a far-off country village; so the two girls occupied the room as Mrs. Gray left it, except that the single bed on which she died had long ago been sold in exchange for a much worn sofa, that had seen the interior of more than one second-hand ware-room.

So far, Anna had ruled in all things. It seemed to her perfectly right that Lydia should go for the work and take it home, particularly if the day was wet or stormy. It was in this way that the first cold, ending in the dull pain in her side, had been taken, so that now, though the weather was settled, it came on at times and took her breath away as she bent over her work. Then, again, there would be days marked only by excessive languor—this was one of those, when the air was oppressive—and every step and every stitch was felt so burdensome that she scarcely cared what became of her.

Anna had little patience with this mood—she called it laziness—for she herself was one of those notable workers who pride themselves on finishing off things in a hurry, and so can always command work in comparatively dull seasons. When an engagement is to be met with an impatient woman of fashion, the forewoman does not look too carefully at the quality of the sewing, so that the work is forthcoming at the appointed time. So Anna hurried her sister from morning till night: "They would lose their engagement, and then what was to become of them, with room-rent, and grocer's

bills, and clothes to pay for? They were always behindhand to the landlord!" And this was no wonder, for Anna Gray spent every dollar she could command as fast as it was earned, without a thought for the future.

But for this improvidence, a type of their class, they were scarcely to be blamed. All the girls knew of pleasure or recreation was to be gayly dressed, and walk where there was a crowd to see and be noticed by, in Broadway on Saturday and Sunday afternoons, or to go to the theatre now and then; for the Grays were belles in their circle of acquaintances. A dangerous distinction to girls so young and unprotected as they were.

Lydia had cared much less about these things since this debility had stolen through her frame, and began, even before the doctor spoke of it, to long for the country, which she could remember as a child, and to go away from all sight or hearing of the noise and bustle of the city, to green fields and running streams, and woods thick and dark and solemn. But she had no means. Not a dollar that she could clearly appropriate in this way; and she did not know where to go, even if she could have afforded it.

She drew her green veil over her eyes as she came from the doctor's office, for the tears were forcing their way. She could scarcely keep them back while she waited for the physician, and there was a choking tightness in her throat when she tried to talk to him. The street seemed in such a glare, the sun striking back from the pavement, and every one was crowding and jostling past in the hurry of morning business. She almost felt as if she could beg or steal the means to get away from the tumult to a place where she might grow strong again, and fit for the unending work that was always hanging over her. Wickedly envious feelings, and rebellion at her own lot in life, which she had never felt before, came into her mind as she saw women and girls of her own age rolling by her in carriages easier than any bed she had ever rested on. They were dressed so delicately in their bright summer robes, and sat with hands crossed idly before them. What did they know of care, or pain, or want? And by what right were they exempt from that knowledge?

There was a God who ruled all things, and apportioned every lot; so her mother had taught her, and she heard it on those rare occasions in which she entered a church. Her only holiday was not often shortened by a long weary service of which she heard little, and for which she cared still less. So she could not see the justice of this wide separation, and doubt hid from her

the only all-powerful friend whose aid the poor can claim.

The hot June sun beat down upon the thronged thoroughfare with its fluttering, flaunting crowd, and on the cross street leading to still more stifling localities, where the alanthus-trees, with their poor and dusty foliage, threw but little shade on the weary way. It was trodden hour after hour by steps as faint and lagging as her own, or the poor woman before her dragging on a half clad child, with matted hair and bare, bruised feet. They were still more miserable than she, for the woman, in her squalor, had forgotten her youth, and the child had never seen kine or clover, and knew of all God's creations only the dusty city trees, and the rain that sometimes freshens them.

The old town was thickly settled here before the Bowery lost its significance, and became a field of toil and uproar. Good honest citizens kept their little shops, and looked after their families at the same time. Now their children have in turn reared the line of palaces that stretch away over the then empty fields beyond the city's limits, and their descendants would blush to see the spot where their father's father laid the foundation of their house and its fortunes. The poor and miserable of other countries crowd into the low rooms and swarm upon the pavement, or lounge in doors and windows, waiting for they know not what, and gradually settling into the mass of poverty, and disease, and crime that taints the atmosphere of this city of refuge.

The sight of this misery was not new to Lydia Gray. She passed it always on her way to the shop for which they worked, drunken women and quarrelsome men often filling up the sidewalk. It sickened her more this morning than it had ever done before. She would not have to encounter it if she could only get away from the city, she thought, hurrying on faster to leave the square behind.

"If you could jest stop a minute," she heard a rough, hearty voice behind her say. The tone startled her from her gloomy mood, though she did not think herself addressed until a great brown hand was laid on her shoulder.

"Don't jump as if I meant to hurt you, young woman," the man said, with an apology of manner rather than of speech, for it was a middle-aged, farmer-looking person who had joined her. "You see, I only cum to town this morning for my old woman, who wanted some help this summer, and I set out to look for an intelligence office somewhere round here; and the streets is so crooked, and so roundabout some-

how, I've kinder missed my way, that's all. I s'pose you can't tell me which way I want to go, kin ye?"

"If I knew the place you wanted to find, perhaps I could," she said, her face lighting up more than it had done all that disheartening morning, for there was such a respectable, fatherly air about the countryman that she did not draw back when he continued to walk along by her side.

"True enough, I hain't told you, have I? Well, you see, mother there, up to White Plains, is got kinder worked out this spring, and yister-day I see what a time she had gitten dinner for the men folks. So, sez I, right off—that's my way, I never stop to consider a year on what's got to be settled right off the handle—sez I, 'See here now, you ain't goin' round no longer in this kind o' style, so long as I kin keep a half a dozen men to work. You've got to havo a girl.' So, sez she, 'Where'll I git one? All the neighbors' girls is as busy as we be.' 'Well, that's true as preachin'; but there's York,' sez I. 'There's girls enough; and, hayin' goin' on or not, you're goin' to have one.' That's it. So I cum right down on the railroad this mornin', and I ain't goin' back without one, or the promise of one, any how."

"There is an intelligence office in Division Street, I believe, sir. I suppose that's the one you mean." The young seamstress could not help being interested in this straightforward explanation of the good farmer's proceedings.

"Well, if you're goin' that way, s'pose I jest walk along, coz I might get out of the way ag'in, and twice in one day would be a *lecble* too much for a man of my years. Everybody splits along so, down here in York, that I get kinder bewildered. My! the way they do drive busness down on them wharves now, it makes us country people stare, an' no mistake. I s'pose you don't know any gal t'wants a place, do ye?"

"No," answered Lydia; and then a sudden thought crossed her mind. Why could not she go? It was true the doctor said she must have rest, but she knew very well he meant rest from her sewing, and from the incessant hurry and care of the work, that was wearing on every nerve. But then she knew so little of housework, and she was not strong. That was only too true. She hesitated a moment.

"Mother there is one o' the particularest bodies you ever did see, and, never mind who was in the house, she'd do half the work herself. She kin hardly set still Sundays. I tell her sometimes she's more nice'n wise."

The voluntary escort had stuck a hand in

each pocket, and was proceeding along the pavement very much to his own satisfaction, coming to a dead halt now and then, when anything attracted his notice particularly. Just at this moment he had taken his stand before a gay milliner's window, where showy finery flaunted with the most invitingly cheap prices placarded on each article in large black letters.

"Jess look a here now," he proceeded, "at all them bonnets, enough to set our womenfolks crazy. Du tell if it's true that they works the girls that makes 'em up into consumptions, havin' to set so stiddy? The paper's got somethin' to say about it every now and then. I tell mother, I say what fools they must be to stay and be worked so hard, when there's plenty of good places in the country, and help can't be got for love nor money. You look kind o' peaked now. What do you foller?"

"I make dresses, not bonnets," she answered, frankly; "and we do have to work very hard in the busy season. How far is White Plains, sir?"

"Not more'n a hundred miles. You know Williams's Bridge? Not know Williams's Bridge? Well, it's out on the Harlem a piece. Some folks comes in to York every day—some o' the village folks, I mean. My farm is five or six miles from the depot; an' twice a year's as much as I want to be bothered with sich goin's on as this. Talk about your barn-yards! Why, the wust one that ever was kept ain't so bad as that street we jest cum through; an' I'd rather have good respectable critters around me than them sort o' cattle. That's why mother hates to have a girl round the house so. These immigrants puts her out so; they're so dumb."

"I wonder—if I would suit her," Lydia said, hesitating, yet desperately; for she felt that she should die pent up any longer as she had been for the last three years; and yet there was the conventional pride of her class—indeed, of every American girl in a city—to be overcome, and she knew what a storm of opposition Anna would raise. Besides, was it right to leave her sister alone? There had been a hard struggle going on in her mind the last five minutes.

"You! 'Tain't possible you'd go now?" And the old farmer stopped short in the extremity of his astonishment, looking at her from head to foot. "You ain't jokin', are ye now? Come, I hain't got no time to waste; but, if you want to cum, sartin sure, I'll engage you on the spot. I sorter liked your looks the first minute I see you. Then, you know, we don't give our gals but a dollar a week. That, fair and square, beforehand."

She knew the wages would be low. This was even less than she expected. However, that did not matter, anything to get to the country; and no one would know her, it was no matter how she dressed. So the bargain was literally made on the spot, and she had parted from her new acquaintance, promising to be at the White Plains depot the next day at twelve, before she had time to draw back.

There was more of dogged resolution, growing out of an indifference to everything, than quiet determination in what she had just done; and it was this that she relied on to carry her through with Anna's opposition.

She had come now to a better class of tenements, higher as less stifling apparently, but still without shade or air, save that which came faintly up from the wharves, gathering noise and heat, and the foul stench of rotting garbage on its way. Every door stood open, displaying bare halls, carpetless, unpainted stairs, with dirty children sliding down the dilapidated banisters. Slovenly, tattered-looking women came out now and then, splashing pails of slops into the already overflowing gutter, and standing to stare with a look of vacant curiosity at the passers by. In these houses, every room had its family, its struggles with life, desires, plans, failures, and despair.

She thought of the miles of these houses, that stretched away through the very heart of the city; of the labor and weariness, the pain and want, the ebb and flow of hope; of young children born to this sole inheritance; of the worn out hearts and bodies lying down here to die; and the wasting sickness, worse than death to those who suffer, and those who watch with no means of relief. She had lived among them so long, that she almost wondered that she had any other thought or hope than to struggle on as they did, and die "as the beasts that perish." Yet she could remember dimly their little country home; the front yard, with its sweet syringa and lilac bushes, and tufts of heartsease and star of Bethlehem; the wood walks, and wading in the brook, and gathering flag flowers and blackberries, fresh and sweet in the fields. It was this recollection perhaps that kept her life apart from theirs, and from sinking altogether in the slough of despond that held them fast.

"Good gracious, Lydia, where have you been the whole morning?" was the salutation she received from her sister, as she mounted the last stair with difficulty, and opened the door of their room. "Miss Hart has sent here twice about that basque, and Biddy says she gave you the trimming at breakfast-time this morning."

"Walking down Grand Street, I guess, past Root's store," said a coarse, bold-looking girl, who was lolling on the sofa.

Lydia's eyes flashed, tired as she was with her exhausting walk; but she only answered her sister by throwing a piece of gimp into her lap.

"It can't be that; it doesn't match at all," Anna said, fretfully. "I don't see what's got into you lately, you drag around so. For goodness sake, stitch up the backs of this waist. You leave everything for me."

"People in love can be allowed to be a little absent-minded," the girl on the sofa said. "Well, I guess I won't stay any longer now, Anna. I'll be 'round to-night with my trunk. Mind you, don't let on to Jim Stricker what I told you about him and Sarah Brady. He'd be as mad as hops."

"What does she mean about her trunk?" said Lydia, quickly, scarcely waiting until the door slammed to after the careless exit of their acquaintance. "She isn't coming here to stay?"

"Yes, she is; and you needn't try to make any fuss, for it won't do a bit of good. Amanda Barker's as good as you are any day; and, if I choose to let her come, I shall."

Lydia kept down the angry retort that was rising to her lips. It could make no difference to her if she was going away. She would feel easier about leaving some one with Anna, too; but she could not help wishing it was any one else. She stitched away at the side-seam in silence, not knowing how to come at her disclosure, and dreading Anna's opposition to her plan. Nor was she mistaken in the reception it met with. The elder sister had little of the natural refinement that Lydia had inherited from her father, though all their mother's mistaken fancies of gentility, and this was especially shocked by the idea of her sister going out to *housework*.

That was the great point to which she came back in all her vituperations. That she was going away at all—Anna knew perfectly well she should never be able to get the same amount of work out of any one else—that she should move in the matter without her advice and consent, were bad enough; but *housework*! that was the crowning point of her offence, the shame that would be indelible. She could not have been able to explain what was the degradation involved in it; and, as to the wages, when their room-rent and little grocery bill were paid at the end of the week, there was very little even with what they now earned over the dollar Lydia would receive when divided between them. She imagined herself sick; it was all fancy from beginning to end, and laziness.

If they had not been brought up so entirely dependent on each other for society and interest, Lydia would have felt that night that they were going to be separated forever. It was hard, sick as she was—for the heat of the sun on her long walk, added to the fine stitches she had set in the black silk waist, had brought on a weary headache—to go about picking up her clothes and packing her trunk in this cold silence. She was thankful their new inmate did not come, as was expected, that evening, her coarse taunts and innuendoes would have been too much. As it was, she moved about, by the light of their one candle, long after Anna was sound asleep, so weak, and hopeless, and miserable, that she felt it would be a relief to stretch herself on the bed beside her sister and never rise again. She was tempted to give up her project, it seemed so wild and unnatural even to herself, now that she came to look back upon it.

A short and uneasy sleep was the price of her fatiguing day. That was nothing new to her; it was one of the most distressing symptoms of her illness that she rested so little at night. There was always the weight of an unfinished piece of work, or an engagement to be kept up to, or a debt falling due, to rob sleep of its unconsciousness. So her dreams were wild repetitions of the events of the past day, or broken glimpses of trouble yet to come. No wonder that her strength had given way.

"Won't you part friends, Anna?" she said, after she had washed the last dish used in their unsocial morning meal. "I can't bear to leave you, any how; but I know, just as the doctor says, it's killing me to stay here."

Anna looked up sulkily enough, and her conscience smote her for an instant when she saw that wan, haggard face, so young, and yet so careworn.

"You'll come back in a week sick enough," she said, "and thankful to go to work again. Why ain't I sick, I'd like to know? I sew as much as you do. Well, if people will be obstinate, they must take what comes; but you'll repent it as long as you live; you see if you don't. I never expected to live to see the day that a sister of mine would demean herself by going out to housework."

"What else can I do? Only tell me, Anna."

But Anna, completely outraged again, had returned to her sewing and her sulks.

• Lydia tied on her bonnet with a trembling hand and heavy heart, to follow the porter who had come for her trunk. Her little silk purse she held so tightly contained enough to pay her fare, and one shilling over. It was all she had

in the world. Her trunk contained all that she had saved of her earnings, in the showy finery so fascinating to girls of her class. They too have an inexorable public opinion to cater for, quite as exacting as that which rules and ruins higher circles. It is this tyrant that shuts up so many in the prison of a work-room, with cramped limbs and sluggish pulse, and sends them back at night to localities more crowded, and rooms more badly ventilated still; to cheap, unhealthy food and feverish sleep, when they might go singing about in healthy exercise, partaking of the abundance of a rich man's table, or the coarse plenty of a farm-house, but for the strange sentence that has condemned the honest respectability of domestic service.

It seemed like a dream in which she was acting, when she found the cars moving from the dark depot, and bearing her for the last time, in months at least, through the thick crowd of the city. The train crawled on its way through the busy streets, the straggling suburbs, the smoky tunnel, and then the fresh air came to her face with their more rapid motion, and she saw the fields and the fences, the woods and dripping water, fallen trees and moss-stained rocks, that she remembered so long ago. Half painful, half pleasurable thoughts sent the moisture to her eyes, for she had parted from the only being she could claim as kindred in anger, and she was going among utter strangers, and it might be to hardship and disappointment.

(Conclusion next month.)